Collier's

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MAY 4, 1946

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BEGINNING

THE OUTRAGED HEART

A NEW MURDER MYSTERY

BY AGATHA CHRISTIE

PAGE 11

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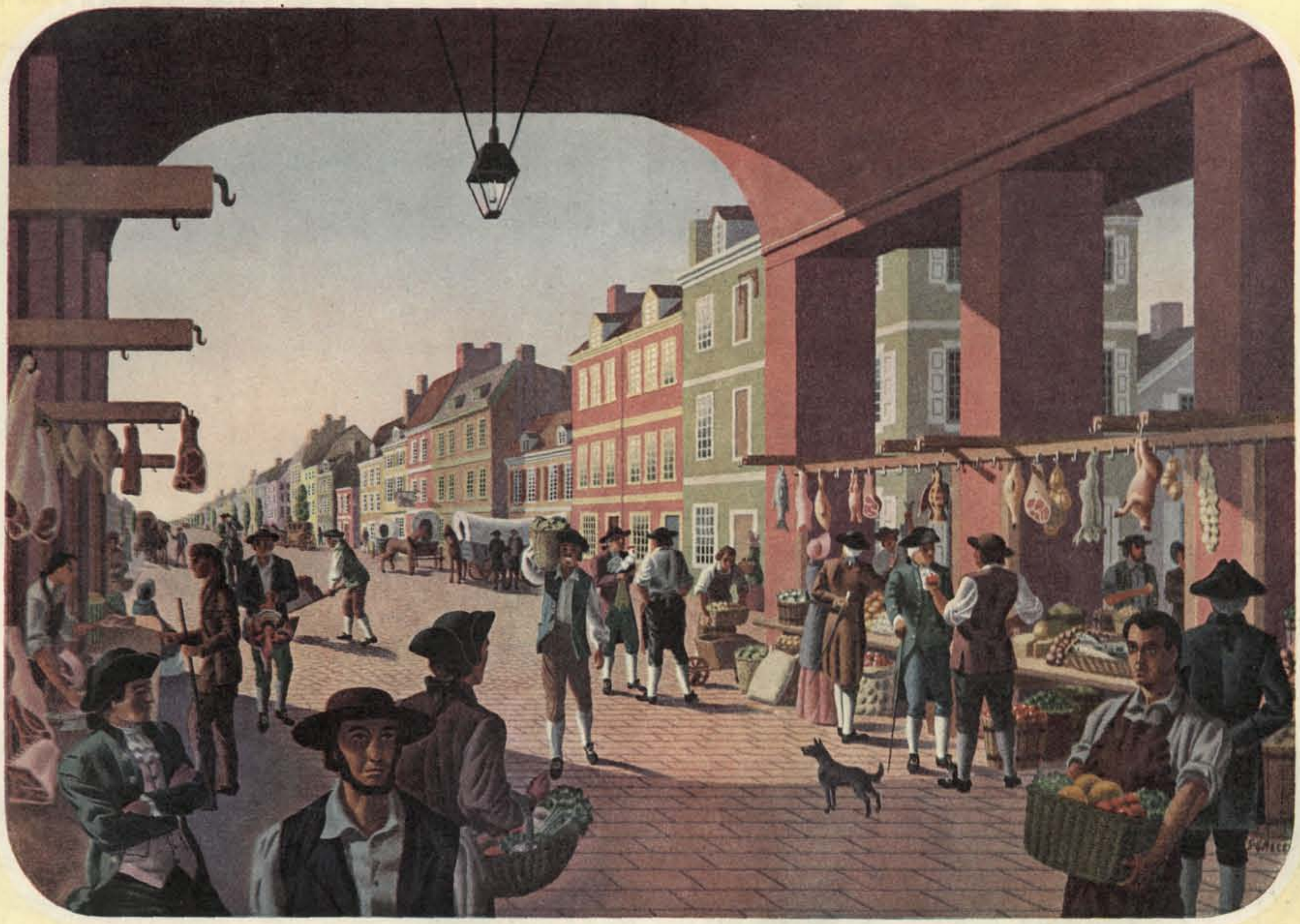

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Picture OF THE MONTH

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer presents

A. J. CRONIN'S

"THE GREEN YEARS"

CHARLES COBURN

TOM DRAKE • BEVERLY TYLER • HUME CRONYN

GLADYS COOPER • DEAN STOCKWELL

RICHARD HAYDN

Screen Play by Robert Ardrey and Sonya Levien

Directed by..................VICTOR SAVILLE

Produced by..................LEON GORDON

When we were in short pants, one of the boasts most likely to fetch you a poke in the nose was: "I told you so". In our grown-uphood, we're more cautious about our predictions. But in the case of our prophecy about "The Green Years", we say proudly—"We told you so!"

Last month, in this column, we hailed "The Green Years" as a wonderful motion picture. We listed lavish encomiums for M-G-M's magnificent picturization of A. J. Cronin's brilliant book. We gave unrestrained applause to Charles Coburn for his stunning characterization of "Dandie" Gow; to talented Tom Drake, who plays Robert Shannon with such warmth and understanding; to lovely young Beverly Tyler, for her beautifully-acted role as Alison Keith.

In short, we felt that our selection of "The Green Years" was more than justified by the brilliant and imaginative handling of Cronin's unforgettable romance about the springtime of love. Well—in the past few weeks preview audiences have enthusiastically confirmed our choice.

Such show-wise folk as Kate Smith, Frank Sinatra, Judy Garland and Louella Parsons have joined voices in a paean of praise: "The Green Years" *is a wonderful motion picture*. Yes, and June Allyson, Gregory Peck, Jack Benny, Jimmy Durante. All through the nation, people are saying that M-G-M has added another great film to its roster of distinguished hits.

Our congratulations go unstintingly again to Director Victor Saville, Producer Leon Gordon and a perfectly chosen cast including: Hume Cronyn, Gladys Cooper, Dean Stockwell, Richard Haydn, Selena Royle and Jessica Tandy.

P.S. As this is being prepared for the press, we hasten to tell you we have already made our choice for the next Picture of the Month. It's "Easy to Wed", and it's great! Four of your favorite top stars outdo themselves: Van Johnson (he sings, he dances) lovely Esther Williams, gorgeous Lucille Ball and uproarious Keenan Wynn. Technicolor, too!

Collier's
FOR MAY 4, 1946

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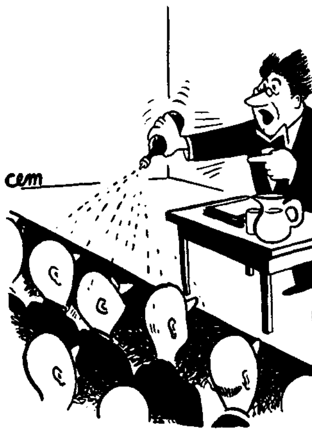
COVER By *BARNEY TOBEY*

any week

FROM Savannah, Georgia, Miss Lola Lou Dingley writes briefly and mournfully. "I have a disheartening picture in my mind. It is of an elderly, world-weary editorial writer moping into his cluttered cubbyhole of an office, removing his old hat, his unpressed coat and his rubbers and lighting a cheap cigar or a corncob pipe. Then he drags out his battered typewriter, slips in a couple of sheets of copy paper, and demands in weary clichés that we, the United States, get back into uniform and fight Russia over something he doesn't understand in Iran and Manchuria. That done, he sends the office boy or girl out for a can of coffee and putting his feet on the desk reads the paper until drowsy. It's inspiring. I've seen it."



MR. CARL BRANDENFELS of Yankton, Oregon, has announced his candidacy for governor on a hair-raising platform. Mr. Brandenfels, a filberts and potatoes farmer, got tired some time ago of being bald and says he has created a cure that has not only produced a healthy fuzz on his own head but has brought comfort and hair to a number of his friends. It is at the insistence of these grateful friends that he is now a candidate. His campaign plans are not complete but his manager says that bottles of Brandenfels Balm for the Bald will be given free to all citizens who have lost their hair or are in danger thereof. Other issues will be discussed as they present themselves. Much of his already large mail comes from wives of bald-headed men.

INCIDENTALLY, since we wrote something about the scarcity of bald-headed Indians, tourists and other curious people motoring through the Northwest have been searching for such a person, just to prove there is one. As far as Mr. Edmond Ghormelly of Spokane, Washington, has been able to find out they've had no luck. In fact, Mr. Ghormelly says, the nearest anyone has come to it is a talk a fellow from Chicago had with a squaw who said that if the price was right she'd scalp her husband.

TEN years ago Mr. Ned T. Tappen of St. Joseph, Missouri, rode into the Arkansas Ozarks to seek his fortune. While so engaged he bought himself a bottle of local moonshine and proceeded to find out if all that he'd heard was true. The effects, he reports, were more and better than he expected. He awoke on the well-kept lawn of a respectable, well-to-do citizen. A lovely young woman had taken a firm hold on his ankle and was shaking his leg. She helped him to the front porch and made him comfortable, and when he was able to hear, said: "Did you hold up that bottle against the light before drinking?" He said he probably hadn't but anyway didn't remember. "Well," she said, *(Continued on page 52)*

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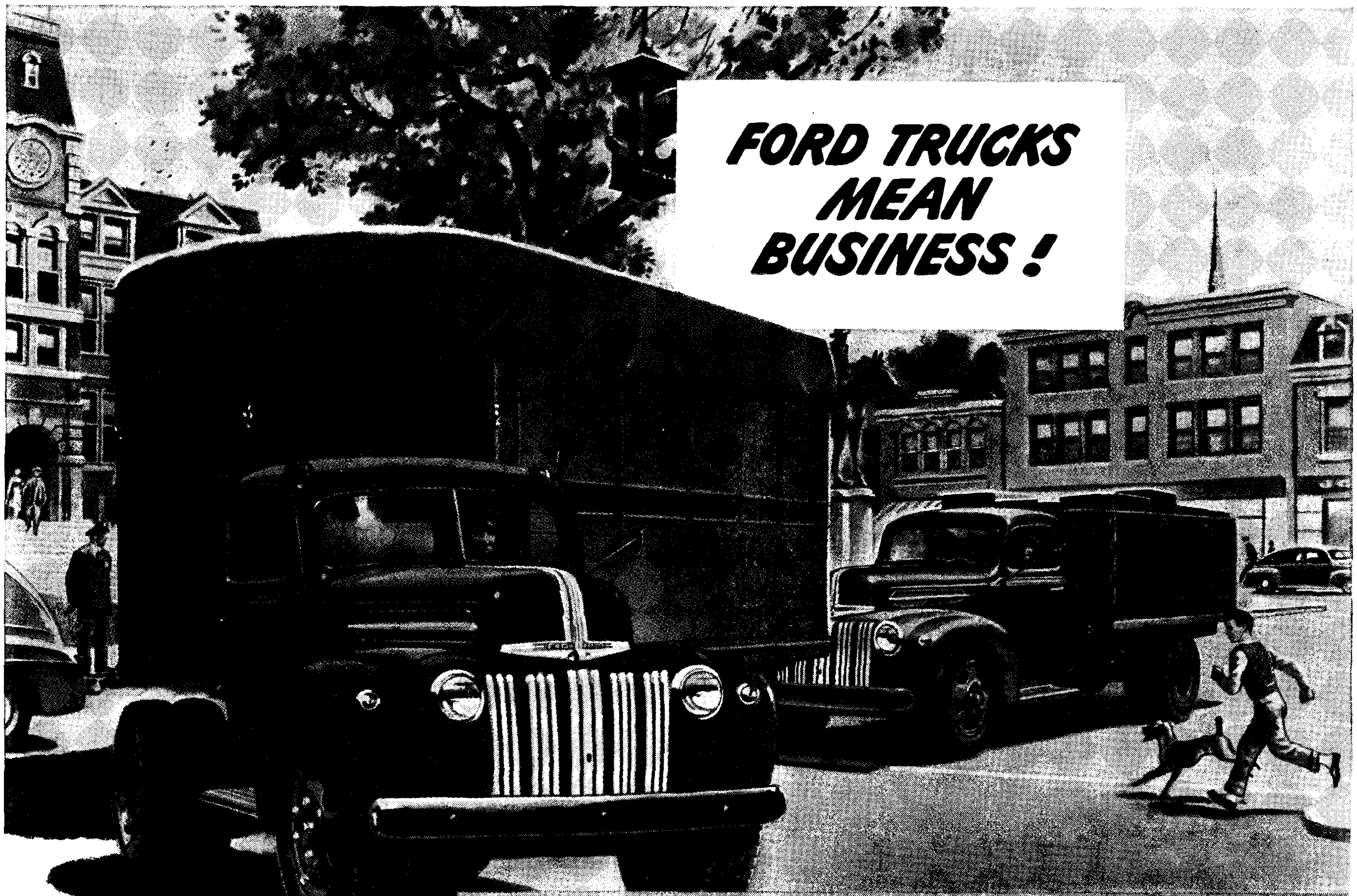

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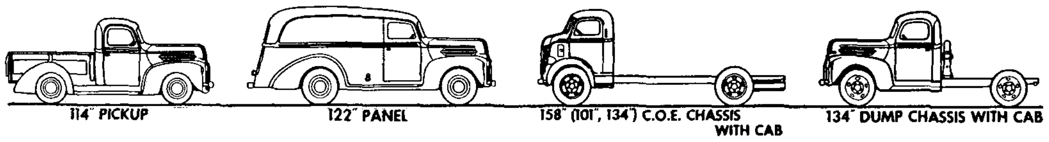
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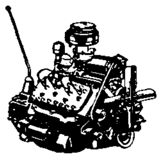

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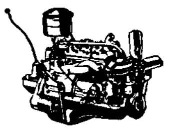

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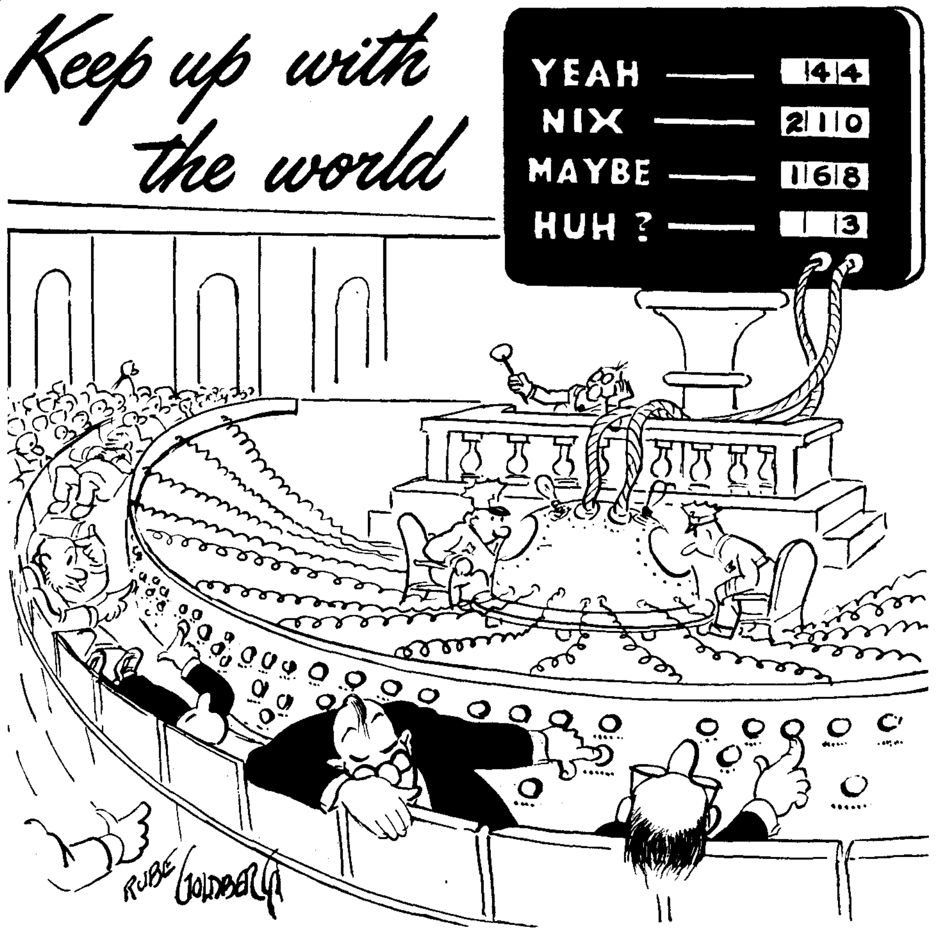

by Freling Foster

The electric voting system, owing to its great time-saving feature, has been employed for years in the legislatures of many of our states and in those of several foreign countries; yet the Congress of the United States has never installed one. The use of such a system in the House, for example, would decrease the time required to take a quorum vote of its members from 30 minutes to about 60 seconds. During the last Congress, this saving in time would have totaled approximately 19,000 man-hours.

Jean L. E. Meissonier (1815-1891), a French artist, painted more than 500 pictures although he devoted as long as ten years to several of them. Many brought him fabulous sums. His famous "1814," was sold in Paris in 1887 for $170,000, which is believed to be the highest price ever paid for an oil painting during the lifetime of the artist.

In human life, the costliest engineering job of modern times was the 138 miles of the Central Railway of Peru between Callao and Oroya which took 12 years and was completed in 1893. Starting at sea level and crossing the Andes at 15,665 feet, the line required the building of 65 tunnels and 67 bridges. Due to accidents and disease, 11,000 of the 13,000 workers died during its construction.

The greatest statuary fad in American history was that created by the Rogers' Groups, sculptured by John Rogers between 1860 and 1890. They were colored plaster statuettes of two to four individuals, which depicted scenes from everyday life, and ranged in height from eight to 40 inches and in price from $6 to $25. During their vogue, 87 groups were modeled, each of which was front-page news, and more than 100,000 reproductions were sold for a total of about $1,500,000. Today, the largest collection of these pieces, 84 of the 87, with some worth $300, is on exhibition in the John Rogers Memorial Room in the New York Historical Society.

A new movie-sponsored organization in New York gives complete information over the telephone about the pictures being shown in one or more of the city's 693 theaters, including the kind of stories, names of actors and the time each film begins and ends.

The most widely used cosmetic is henna, which is employed by one quarter of all the people in the world to dye their hair, beards, nails and parts of their hands and feet.

A peculiarity of "punch-drunkenness," an incurable occupational disease of pugilists, is that its victims rarely know they are suffering from it. The condition produces deterioration in mental and physical ability, and its symptoms are inattention, a glassy expression and a dragging gait. It results not from one or a dozen serious head blows, but from the cumulative effect of hundreds, and manifests itself in about 75 per cent of boxers after they have fought from 60 to 100 bouts.

The coming Memorial Day automobile race at the Indianapolis Speedway will be the 30th one since the track was opened in 1911. Records of the past 29 races show that the number of starters ranged from 22 to 42, and that the largest sum in prize money, which was won by Billy Arnold in 1930, amounted to $50,300, comprising $20,000 as first prize, $16,800 in lap prizes and $13,500 in awards from accessory companies. During the qualifying runs and the races themselves, more than 100 cars were involved in accidents which injured some 200 persons and killed 35, of whom 16 were drivers, 12 were mechanics and 7 were spectators.

All states provide in their constitutions for succession in case of a vacancy in the governor's office. While 44 states name one, two or three public officeholders in line of succession, two states—Alabama and Washington—name as many as seven. Yet surveys show that, on the average, a state is not likely to lose more than one out of ten governors through resignation, impeachment, disability or death.

Medical certificates are now required under the marriage laws of 35 states which contain 85 per cent of the population of this country. While three states require a physical examination of the man only and one requires, in addition, a blood test for the man and the woman, 31 require a physical examination and a blood test for both parties. In the 32 states requiring a serologic report, the time allowed to elapse between the taking of the blood specimen and the application for a marriage license varies from 10 to 40 days.

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Paul Mantz Air Services

Wing Talk

EDITED BY FREDERICK R. NEELY

This is Paul Mantz, who owns more planes than anybody else in the world. When he disposes of his surplus, he'll still have 110 ships operating

THE man who owns more planes than anybody else is Paul Mantz, a black-haired Californian who learned to fly 20 years ago and has flown so many miles and hours he's lost count. Mantz owns 509 planes—which makes him the seventh largest "air power" in the world. The only countries that own more planes are the United States, England, Canada, Russia, Australia and France.

Most of the Mantz fleet was acquired recently in a bulk buy of 475 surplus planes from the government. They cost taxpayers $117,000,000; Paul bought them for $55,000—not for each plane, but for all of them. Mantz plans to keep about 75 of the ships and junk the rest. Among them are 78 Flying Fortresses, 228 Liberators and 90 P-40s. Salvage from planes he doesn't use will more than repay his outlay, he thinks.

When he gets his fleet sorted out, Mantz will have about 110 planes in operation—some of them in unconventional jobs. He has been sky riding on all sorts of odd errands since he learned to run a plane as an Army cadet at March Field, Riverside, California, in 1926.

Today Paul holds the world's outside loop record—45 in succession. Most of his pilots are ex-stunt fliers, many of them with fighting records in the war. He himself served in the fight as a lieutenant colonel in the AAF, part of the time with Jimmy Doolittle, his friend.

Twenty-two of Paul's planes are old World War I models, or even older—Curtiss Jennies, Thomas-Morse Scouts, De Havillands and such forgotten ships. Most of these still do service in the movies. Flying camera crews, actors, directors, grips and electricians around to film locations is an everyday job for modern ships.

Mantz already is flying Western basketball teams to play dates. He thinks baseball teams may travel the same way soon.

Not long ago the Ambassador Hotel in Los Angeles called Mantz. A famous woman guest had departed by train, leaving a fortune in jewels on her dressing table. A house detective sped to the airport with the gems, boarded a plane and caught up with the train. Boarding it, the sleuth knocked at the lady's stateroom door.

"Yes?" she said.

"I've brought your jewels, ma'am," he said.

"For heaven's sakes!" said the lady who, up to this moment, hadn't missed them.

Who paid the bill on that one? The insurance company.

Mantz will rent you a DC-3 for $1 a mile. If you want a faster trip, there's the UC-67, a one-stop ship from coast to coast. Smaller ships will cost you four bits a mile, but you can still invite a friend or two along.

Since Westerners are usually in a hurry to get married when the urge hits them, and since California has a gin-marriage law, Mantz has a Honeymoon Express Service. This picks up the lovers, often in a bemused condition, at Los Angeles, flies them to Las Vegas, Nevada, buys them the license, the ring, the minister, a bouquet and a wedding banquet, and lands them back in Los Angeles—all in a morning or afternoon. A Divorce Express operates the same way, although its clients have to wait over six weeks in Nevada, biting their nails and wondering whether all this stuff about modern speed is really so.

Mantz planes fly a good many bodies to various places for burial, and he has a contract for this sort of work with 187 morticians. Not quite so grim is a hospital plane, oxygen-equipped, with places for nurses and a doctor, that hustles patients to Mayo Clinic and other hospitals at 300 miles an hour and is credited with saving several lives in emergencies.

"I guess a surgeon could perform an operation in that ship," says Paul. "But no one ever has, yet. We've never had a baby born on one of our ships, either—but it took some extra fast flying now and then to beat the stork. We often get hurry calls from expectant mothers who want their babies born in a particular town or state—and who cut it almost too fine."

Today Mantz planes locate shipwrecks, make aerial surveys of stranded vessels, drop down to rescue survivors and sometimes to recover and fly home bodies of drowned seamen. They have flown spare parts to broken-down fishing boats and big freighters far at sea; taken sick passengers and crewmen off ships and flown them to land hospitals. It's all in the day's work. When the phone rings in the office at Grand Central Airport at Glendale, no pilot knows what job may be waiting. But no job is ever turned down. . . .

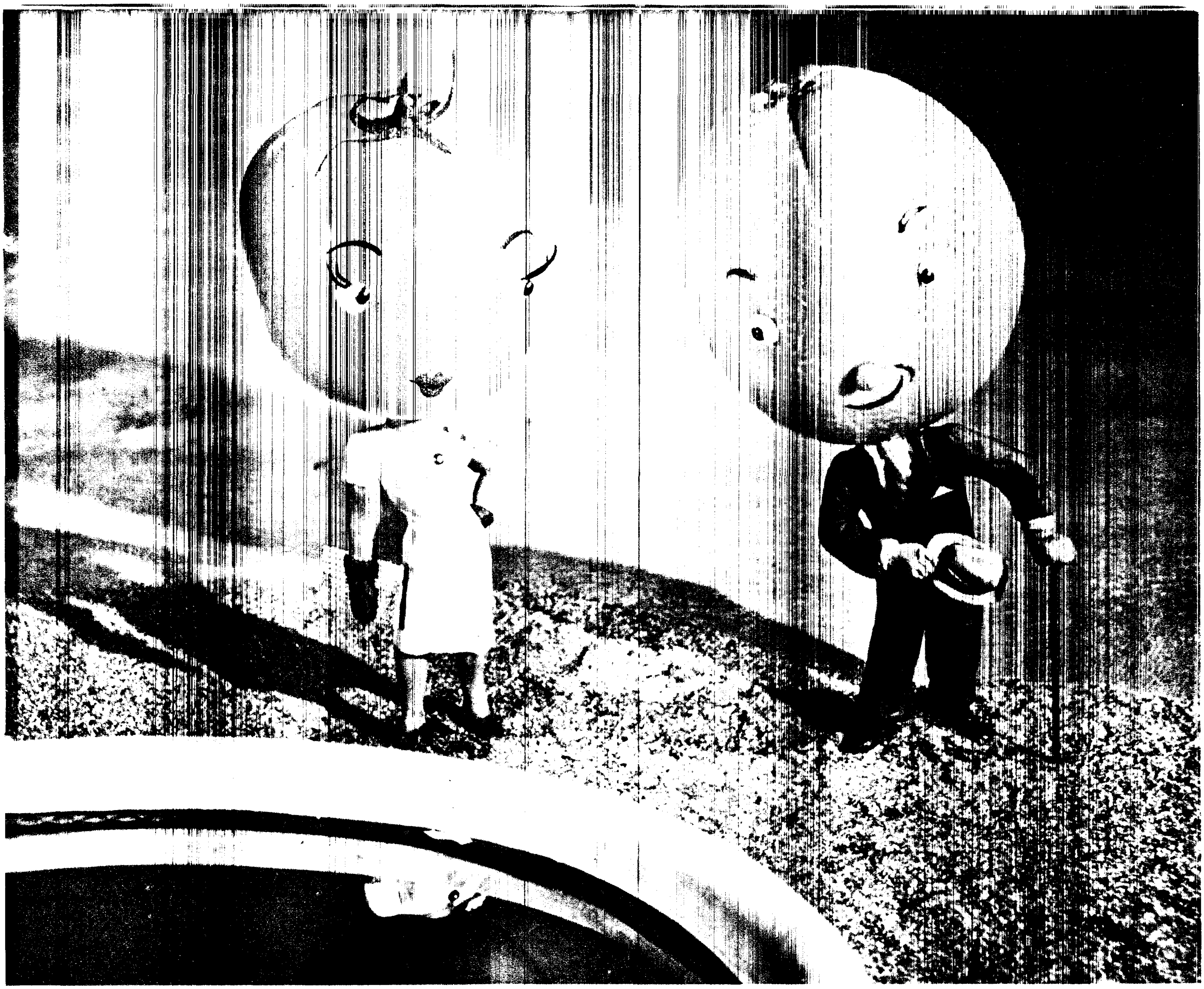
JIM MARSHALL

LITTLE DIPPER, a black two-year-old cocker spaniel, is glad to get into civvies again. With more than 100 hours in the air to his credit, a Naval Air Corps identification card, his own logbook, and friends at every air station in the Pacific, he has an incurable preference for keeping his feet on the ground.

The only dog who won his wings with a fighter squadron, Dipper has been airborne over the Pacific in Hellcats, Wildcats and Avengers. He made two crossings "on furlough" in a B-24.

(Continued on page 60)

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY GENE LESTER



Youth *will be served*

When your choice is between plump, juicy fruits and vegetables and a slightly withered version of the same—no question which you'll go for . . .

Today some of the tastiest products of the soil may be weeks old. Over the protective rind or skin provided by nature, man has applied an invisible outer "skin" that seals in juices and vitamins . . . keeps the fruits plump and fresh.

Scientists at Shell's research laboratories were asked to develop a "carrier"—a solvent that would evenly distribute a protective coating over the entire surface of a fruit or vegetable, then promptly disappear.

This coating must not injure the fruit, naturally—and it must not leave the slightest trace of odor or taste.

Working with the manufacturer's experts, Shell scientists took on the problem . . . went to work with their petroleum molecules, and after a long series of tests in the selection of hydrocarbons, were ready with a solvent that met every requirement.

Everybody benefits. Today the grower is no longer penalized when his delicate products are delayed in transit. The dealer's last half dozen in a crate of lemons are as plump, beautiful and salable as the first. Most important, *you the user* benefit—through the "garden freshness" of your purchase.

Shell's solvent for this purpose is only one of dozens which Shell produces in vast quantities from petroleum . . .

Toluene, hexanes, heptanes, rubber solvents, paint and lacquer thinners . . . these and other solvents do their work and disappear, their performance reaching you in the form of better products: fine modern finishes . . . tires for your car . . . edible fats and oils . . . linoleum . . . the "printer's ink" of type and pictures in your favorite magazine.

Out of leadership in Research . . . a remarkable new Shell Gasoline. Just as numerous solvents are Shell originals, Shell Research now brings you a remarkable new gasoline for your car. Even if you can't have a new car right now—you'll find the "next best thing" is a tankful of this new Shell motor fuel. Your motor will prove to you, with your first trial, that new Shell Gasoline is *4 ways better.*

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through
Shell Research

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The Outraged Heart

BY AGATHA CHRISTIE

Beginning the latest adventure of Hercule Poirot in which he solves a mystery involving the tangled lives of three extraordinary women

AT 6:13 A.M. on a Friday morning Lucy Angkatell awoke and, throwing a negligee round her still graceful shoulders, went along the passage to Midge Hardcastle's room. Since she was a woman of disconcertingly rapid thought processes, Lady Angkatell commenced the conversation in her own mind, and it was in full swing when she flung open Midge's door.

"And so, darling, you really must agree that the week end *is* going to present difficulties."

"Eh? Hwah?" Midge grunted inarticulately, aroused thus abruptly from a satisfying and deep sleep.

Lady Angkatell crossed to the window, jerking up the blind briskly to let in the pale light of a September dawn.

"Birds!" she observed, peering with kindly pleasure through the pane. "So sweet! At any rate, the weather isn't going to present difficulties. That's something. Because if a lot of discordant personalities are boxed up indoors, I'm sure you will agree with me that it makes it ten times worse. Like last year when I shall never forgive myself about poor Gerda. I said to Henry afterward it was most thoughtless of me—"

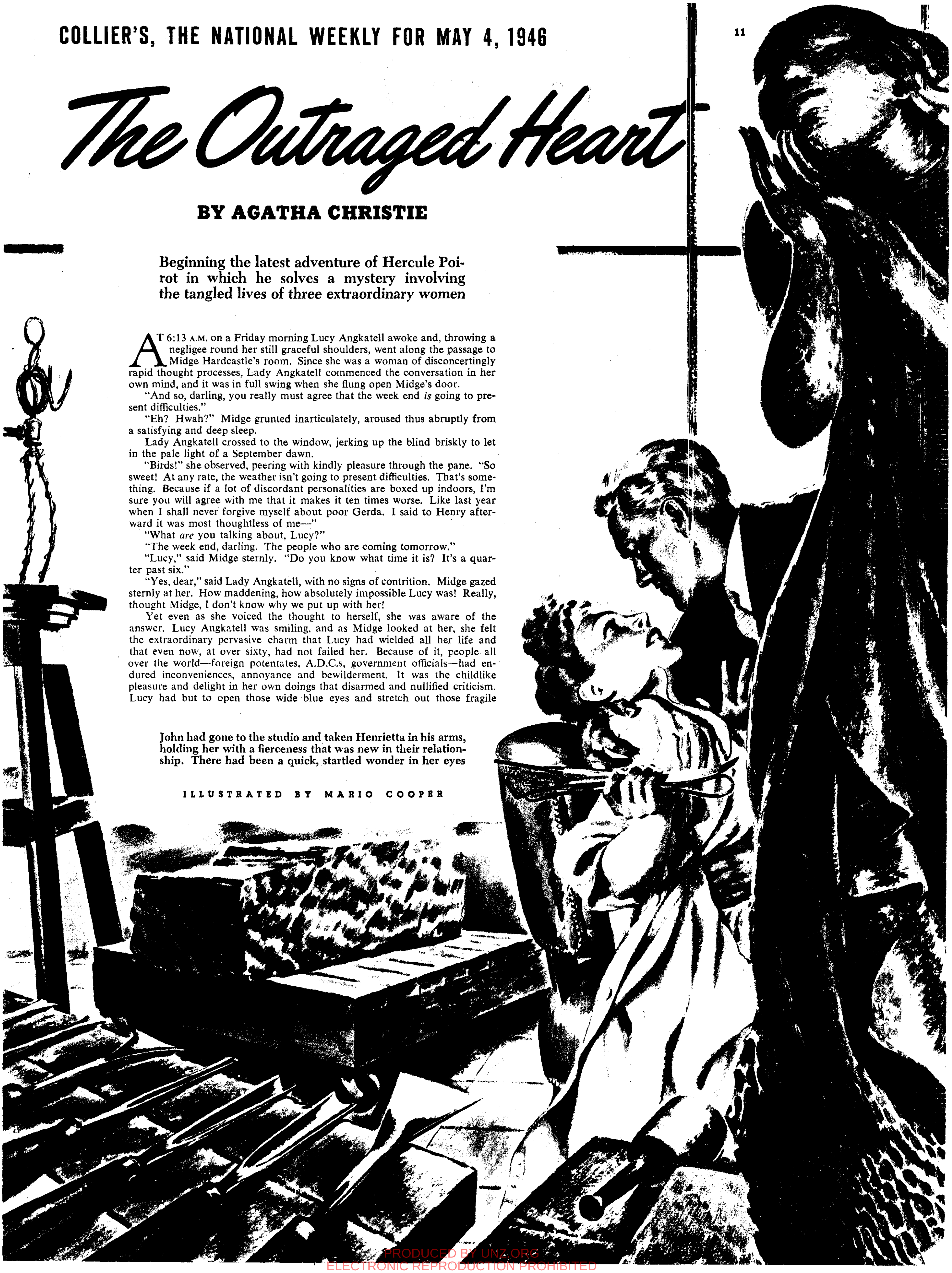
"What *are* you talking about, Lucy?"

"The week end, darling. The people who are coming tomorrow."

"Lucy," said Midge sternly. "Do you know what time it is? It's a quarter past six."

"Yes, dear," said Lady Angkatell, with no signs of contrition. Midge gazed sternly at her. How maddening, how absolutely impossible Lucy was! Really, thought Midge, I don't know why we put up with her!

Yet even as she voiced the thought to herself, she was aware of the answer. Lucy Angkatell was smiling, and as Midge looked at her, she felt the extraordinary pervasive charm that Lucy had wielded all her life and that even now, at over sixty, had not failed her. Because of it, people all over the world—foreign potentates, A.D.C.s, government officials—had endured inconveniences, annoyance and bewilderment. It was the childlike pleasure and delight in her own doings that disarmed and nullified criticism. Lucy had but to open those wide blue eyes and stretch out those fragile



John had gone to the studio and taken Henrietta in his arms, holding her with a fierceness that was new in their relationship. There had been a quick, startled wonder in her eyes

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

hands, and murmur: "Oh, but I'm so *sorry* . . ." and resentment immediately vanished.

"Darling," said Lady Ankatell, "I'm so *sorry*. You should have told me!"

"I'm telling you now—but it's too late! What's wrong with the week end?"

Lady Angkatell sat down on the edge of the bed. It was not, Midge thought, like anyone else sitting on your bed. It was as unsubstantial as though a fairy had poised itself there for a minute.

"All the wrong people coming—the wrong people to be *together*, I mean—not in themselves. They're all charming really."

"Who *is* coming?"

"Well, the Christows—John and Gerda. That's all right by itself. I mean John is delightful—*most* attractive. And as for poor Gerda—well, I mean, we must all be very kind. Very, very kind."

Moved by an obscure instinct of defense, Midge said, "Oh, come now, she's not as bad as that."

"Oh, darling, she's pathetic. Those *eyes*. And she never seems to understand a single word one says."

"She doesn't," said Midge. "Not what *you* say—but I don't know that I blame her. Your mind, Lucy, goes so fast, that to keep pace with it your conversation takes the most amazing leaps. All the connecting links are left out. Who else is coming besides the Christows? Henrietta, I suppose?"

Lady Angkatell's face brightened.

"Yes—and I really do feel that she will be a tower of strength. She always is. Henrietta, you know, is really kind—kind all through, not just on top. She will help a lot with poor Gerda. She was simply wonderful last year. That was the time we played limericks, or word-making, or quotations—or one of those things, and we had all finished and were reading them out when we discovered that poor Gerda hadn't even begun. She wasn't even sure what the game was. It was dreadful."

"Why anyone ever comes to stay with the Angkatells, I don't know," said Midge. "What with the brainwork, and the round games, and your peculiar style of conversation."

"Yes, darling, we must be trying—and it must always be hateful for Gerda, and I often think that if she had any spirit she would stay away—but, however, there it was, and the poor dear looked so bewildered and—well—mortified, you know. And John looked so dreadfully impatient. And I simply couldn't think of how to make things all right again—and it was then that I felt so grateful to Henrietta. She turned right around to Gerda and asked about the pullover she was wearing—really a dreadful affair in faded lettuce green—and Gerda brightened up at once; it seems that she had knitted it herself, and Henrietta asked her for the pattern, and Gerda looked so happy and proud. And that is what I mean about Henrietta. She can always *do* that sort of thing."

"She takes trouble," said Midge slowly.

"I must say, Midge, that if anyone carries us through this week end, it will be Henrietta. She will be nice to Gerda and she will amuse Henry, and she'll keep John in a good temper and I'm sure she'll be most helpful with David—"

"David Angkatell?"

"Yes. Boys of that age are so difficult—especially when they are intellectual. But after all he *is* a cousin, and I feel we should become acquainted. David is very intellectual. One wishes that they could put off being intellectual until they were rather older. As it is they always glower at one so and bite their nails and seem to have so many spots. And they either won't speak at all, or else are very loud and contradictory. Still, as I say, I am trusting to Henrietta. She is very tactful and asks the right kind of questions, and being a sculptress they respect her, especially as she does advanced things like that curious affair in metal and plaster that she exhibited at the New Artists last year. It was called Ascending Thought—or something like that."

Lady Angkatell paused, then went on: "And then, you see, Edward is coming."

"What on earth made you ask Edward for this week end?"

"I didn't, Midge. That's just it. He asked himself. Wired to know if we could have him. You know what Edward is. How sensitive. If I'd wired back no, he'd probably never have asked himself again. He's like that."

MIDGE nodded her head slowly. Yes, she thought, Edward was like that. For an instant she saw his face clearly, that very dearly loved face. A face with something of Lucy's insubstantial charm; gentle, diffident, ironic. . . .

Lucy went on impatiently:

"If only Henrietta would make up her mind to marry him. She is really fond of him, I know she is. If they had been here some week end without the Christows . . . As it is, John Christow has always the most unfortunate effect on Edward. John, if you know what I mean, becomes so much *more* so and Edward becomes so much *less* so. You understand?"

Again Midge nodded.

"And I can't put the Christows off, because this week end was arranged long ago, but I do feel, Midge, that it is all going to be difficult— However, sometimes things arrange themselves quite simply. I've asked the crime man to lunch on Sunday. It will make a distraction, don't you think so?"

"Crime man?"

"Like an egg," said Lady Angkatell. "He was in Bagdad, solving something, when Henry was High Commissioner. We had him to lunch. He had on a white duck suit, I remember, and a pink flower in his buttonhole, and black patent-leather shoes."

"But have you any crimes down here, Lucy?"

"Oh, no, darling. He's just a neighbor in one of those funny new cottages. There's an actress in the other, I believe." She moved vaguely across the room. "Midge, darling, it's sweet of you to have been so helpful."

"I don't think I have been so very helpful."

"Oh, haven't you?" Lucy Angkatell looked surprised. "Well, have a nice sleep now and don't get up to breakfast."

She went out. As she passed the open bathroom door and saw the kettle and gas ring, an idea came to her. She would make Midge some tea. She put the kettle on and then went on down the passage.

She paused at her husband's door and turned the handle, but Sir Henry Angkatell, that able administrator, knew his Lucy. He was extremely fond of her but he liked his sleep undisturbed. The door was locked.

Lady Angkatell went on into her own room, yawning. She got into bed, laid her head on the pillow and in two minutes was sleeping like a child.

In the bathroom the kettle came to the boil and went on boiling. . . .

"Another kettle gone, Mr. Gudgeon," said Simmons, the housemaid.

Gudgeon, the butler, shook his gray head.

He took the burned-out kettle from Simmons and going into the pantry produced another kettle from the bottom of the plate cupboard where he had a stock of half a dozen. "There you are, Miss Simmons. Her ladyship will never know."

"Does her ladyship often do this kind of thing?" asked Simmons, who had not been long in service with the Angkatells.

Gudgeon sighed.

"Her ladyship," he said, "is at once kind-hearted and very forgetful, if you know what I mean. But in this house," he continued, "I see to it that everything possible is done to spare her ladyship annoyance or worry."

HENRIETTA SAVERNAKE rolled up a little strip of clay and patted it into place. Then she stood back and laid down her modeling tools. "Thank you so much, Miss Hawley," she said to the model.

The latter came to stand beside her, saying doubtfully, disappointment in her voice, "Oh. It's not very like me, is it?"

Henrietta smiled. "Well, no. It's not a portrait, you know."

She got rid of the girl expertly and began to make herself some black coffee. She was

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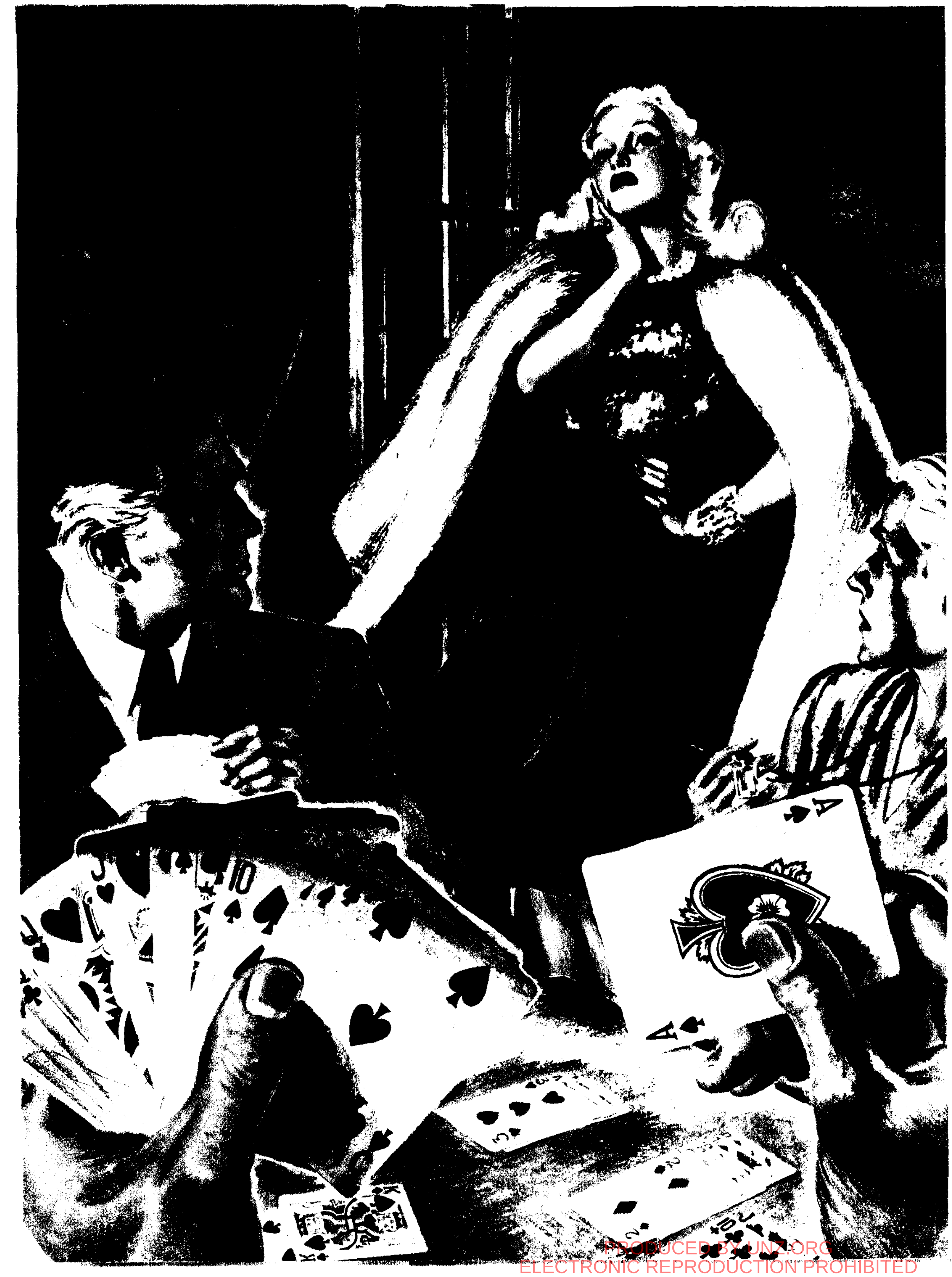

With all the dramatic éclat of a stage entrance, Veronica Cray stood in the open window, framed against the night, for an infinitesimal moment before speaking

This was TLER' IN

Major Cortez F. Enloe, Jr., was chief of the Medical Branch of the U.S. Strategic Bombing Survey, which studied the effects of bombing on German civilian health. His co-author, Dr. Hans Reese, is Professor of Neuropsychiatry at the University of Wisconsin and was one of the Survey's experts.

Dr. Erwin Giesing, a high-ranking Nazi and one of Hitler's personal physicians, was questioned by Drs. Enloe and Reese, who had previously studied captured documents pertaining to Hitler's health. From that interview, and others to which Dr. Giesing's information led, the authors reconstructed the medical picture of the German leader's health, his neurotic fears and overwhelming suspicions, and his swift mental deterioration during his last year of life.

By Major Cortez F. Enloe, Jr., M.C., A.U.S.
and Hans H. Reese, M.D.

A YEAR ago this week, the life of Adolf Hitler came to its spectacular, mystery-shrouded end—an end that, in the light of what has since been learned, was a self-pronounced doom, foreordained and inevitable.

Such, at least, is the conclusion that emerges inescapably from the testimony of Hitler's personal physicians, the men who knew him intimately, body and mind, and who watched with professional interest his last headlong plunge toward destruction.

The language of physicians is international, and it is probably only because we were physicians that we were able to gather enough information to reconstruct the picture of the last years of Adolf Hitler's life. When we interrogated the Fuehrer's doctors, they relaxed and talked for hours, as doctor to doctor, about their famous patient. In this way we were able to gather the most intimate information about the German Fuehrer.

The medical men around Hitler represented a good cross section of the Nazi medical fraternity. They ran the gamut from outstanding scientist to rank charlatan. Characteristically, it was this latter type—the cunning quack—that dominated Hitler. His name is Dr. Theodore Morell, the Fuehrer's most intimate confidant and adviser as well as the guardian of his health. Ask any German in authority during Hitler's regime what he thinks about Morell and he will ask you in return, "You have heard of Rasputin, haven't you?"

At the other extreme was modest Professor Karl Brandt, Hitler's personal surgeon and the highly competent Reich Commissar for Health. Between these two was the slight, blond, Swiss-born chief of the German Public Health Service, the very self-satisfied Dr. Leonardo Conti, who ended his life when he learned the Allies were holding him as a war criminal. Fortunately, we had three days to fire questions at him. Two other physicians played a lesser role in the Fuehrer's retinue. They are the blond, scar-faced, good-looking Dr. Erwin Giesing, an ear, nose and throat specialist, and Dr. Karl Franz Gebhardt, Chief Surgeon of the SS, who was the last to see Hitler alive.

Rumors which had circulated about the German leader for years were, we found, untrue. Hitler had speaker's polyps removed from his left vocal cord on several occasions, but there is no evidence that these very common growths were cancerous. Although he suffered with a chronic gastrointestinal disorder which was characterized by frequent attacks of nausea and violent cramps, none of his physicians considered him to have a cancer, as his enemies hoped. In fact, hypochondriac that he was, this stomach and intestinal disorder can probably be attributed to his bizarre dietary habits and the remarkable conglomeration of medications to which his physicians, especially Morell, subjected him.

For the Fuehrer to complain of the slightest ailment was the signal for an attack with all manner of pills, injections and a complete readjustment of his dietary regimen. Brandt, a surgeon of high standing before his association with the Nazis, says that shots of vitamins, hormones, dextrose, sulfa drugs were ridiculously common. If Hitler showed the merest suggestion of a cold, Morell would order as many as six injections of cold vaccines. He also did this for a week prior to a major speaking engagement by the Fuehrer. It is not surprising that Hitler suffered from all sorts of vague disorders, none serious, but all debilitating.

Despite the rumors that have circulated about the private life of the German leader, there is little reason to believe that his sex life was abnormal in any way. Hitler was the type of self-acclaimed prophet who found his greatest outlet in devotion to the fanatical principles of Nazism. His doctors confirmed occasional affairs with German actresses. But in the years of their association, Eva Braun undoubtedly furnished him the private womanly affection and understanding that he required.

The Supreme Day of Crisis

In discussing Hitler with his physicians, one is invariably drawn into a discussion of the German leader's personality. It is evident that he reached the great crisis in his life on July 20, 1944, when the attempt was made to kill him. That day was likewise the moment of greatest crisis for Germany.

It has been said that the greatest asset of the dictator form of government is its ability to get things done with utmost dispatch because all power is concentrated in one man. But this is, as the experience with Hitler shows so dramatically, also the Achilles heel of a dictatorship, for any change in the mental stability of the dictator is immediately reflected in the welfare of the people. Only one mind has to start downhill and the whole government is shaken.

The group of old-school Prussians who tried to murder Hitler contributed largely to Germany's defeat. Their attempt set in motion in the mind of that evil and uncertain man a chain of psychological reactions that separated the Fuehrer from his advisers and friends and gradually undermined his psyche. In the end, these reactions trapped Hitler in the maze of his own obsessions and left him with self-destruction as the only escape.

The scheme to assassinate Hitler would have succeeded, according to Dr. Erwin Giesing, had it not been for one innocent little detail.

The plot was laid at the secret headquarters of the German High Command, which throughout the war was deep in the birch forests of East Prussia, near Rastenburg, just

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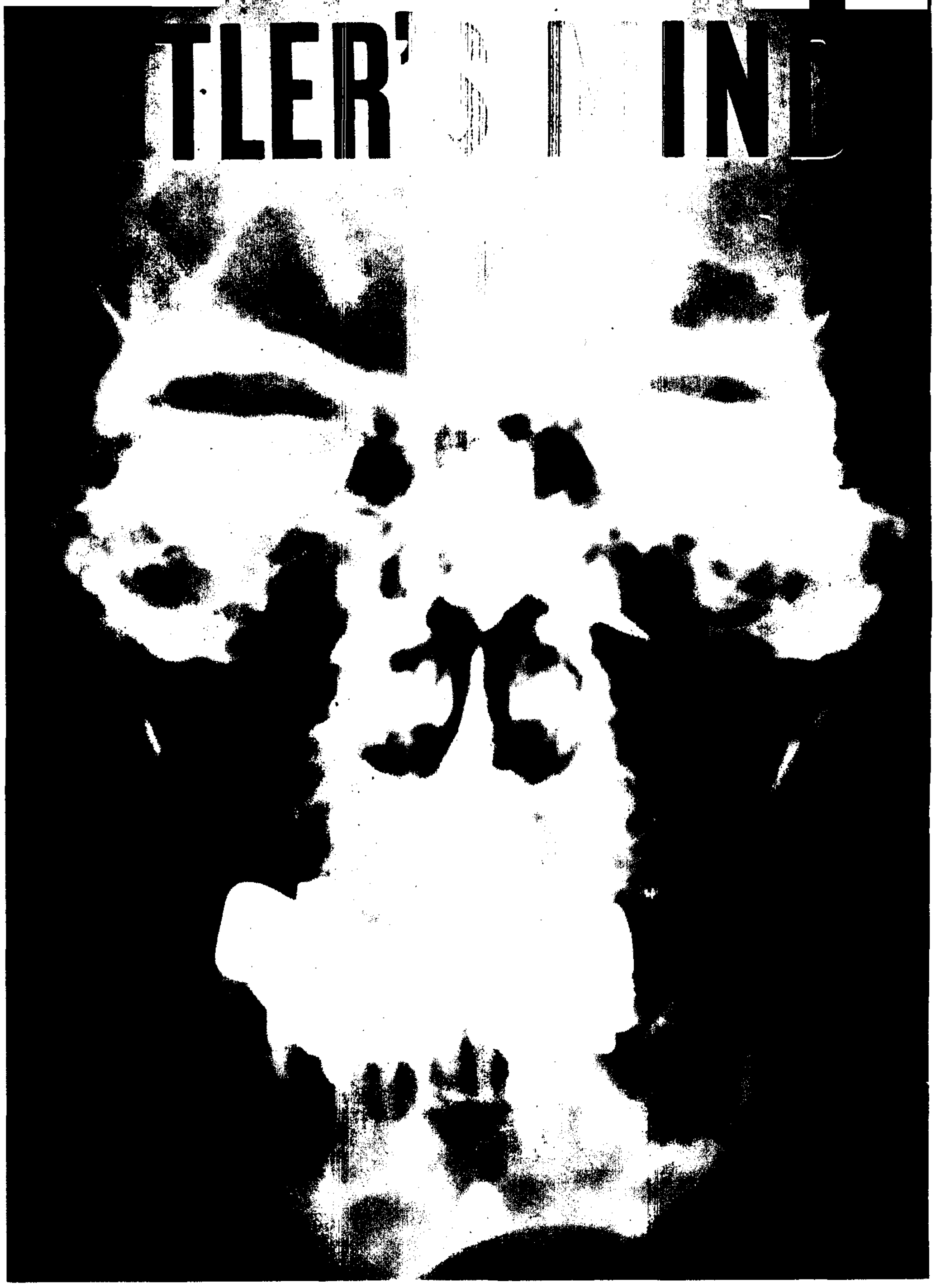


This is an authenticated X-ray photograph of Adolf Hitler's head, made in October, 1939. Never before published, it is now in the files of the U.S. Army Air Forces, and is valuable chiefly because it will instantly expose any impostor claiming to be Hitler. The original film, studied for Collier's by specialists in roentgenology, reveals nothing unusual medically. Skull formation is normal and completely ordinary in every respect. There is some suggestion of sinusitis, and the enlarged nasal turbinates mean that Hitler had difficulty with nasal breathing. He had only four lower front teeth of his own, with receding gums. He wore upper and lower dental plates

INTERNATIONAL

Hitler's wife and former mistress Eva Braun, with two unidentified children. Hitler had passing affairs with several women, but doctors agreed that the self-effacing Eva was an ideal companion for him

Bide Your Time

BY ELSIE TAYE

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL CORDREY

Some women think of marriage in terms of security, but Judith dared to regard it as a medium of happiness

THE nice-looking boy who sat next to Judith capped his fountain pen and stowed it in the pocket of his brand-new civilian suit. Lecture chairs scraped on the floor and there were bursts of talk as the class in Comparative Literature broke up and moved toward the door. Judith gathered together an armful of books and stood up.

"Look," said Ted Wheeler, the boy, "if you're on your way home, walk over to language road with me. I'd like to have you meet my wife—she's waiting for me."

"Gee, I'd like to," said Judith not batting her fringed brown eyes, "but I have to get that Gorky play at the library."

"Okay," said the boy.

They grinned understandingly at each other. Having sat next to each other for one week, since the opening of the second semester, and both being young and attractive, it was necessary to get this straight.

Outside, Judith Brant clutched her books under one arm while she tied her scarf over her hair, as heavy and smooth as a length of brown satin. One arm around her books she thrust her hands deep into the pockets of the cloth coat with the sheepskin lining and walked toward the library. She was only faintly surprised that the nice-looking boy was married. So many of them were, and quite a few of them were fathers. Back in civilian clothes they were doggedly completing their university courses, although the time for that was past by several years for many of them. As it was for Judith.

Before long someone would tell the nice-looking boy, who was new here, about Judith and David Rossiter. The students who stopped Judith to ask her what she heard from David had been freshmen three years ago when David was a senior. Even then Judith had been David's girl—and still was. He could be at home now, taking the last term of credits he needed for his diploma, but it would be another year, at least, before he came back. And by his own choice.

The library was warm and quiet. Judith whispered to Miss Graham, the librarian, who whispered that she didn't think there was a volume of Maxim Gorky in, found one for Judith, and whispered that it had to be returned in three days.

On the way out Judith was stopped by two kids, sophomores, whose names she had forgotten. One of them wore a scarf which had begun like Judith's as a square, but by winding and knotting it ended up as a stylish turban beneath which not a single hair showed. The other child wore her hair swept up in a gay little topknot of curls on the crown of her head.

"Gee, I'm sorry," said Judith. "I can't make sorority meeting this afternoon. I'm way behind in my reading."

Disappointed, they moved aside, and Judith wondered, pushing the heavy door open against the January wind, what things they were saying about her. That she was snooty because she never went to the sorority house? Or that she was becoming that unhappy thing on campus, a lone grind? Or would they hit it right and realize that she was just too old, at twenty-three, for the things that occupied them.

Crossing the campus she came out on the street and walked a block out of her way to avoid passing the sorority house which in her freshman and sophomore years had been one of the vital spots in her life. Three years ago.

Shortly after David left for camp Judith had gone into a factory. David had been proud of her, her parents approved, and some of her contemporaries had followed her. The rest had gone on to finish their courses in the city university, and a few of them, like Bonnie Dillon (Bonnie Fields, now), had married. Bonnie's was not exactly a war marriage. She had married a solid citizen, a man years older than she, and was, according to all reports, very happy.

Like the famous cartoon, it was now the postwar world, and where was Judith? Right back where she had been, only everything was different. There was hardly a girl in college she had known, and all of them were so young that there was no possible chance of her getting into step with them.

And having thought of Bonnie, it was not surprising that there she was, waving to Judith from a car caught at the intersection by a red light. The car slid past the light and drew up at the curb.

Reluctantly Judith quickened her pace a little. She did not see much of Bonnie now. She had no desire to, not since Bonnie had married Claude Fields. Once Judith and Bonnie had been inseparable.

"I'd know that green scarf a mile off," cried Bonnie. "Why don't you get a new one?"

"What for?" asked Judith. She dumped her books on the seat of the sleek little roadster, placed her hands on her hips, and surveyed Bonnie with a stunned air.

"Take a good look," said Bonnie. "And damn' silly I feel, too. But this is the way Claude likes me to dress."

"Any man," Judith got in and slammed the door, "who expects his wife to run around in a mink coat and a mink stovepipe of a hat that probably cost as much as the coat, ought to have his head examined."

"That isn't all," said Bonnie, driving back into the thin stream of traffic. "Last week he saw one of these blond or platinum mink arrangements advertised and now he wants to buy me one."

"I can't stand it."

"All the dead-end kids in town would follow me. Honestly," said Bonnie, "except for pleasing Claude I wish sometimes I was back in a scarf and an awful coat like yours—"

"Thanks—"

"And sweaters. How's the old alma?"

JUDITH pushed her legs, bare above her galoshes, closer to the good heater. "Grue," she said. "Papas we have in all the classes, and to offset them, sweet little boys in their first long pants. And the girls! They're younger than we ever were, and smarter, and none but the weightiest problems of the world interest them."

"Thank God I'm out of it. What did you ever go back for?"

"I'm beginning to wonder."

"David ought to be coming home soon—won't he?"

"Nope. David has elected to stay in Germany for the time being. David is needed there. David has points to give away, but their company commander put it to them: They've been there a long time, they know the country, and they know its problems and what Uncle Sam is up against. So."

"And, of course," teased Bonnie, "there wouldn't be any of those peaches-and-cream British Waafs around, or any soft-outside-and-hard-inside French girls. Stronger men than David Rossiter have fallen, darling."

"There are no stronger men than David."

"I know it," said Bonnie soberly. "I was only kidding."

"Sure," said Judith.

Bonnie could not plant seeds of doubt in Judith. No outside influence could. But if they were there, already growing, it was only sensible to consider them in private. Thousands of men who had not been in uniform as long as David were home now.

Threading their way through the traffic of the busy inland city, they thought about David, his easy acceptance of leadership in campus activities, his dry humor, his big but unspectacular good looks. And thinking of David they would naturally think about Ray Thorpe, his best friend.

Judith shrank a little against the seat cushion. Now Bonnie would speak of Ray, the man she had been going to marry. Ray was in Tokyo. He had been on a flea-bitten island in the Pacific, with no future at all, when Bonnie married Claude Fields.

IN THE silence Judith glanced at the beautiful face under the high mink hat. They were crossing the busiest intersection in town, the shoppers' traffic thick at this hour, and Bonnie's green eyes were somber, bleak almost, her mouth grim as she slid between trucks and family sedans, honked tentatively, shot ahead the instant the lights changed. Concentration could make you look like that.

"He doesn't," said Bonnie suddenly, "expect you to crawl in a hole, does he?"

"David?" Judith laughed.

No. David did not expect her to crawl into a hole. Have all the fun you can, he had written her. But nothing about the fact that they had almost married on his last leave, looking at each other in breathless wonder when it was mentioned, until David said, "I guess that's not for us, baby. There are too many angles—all of them wrong for you." She could have pleaded, and she might have won, but to know David was to trust him, his good sense, his intelligence and, above all, his love. But men could lose love—and not lose their honor. In far places men could and did change, through no fault of their own . . . and then they would not want to come home. . . .

"Tomorrow night," said Bonnie, "I'm having a little bit of a party. You could come but I suppose you're thinking up some half-baked excuse right now."

"Several. Like having hours of studying to do, and taking my mother to the movies, and washing my hair."

They laughed together, the way they used to.

"Look," said Bonnie. "Maynard Yates is coming—he's still nuts about you."

"Don't be silly." But it was not silly. Last fall Maynard Yates, a friend of Claude's had called Judith and called her, and would not be discouraged until her excuses became so thin that they were funny.

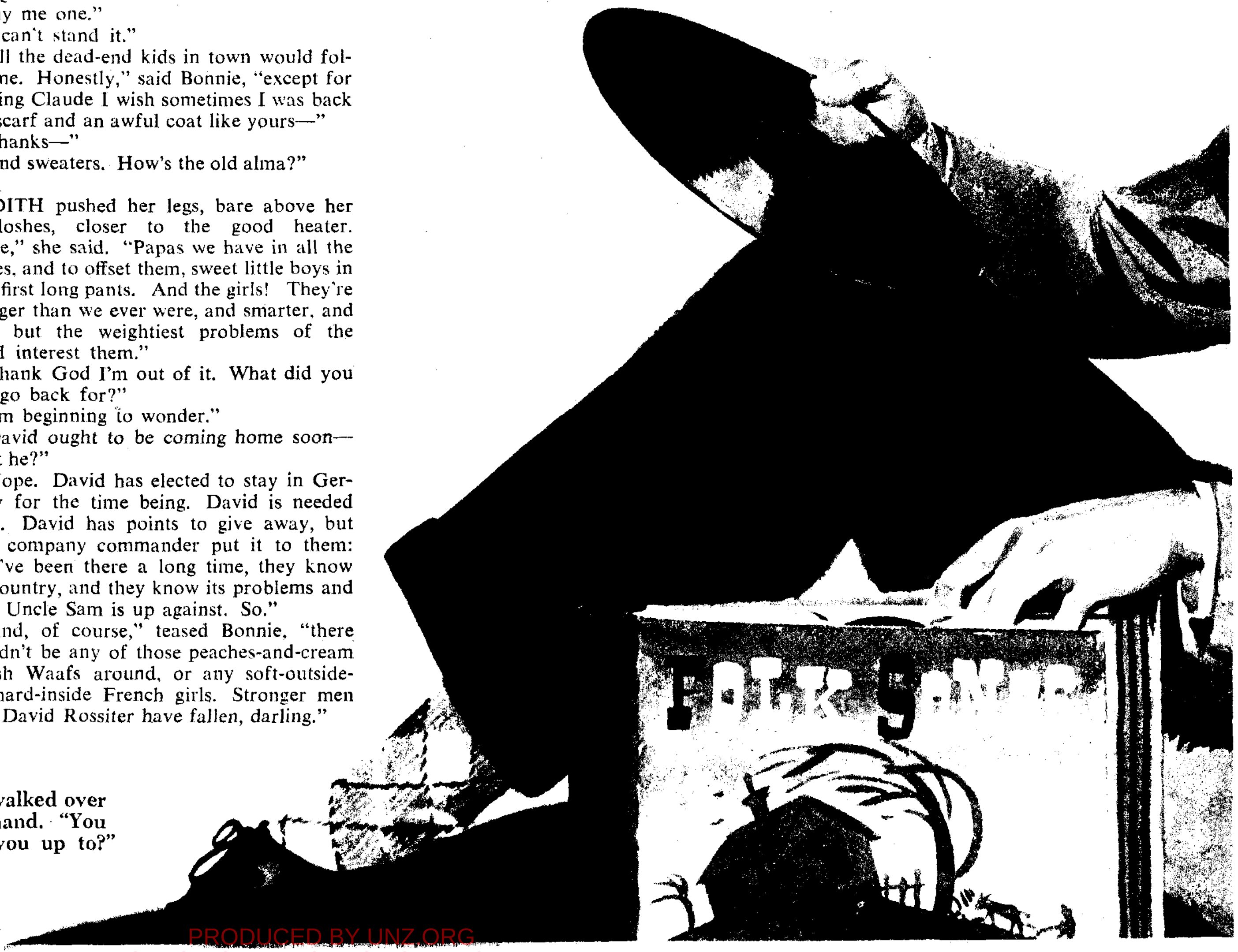
When Bonnie had first started going out with Claude, she had sometimes dragged Judith along, with Maynard for a fourth. Judith had been amused, and then alarmed, because Maynard was quite obviously nuts about her. And when she knew that Bonnie was going to marry Claude she was definitely through.

"The Widow Evans will get him," said Bonnie. They were on Judith's street now, driving toward the modest modern little house where she lived. "And I hate to see it—that dame gets everything she wants."

"Let her," said Judith.

"Then there's this kid who works for Claude coming, too—Oswald Gardner—he's some kind of wonder boy, and Claude says he's going places but that it's all wrong—the kid ought to be back at M.I.T. or Michigan or wherever, getting his degree. He was in Chemical Warfare, and Claude says he's a born chemical engineer but the kid has this idea that the thing to do is to make a lot of quick money while the making is good."

"Well, if Wonder Boy has been through the war he has a right to decide what he wants



There were only two records left when Bonnie walked over to Judith and Oz, holding a highball in her hand. "You two," she said, smiling at them. "What are you up to?"

to do. You don't expect *me* to save him, do you?"

"Hell, no," said Bonnie. This swearing was something new. "You'd make six, and that's just right. I'm asking you to come and have fun."

Her books in her arms, Judith said, "Sold," and opened the car door.

"Do you mean it?" Bonnie was delighted. "Well, look, wear anything you want to—"

"You mean anything I have—which isn't much. What time?"

"Oh, seven, I guess. Shall I have Maynard pick you—"

"Nope. I'll roll over in the Brant landing-tank barge, and you can take it and like it."

"I'll love it," said Bonnie, bouncing on the seat. It had not been by any wish of hers that she and Judith had not seen much of each other in the past year.

THE hall was warm and smelled of something good as Judith opened the door and went in.

"Who brought you home?" asked her mother with uncalled-for eagerness as she emerged from the kitchen. Mrs. Brant was torn between her avowed love and admiration for David, and her natural desire to see Judith have all the good times her age entitled her to.

"Calm yourself," said Judith. She kissed her mother, pulled off her galoshes, hung her coat and scarf in the hall closet. "Nothing

(Continued on page 42)

STASSEN'S POLITICAL GAMBLE

BY WALTER DAVENPORT

There are people in Minnesota who say that their famous ex-governor is making a swell race for the Presidency in 1948, but not a very good campaign for the G.O.P. nomination

WHEN the Republicans meet in national convention in mid-1948, which is far off on everybody's calendar, their job will be relatively simple: They will have merely to select a man who has at least a chance or, if at that time, Democratic circumstances are very unhappy, nominate at random. Which alternative they select will depend on three things: Republican success at the polls next November, an inability of the Democrats to recover party tranquillity, and whether the American people, already showing signs of disenchantment, have scuttled back in alarm to their prewar isolationism.

If all these three phenomena come to pass, the Republicans can nominate the janitor and be reasonably sure of moving back into the White House after sixteen years. Otherwise they will have to nominate someone who will at least have a chance. And from here, without using binoculars, that looks like Harold Edward Stassen of Minnesota.

It is now up to Mr. Stassen. To keep you no longer in suspense this article is about him. And he has quite a job on his hands—in his own state and in the country at large where polls show that a dangerously large number of voters have never heard of him or at least only vaguely.

In his native Minnesota which elected him governor three times, he is regarded by a mildly awed populace as a prodigy. In the conservative control of the Republican National Committee he is looked upon as a nuisance, a fresh kid, a political Joe Prep. In Minnesota they tell you that Mr. Stassen (they pronounce it Stahsen), although a Republican, was well beloved of Franklin Delano Roosevelt.

And to convince you they say that just before the San Francisco birth of UNO, Mr. Roosevelt briefed Mr. Stassen in detail down to the most deeply buried secret from Moscow, Yalta and Teheran to the atomic bomb and Britain's fears for her well-oiled Empire life line. And lest you miss the inference, they go on to say that Mr. Roosevelt had selected Mr. Stassen as the young American politician best equipped to carry on the Roosevelt tradition and program.

The Republican Old Guard protests that this is palpable hogwash but is nevertheless afraid that there's something to it in so far as Mr. Stassen's personal conviction and ambition are concerned. More sincerely optimistic than they have been since 1932, the conservative Republicans say that Mr. Stassen would be as un-Republican a candidate as the party could nominate, a Willkie with high political cunning, and that they'll fight his candidacy up to and including their last breath however politically imminent that may be anyway. When anyone in the vicinity suggests that perhaps the younger Republicans and the liberal independents might demand Mr. Stassen or at least *a* Stassen, they reply that the rally of conservative Democrats to a conservative Republican's support would offset that.

A Man Who Makes Few False Moves

But to all this, Mr. Stassen, whose enthusiasts go so far as to call him a "psychic politician," has nothing thus far to say. Yet it would be a scandalous waste of valuable time to think that he is not eager to be President. Virtually every step he takes, mentally and physically, is styled toward that end. In Minnesota he is already something of a living legend at the most unlegendary age of thirty-nine. He makes very few false moves. When describing the man whom he handpicked to succeed him as governor in April, 1943, when he entered the Navy, Stassen pretty well described himself—"neither reactionary, radical nor isolationist."

This man, Governor Edward J. Thye, a stalwart citizen if ever there was one, has been chosen by Mr. Stassen to enter the approaching primaries against the veteran isolationist and mugwump, United States Senator Henrik Shipstead who, Mr. Stassen has announced, must be defeated. And there is more than Mr. Stassen's internationalist ideals behind that statement, for, if Mr. Thye does not defeat Mr. Shipstead, Mr. Stassen's chances of winning the Presidential nomination in 1948 will be somewhat threadbare. Thus far, however, Mr. Stassen, who is as near to being political boss of Minnesota as Minnesota will stand, seems to know precisely what he is doing and what he has done—methodically, discreetly and yet forthrightly.

On the 9th of February after making a sensibly patriotic speech in Minneapolis extolling Abraham Lincoln and independent Republicanism, Mr. Stassen and a group of his friends retired to a hotel room to measure his future. It was conceded without ado that he was a candidate for the Presidential nomination. It was accepted, too, by all, including Mr. Stassen, that to convince the Republican National Committee that his candidacy was something more than a young man's fancy, Mr. Stassen would have to demonstrate his political prowess at home by eliminating the dour isolationist, Mr. Shipstead. This it was agreed would be no mere stroll, Senator Shipstead having served Minnesota with a minimum of friction since 1922 and having carried in 1940 eighty-four of the eighty-seven counties with a plurality of 330,174 over his nearest opponent.

No one in that hotel room regarded the job of defeating Mr. Shipstead calmly except Mr. Stassen. With the same exception, all believed that no one except Mr. Stassen could defeat the old senator. This most unspectacular Miltona dentist who started out as a Farmer-Laborite but who swung Republican when the Farmer-Labor Party made coalition with the Democrats, is not a man to have much truck with issues. He's a sort of Old Home Week candidate, a humble guy with a sneak punch that usually leaves the opposition cold for weeks after.

Mr. Shipstead, when called upon for a few words at a strictly Scandinavian picnic, is more than likely to respond with a few self-deprecatory words that shucks (in Swedish, Danish, Norwegian or German as the occasion requires), he doesn't know anything that these fine people don't know but that he has, it just happens, an old Scandinavian prayer that his great-grandmother used to say in the morning as she arose to her long, hard day's work as a farmer's wife. Whereupon Mr. Shipstead will intone such blessed words fortissimo and with feeling, while his audience gravely and not infrequently tearfully, munched their kolacky, lutfisk or kraut as the nationalistic situation called for. This, of course, is not campaigning on a very high plane, but it works.

But, of course, Mr. Stassen can down huge quantities of Scandinavian and German picnic provender, too—including lutfisk which is no dish for a nervous stomach. Lutfisk is codfish preserved in lye and served parboiled with boiled potatoes. Rigorous.

At this hotel conference, after that pre-Lincoln Day speech, his friends—including Congressman Walter Judd and Governor Thye—insisted to Mr. Stassen that he was the only Minnesotan who could lick Mr. Shipstead and that he had to take on the job. Now it is axiomatic in Minnesota politics that telling Mr. Stassen that he must do something is a thankless task indeed. Temperamentally he is even harder to budge than he looks.

He's a large bland man, six feet three, two hundred and twenty pounds, placidly sure of himself, convinced after much trial and error that he is his own most reliable counselor. He comes of Czech, Norwegian and German blood and tradition—thorough, unhurried, undependent, emotionally stolid. Far from being taciturn, he is nevertheless a heroic listener. Those Minnesotans who seem to have more of a perspective on him say that he is such a tireless listener that the suspicion grows that he either doesn't know a bore when he hears one or only seems to be listening.

Mr. Stassen told them that he was not a candidate for the Senate. He said that there were two other men who could lick Mr. Shipstead in the primaries—Congressman Judd and Governor Thye. Of the two, he first picked Judd, who wasn't any more anxious to run for the Senate than Mr. Stassen was, and for possibly another reason. Naturally Mr. Judd wouldn't admit it, but he and Mr. Stassen have a large number of comrades who think that in a primaries fight, Mr. Shipstead would ruin Mr. Judd and that without getting overtired. But it took them more than a month to convince Mr. Stassen.

So Mr. Stassen designated the popular Governor Thye who, in 1944, defeated his Democrat-Farmer-Labor opponent by nearly 300,000 and who can be just as Scandinavian as Mr. Shipstead when the *smörgåsbord* is down. Mr. Thye promptly pledged himself to the UNO, filed for the Senate and without further waste of time began campaigning, side by side with Mr. Stassen. If necessary they'd call in Minnesota's junior senator, Mr. Stassen's own creation—tall, rawboned, mop-haired Joseph Hurst Ball.

Mr. Stassen then announced that he wanted to travel—South America, Europe, Russia—studying, lecturing, writing. Between now and mid-1948 he proposed to cruise up and down the United States speaking and writing, incidentally thereby earning a living for himself, Mrs. Stassen, and their two children. He has no other source of income. He is a lawyer but he has no more desire to sit in a law office than he has to sit in the Senate. In short, the man hates to sit anywhere, loves to run. If ever he becomes President he will do a lot of traveling—like Taft, Wilson and his model of internationalism, F.D.R. To be quite honest about it, the interim job he'd like is to be a roving ambassador for the UNO which, he says sensibly enough, will have to be made to work or we shall all be in a hell of a mess.

But this program involves some danger to Stassen's control over the state government. Mr. Thye was a cinch to succeed himself but there is no reason to believe that any other Stassenite will be as appealing to the Minnesota electorate as he is. Moreover, in Minneapolis' City Hall sits an able administrator and Grade A vote magnet, Mayor Hubery Humphries a Democrat-Farmer-Labor champion who has his eyes on the State House in St. Paul. Mr. Humphries would not, of course, lend aid to Mr. Shipstead but if he ran for Mr. Thye's job and won, which is readily conceivable, Mr. Stassen might have to present himself to the Republican National Convention without the guarantee that he could carry his own state in the election. And that's no recommendation to gloat over.

There's the Risk of Oblivion

There were other complications for the Senate-shy Mr. Stassen to face. Having declined the honor of fighting it out in the primaries with Mr. Shipstead, there remained the problem of keeping himself politically vibrant in the public mind for two years. Down in Ohio, former Governor Bricker, a demonstrably capable politician and completely conventional Republican, was out for the Senate with better than excellent chances of winning. At present, at least, Mr. Bricker and Mr. Stassen are the foremost candidates for the Presidential nomination although both may be forgotten men by mid-1948.

In the Senate, practicing party regularity and general political dexterity, Mr. Bricker might conceivably sew up the nomination for himself while Mr. Stassen trudged up and down the world uttering solid truths but gathering few convention votes. Furthermore, Mr. Stassen's admirers fear, there is at least that bare chance that in two years the American public might weary of his writings and speeches which, while wholesome and filling, are never fiery and seldom kindling. Mr. Stassen is no rabble rouser. And there are those eager to tell you that while he may be now making a fine campaign for the Presidency he is not running quite so well for the nomination.

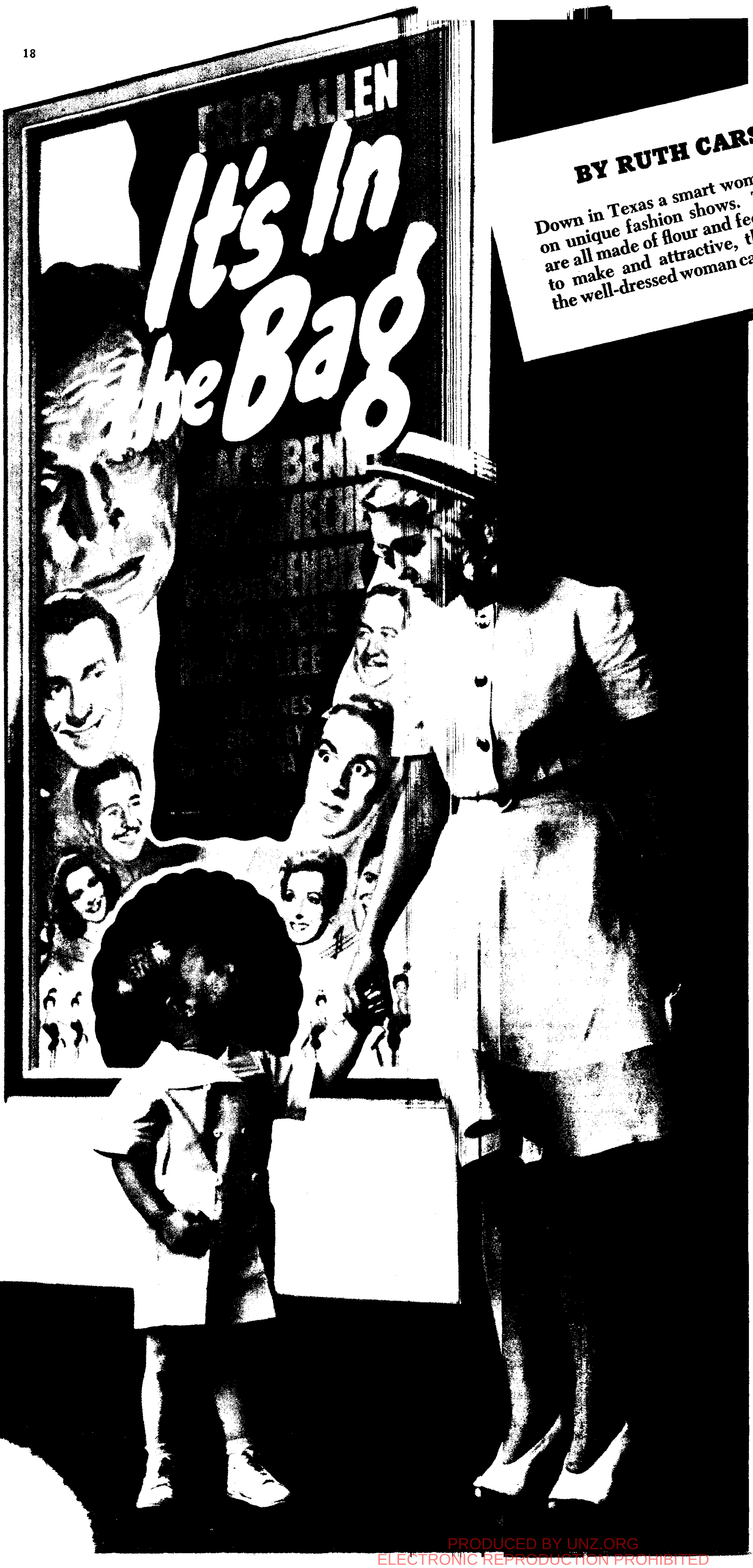
However, that's the way he has chosen to play it. And Harold Stassen started to demonstrate his talents for leadership within a few days after first taking office as Governor of Minnesota in January, 1939, at the age of thirty-one. He had received the largest majority ever given a candidate up to that time—291,000.

When Mr. Stassen became governor, industrial management and organized labor were showing just how strong-armed and weak-headed they could be when in disagreement. Local and state government were likewise demonstrating futility. The teamsters' union (A.F. of L.), captained by the politically radical and free-swinging Dunne Brothers, was battling the employers and citizen vigilantes with clubs and guns in the streets—beating the beholden out of one another until the real issues behind the brawling were all but forgotten. We shan't go into details.

As Stassen took office, the Minnesota legislature was in antistrike throes similar to those which recently afflicted Congress. Extremists on both sides were writing and ballyhooing bills warranted to do everything from socializing industry to making officeholding in a union prima-facie evidence of crime. Mr. Stassen gave all of these wahoos to understand that it would be useless to ask him to accept any such legislative balderdash. And while both sides threatened him with political reprisals, he wrote the Minneapolis Labor Peace Law which has since become a model to be studied by visiting experts from a dozen or so states, and widely copied.

It was not a magic formula. It decreed that before a strike or a lockout there would have to be at least ten days direct negotiation between employer and employee. It created office of State Labor Conciliator and, *(Continued on p*

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY BOB LEAVITT



BY RUTH CARSON

Down in Texas a smart woman is putting on unique fashion shows. The costumes are all made of flour and feed sacks! Easy to make and attractive, they show how the well-dressed woman can be thrifty, too

YOU *would hardly expect* a man who sells chicken and livestock feed to be in the fashion business, too, but that is exactly what has happened to Mr. W. P. Bomar, president of the Bewley Mills in Texas. Five years ago he realized he needed help in his double business. So he hired Mrs. Irene Aby, home economist.

One of Mrs. Aby's jobs is to put on fashion shows, and directions are available for making the clothes she displays. They don't, like the usual pattern directions, include yardages needed. Instead you are told that, for that pretty evening dress, you will need six light blue 100-lb. Red Anchor Feed sacks. Whereupon farm women (farm women being the only ones who can lay hands on feed sacks) start pestering their menfolk to lay in plenty of that Red Anchor Feed. You can see, from the clothes photographed here, all part of Bewley's Thrift Wardrobe, that they have good reason to pay such literal attention to what Mrs. Aby says.

The thrifty farm wife, of course, has never allowed anything that comes to the farm to go to waste. Dish towels out of flour sacks are old-time practice. Even shorts for Dad and suits for Junior. Close to twenty years ago one flour mill, sensing a smart idea here, started putting its flour up in gay gingham bags. The instructions inside told, not how to make a cake, but how to use the gingham a dozen different ways.

But it wasn't until the feed-bag people, eight or nine years ago, took up the idea that it really got going. Now, one of our biggest bag-manufacturing companies says, a conservative guess is that sixty to seventy-five million yards of dress prints go into bags. In fact, the complaint has been made to senators investigating the shortage of cotton clothes, that feed sacks, not dresses, are getting the goods. But the sacks frequently end up as dresses anyway.

A feed sack made out of a pretty flowered material or an especially dyed pastel costs only a few cents more than a run-of-the-mill bag. The extra is no deterrent. Only shortage of dyes and materials stems the rush, keeping the percentage of bags made out of dress goods down to about fifteen per cent of the total.

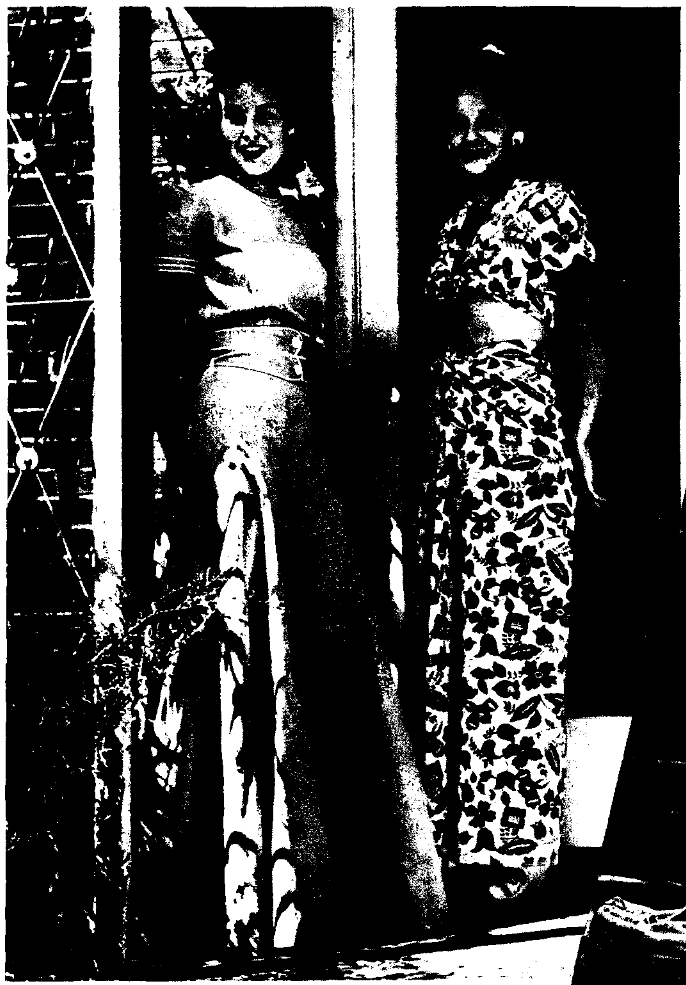
Since beauty has come to feed sacks, the old-time embarrassment about wearing anything made out of a sack is gone. Women openly shop from feed store to feed store for just the print they want. They think nothing of asking a clerk to pull out that one, at the bottom of a pile of 100-pounders. Since no unfilled sacks are sold, a farmer will sometimes find himself overstocked on one kind of feed so that his wife can get enough yardage of one print. One Long Island potato farmer tells us it cost him forty dollars worth of feed before his housekeeper got enough of the same print for curtains.

Making household articles out of feed bags is common practice. Mrs. Aby fixed up her own apartment as a demonstration, making out of bags everything from draperies and rugs to lamp shades and table mats. She even slip-covered ugly iron bedsteads.

The feed people aid and abet the women (and themselves) by staging contests, offering cash prizes for the most attractive items made from their bags. Sun suits, rag dolls, house coats and pot holders are among the thousands of entries. They also, on the back of suitable small bags, put cutting outlines for children's dresses, aprons, stuffed toys and the like. "During the war," writes Mr. Bomar, "we even made Red Cross headdresses, since white cotton material was unavailable for this use and one 25-pound bag did the job."

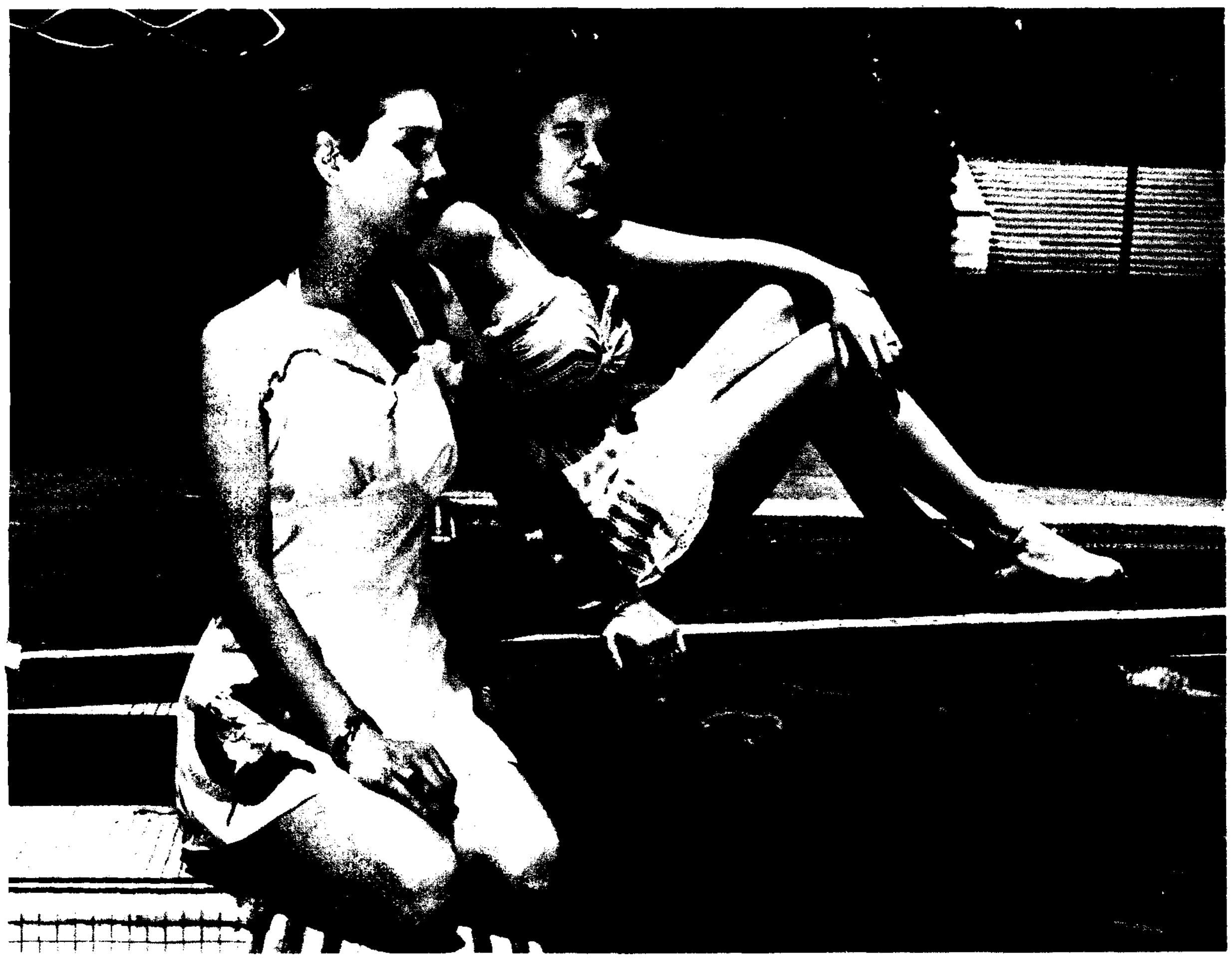
It is essential, of course, that trade-marks will wash out and bag colors and prints stay fast. You must also have the ingenuity to join bags together (the biggest gives you about a yard and a half of material) without getting a baggy or pieced look. Some of the clothes pictured here are from the original Thrift Wardrobe, made four years ago, and have been laundered frequently. They prove all these things are possible. They also give the wearer the enjoyable feeling of getting something good for nothing except cleverness on her own part. No wonder our models look happy, dressed in sackcloth. ★★★

Mrs. J. M. Cook used three 100-pound light green feed sacks for her own suit, parts of two feed and flour sacks for her son's. Flour sacks are popular size for children

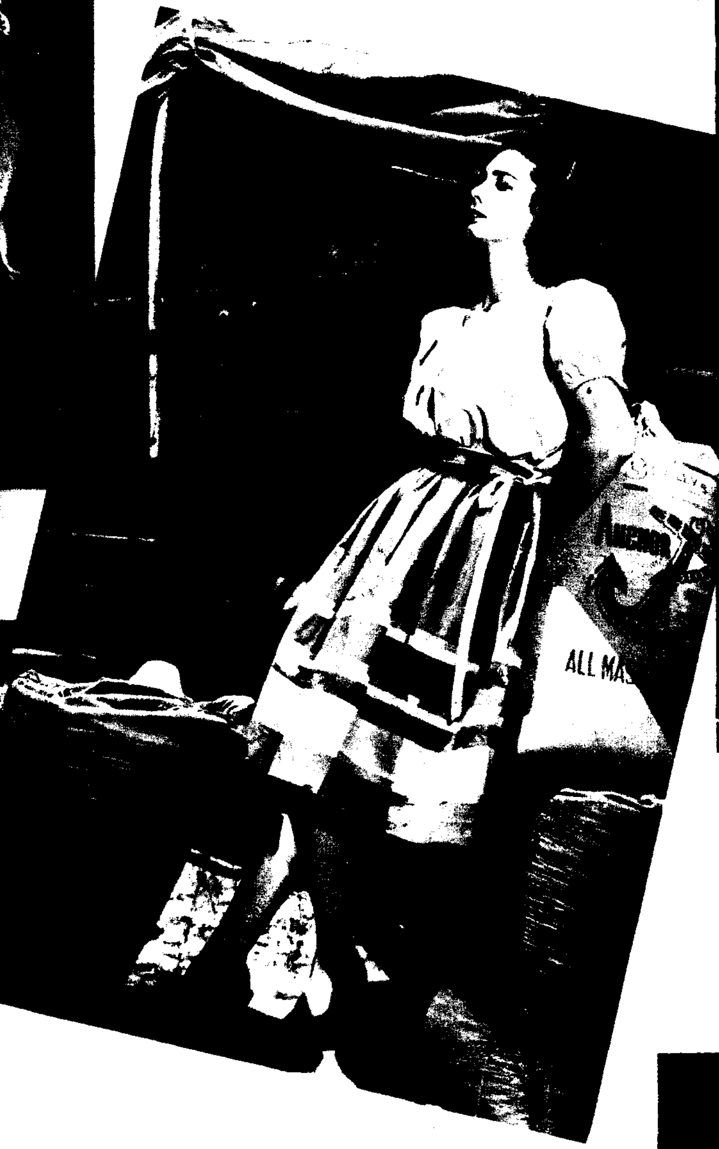


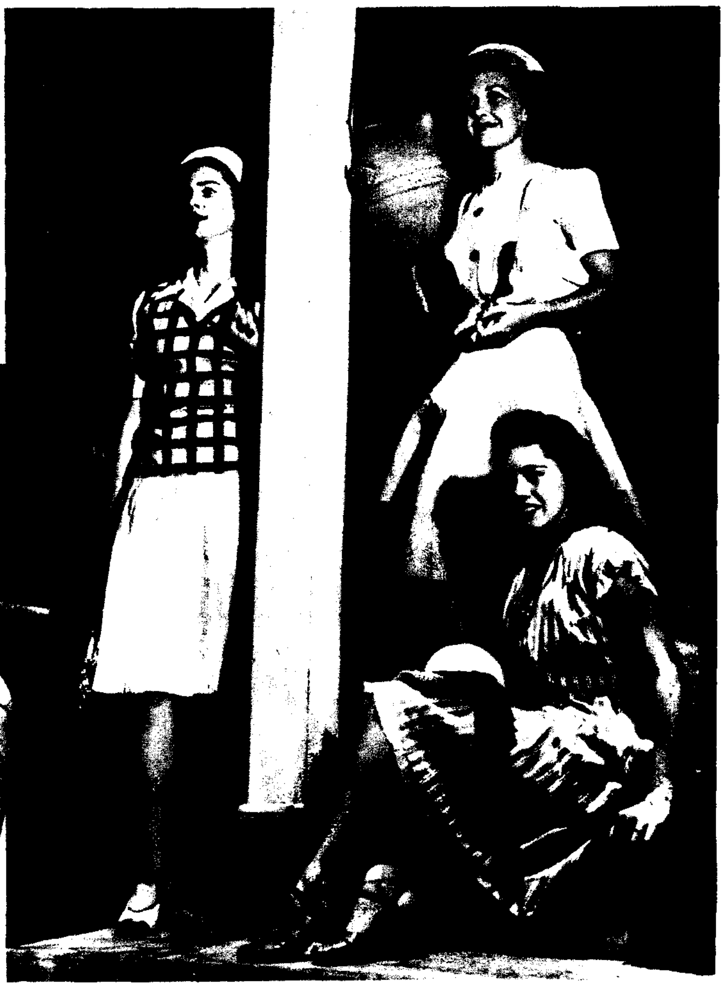
Above, Miss Suzanne Thomason is lovely for evening in pale blue, Mrs. Cook in a bare-midriff print. You wouldn't suspect Miss Thomason is wearing six feed sacks, Mrs. Cook four. The materials are fine cotton, nothing burlappy or sackcloth-looking about them

Below, Mrs. Janet Cottrell and Mrs. Gracie French, ready for a swim in the Fort Worth Country Club pool. Mrs. Cottrell's one-piece suit was made from four flour sacks. Mrs. French, matching one hundred pounds of feed, needed one striped feed sack for hers



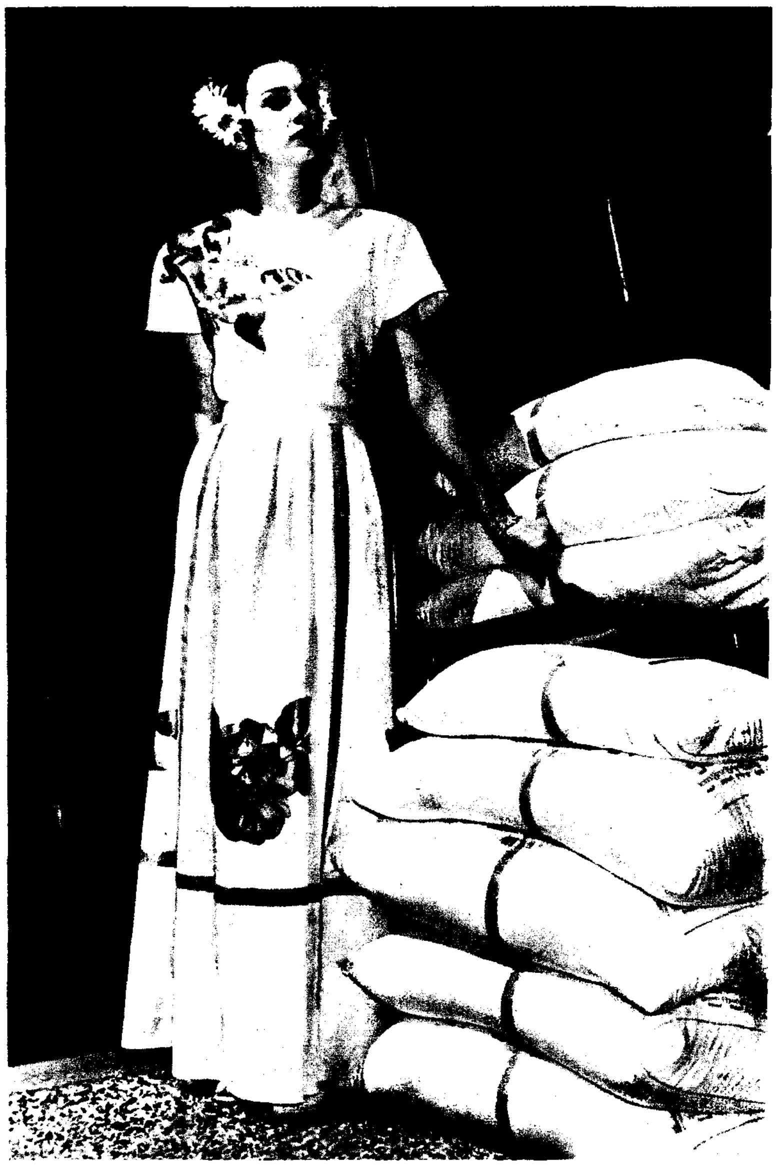
Below, Janet Cottrell leans up against feed sacks like those in her costume. The blouse is darkish pink, made of one sack. The skirt required two blue sacks, one light, one medium. She also has an evening skirt made with four light blue sacks. Labels wash out



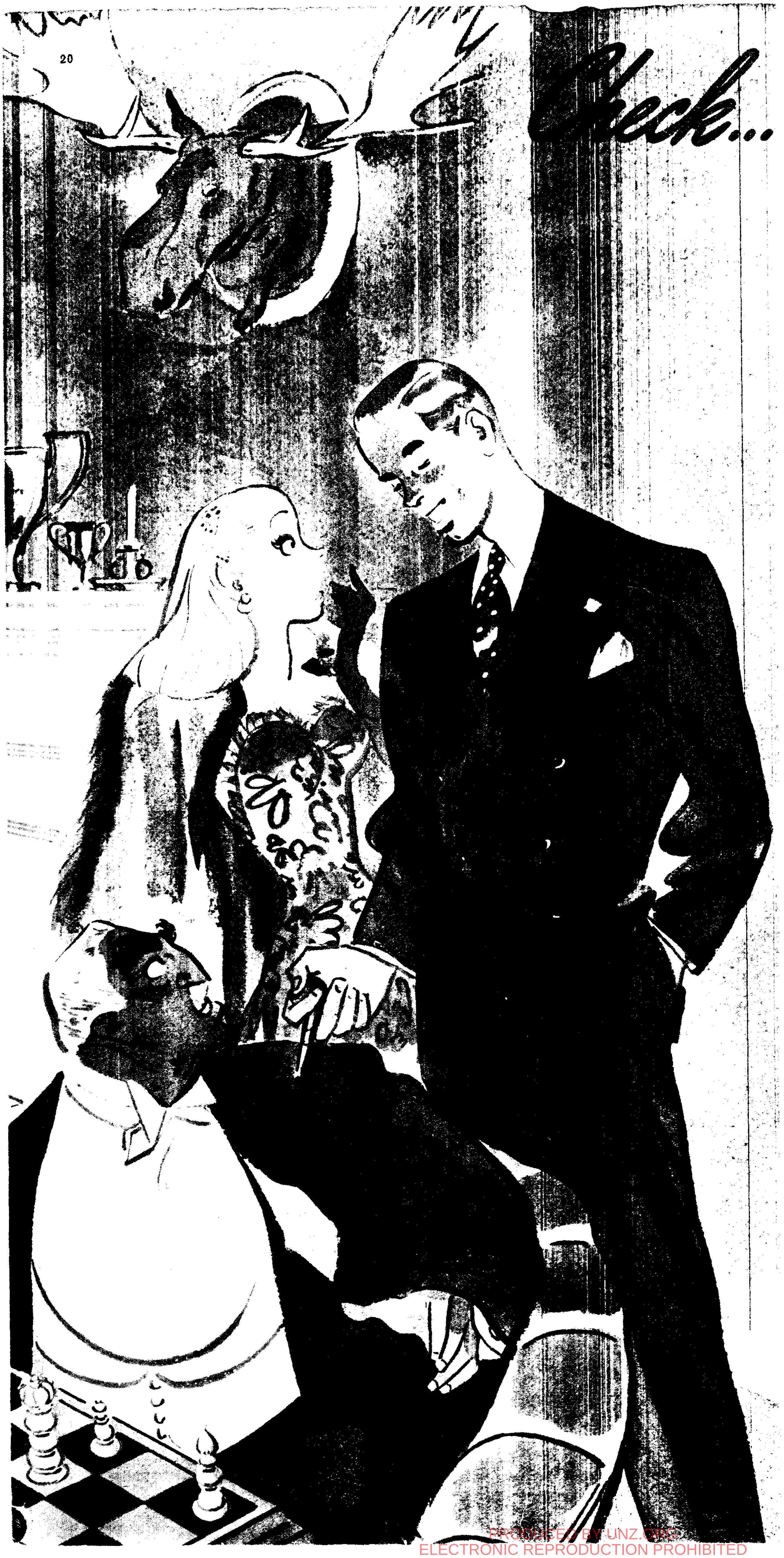


Above, left, Janet Cottrell looks sporty in three feed sacks and two flour bags. Mrs. Cook and Mrs. French (seated) wear three feed sacks each, for street dresses. Colors are fast, materials crisp

Below, Mrs. Cottrell poses with the makings of her evening dress: five fifty-pound flour sacks and three twenty-five-pounders. The stripe is colorfast, the flowers cut out of chintz and appliquéd



PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HARRY PENNINGTON, JR.



Check... and Mate

BY JAY WILSON

Time was when a knight had to slay a dragon to win his lady fair. For Freddy Ferguson, a crusty old general proved as fierce a dragon as any brave man could wish for

IT WAS generally conceded in the circles in which he traveled that the discovery of the atomic bomb had been something of a setback to Freddy Ferguson's chances of proving himself an acceptable son-in-law to General Lane. If it had been Freddy, for instance, who had made the discovery, the General might have been impressed. As it was, it was felt that just one more field had been closed to Freddy, and his chances of being regarded as other than a blythe sort of idiot by the father of the indisputably lovely Jo reduced by just that much. As a matter of fact, it was not entirely certain that Jo herself did not go along at least part way with the General's views on Freddy.

"And don't ever," Jo said one evening, "let Father see you swallow a lighted cigarette again. He was retired for ulcers."

They were dancing at El Morocco and Freddy completed an intricate little side step and glide of his own invention before answering. "I don't really swallow it," he said.

Jo tilted her sleek blond head back to look up into Freddy's serene countenance. Freddy's features, as standard assembly jobs went, were not unpleasant to look at. Well-fed, amiable and clean. A face one could get along with if one didn't expect too much.

"Don't be an ass," Jo said. A pleased expression came into her eyes as she followed another complicated little dance pattern Freddy had evolved. Then her mind went back to the problem at hand. "You've got to do something about Father, you know. Assert yourself. Show him you've got something."

"Card tricks?"

Jo sniffed daintily. "Save those for the children."

"I've just learned the Donkey Serenade on the harmonica."

"Freddy," Jo said impatiently, "are you really as big a chump as you sound sometimes? There is probably nothing Father would like to hear more than a harmonica selection than the sound of a harmonica player sizzling in hot oil."

"Stuffy old coot," Freddy sighed. "What's he want to be so grim for? Of all the millions of parents you could have had, why you had to select that old moose for is more than I can understand."

By the slight stiffening of the slim body in his arms he knew that somehow he had not said quite the right thing. "What I mean," he added quickly, "is that I don't know just what he expects in a man."

"Perhaps," Jo said coolly, "he just expects a man."

FREDDY grunted. If there was one criticism he might have made of the girl he loved it was that deep within her there was a streak of the General. She could laugh at his jokes and listen to his harmonica. She danced like a spring breeze in his arms and he thought she was almost ready to love him as he loved her. But every so often the General came out in her and she would want him to prove something for the mere sake of proving it. Like taking a job. He hadn't needed a job. A pair of scissors and a trip to the bank once in a while to clip coupons gave him more than he required. But he had taken a job . . . and gotten three raises, much to his surprise. Lately Jo had become stiffish about the General. She wanted the General to approve of Freddy. He, Freddy, didn't care whether the General approved of him or not. Jo could be exasperating.

"And I suppose," Freddy growled, "that I'm not a man?"

"Would you care to have me quote Father?" Jo asked, still cold.

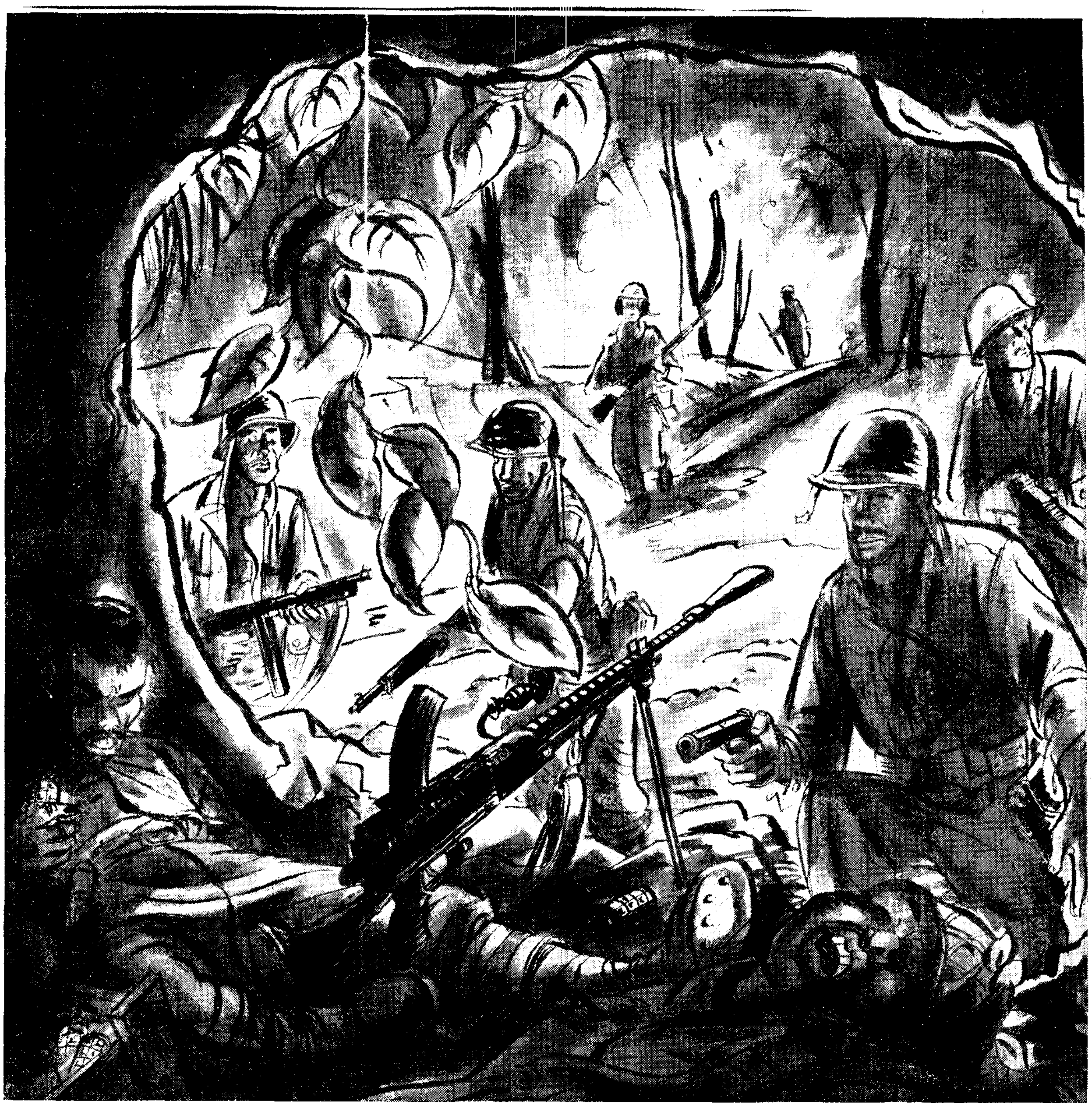
"You know, Jo," Freddy said, "your trouble is you're not satisfied with things as they are. You'd want a town car to pull like a truck and you'd want a truck to do seventy miles an hour . . . and you'd wreck them both trying to make them do what they weren't built to do. Why don't you relax? You can't make me over."

It was, he felt, a neat and pointed

(*Continued on page 26*)

Jo stared in amazement as Freddy said, "Any pinhead could see through that problem." The raging flush on the General's face only feebly indicated his emotions

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL OLIVER HURST



For unpleasant jobs such as wiping out a machine-gun nest, obedience is an absolute essential. And, says the author, you can't have good discipline without first-rate, high-quality officers

The big question is: Does an efficient army have to be undemocratic? A former officer gives the reasons why he believes it does

BY JOEL W. WESTBROOK

ILLUSTRATED BY BARNEY TOBEY

I HATE to be the one to defend the Army in this matter. There are so many bones I have to pick with the War Department and some of its lower echelons. For example, I am one of the 36th Texas Division Rapido River survivors and I think that something is very wrong with the system that selects and protects the man responsible for such a tragic fiasco. Still, someone should point out that the sober truth is not being published today about this very fundamental question of democratizing the Army.

It is popular to attack the "Army's medieval caste system," to recite stories of cases of Scotch on B-17 consignment to General X, to lament the humiliation of distinctions between officers and men. And this point of view is freely supported in "letters" columns, in testimony before Congressional committees and countless other public forums.

Generally, the reformers want uniform distinctions (except for actual rank identification) abolished. This is already being done. They want separate mess, separate PX, separate theater, and other separate facilities abolished. They want pay and allowance equalization, and enlisted representation on courts-martial.

It is argued that, without these reforms, there will not be sufficient enlistments to constitute a volunteer army. With such reforms, plus other inducements to enlisted personnel, they claim that a volunteer army could be established, thereby obviating the need for universal military training.

To the average reader, apparently this whole scheme of a reform-inducement-volunteer army—with no universal military training—sounds so sweetly reasonable, and flashes so with sparkling words like "democracy" and "caste," that the drab facts of military experience are unpublished.

First, let me briefly qualify myself: volunteered as private in fall of 1940, commissioned from ranks, ended war as captain, now major in reserves. Almost entire service in infantry. Hold Combat Infantryman's Badge, Aircraft Observer's Wings, Silver Star, Purple Heart, European-African-Middle Eastern ribbon with four battle stars and Bronze Invasion Arrowhead, American Defense Medal, Victory Medal. Twenty-nine months overseas. I was relieved from active duty January 18, 1946. The other day I received some War Department material suggesting that it would not be too difficult to secure a Regular Army commission. I have no desire whatsoever to return to military service—even if, as I believe should be done, extra inducements for officers are provided.

Now I take exception to the argument that reform is the only means of securing the volunteer army that will make universal military training unnecessary. In the first place, I don't believe that a large volunteer or mercenary army is the kind of an army we want. Such an army would place great power in the hands of the military, or whoever controlled the military leaders, and be a constant threat to our national life.

However, even if such an army were desirable, the fact remains that professional soldiers—the mercenary volunteers, that is—are the ones who most readily understand and accept the need for officer privileges.

But now let us get at the argument on its merits, irrespective of whether we are to have a volunteer mercenary army or a relatively small professional army with a large civilian trained reserve.

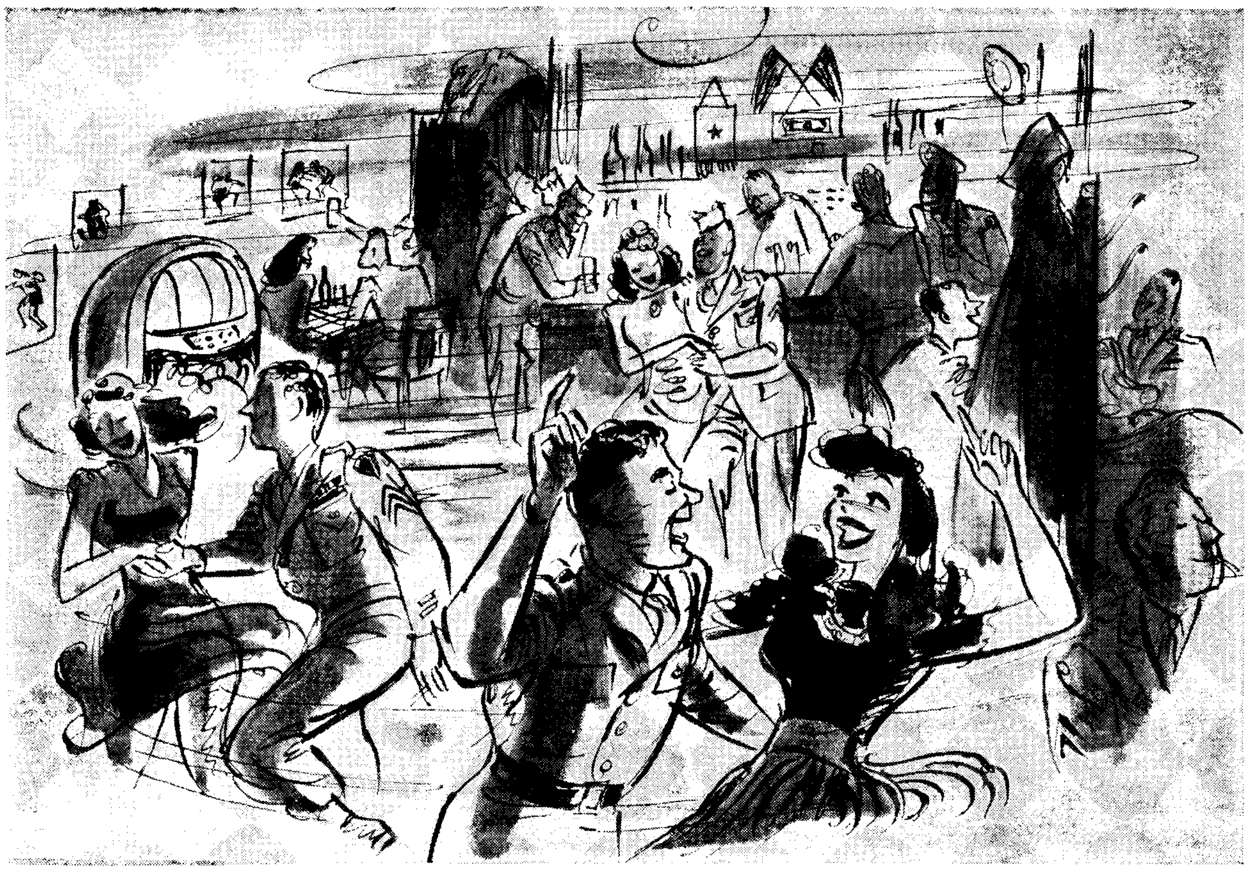
The Best Soldiers Didn't Complain

Let us first of all recognize that something definitely has been wrong with our officer-man relations. Even allowing for the large amount of irresponsible and meaningless grousing, even considering that the best soldiers probably were not those who spent their time writing complaining letters, that civilians are bound to be unhappy in an army and that it is natural for them, with or without reason, to take it out on their officers—still there is no question that there existed much genuine and justified dissatisfaction.

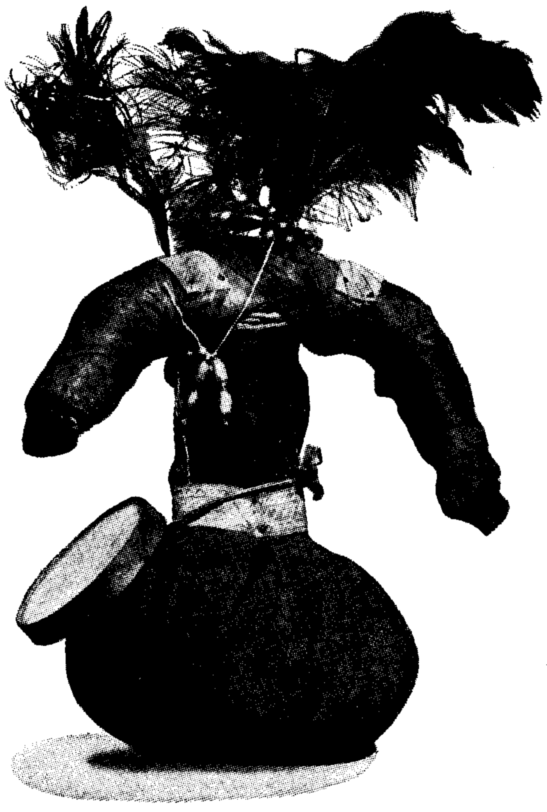
Critics have analyzed what most enlisted soldiers (including the good, the bad, and the indifferent) thought was wrong. But they should have considered that further investigation was necessary, rather than to take it for granted that those who lack the responsibilities, as well as the privileges, have soberly, intelligently and responsibly solved the problem.

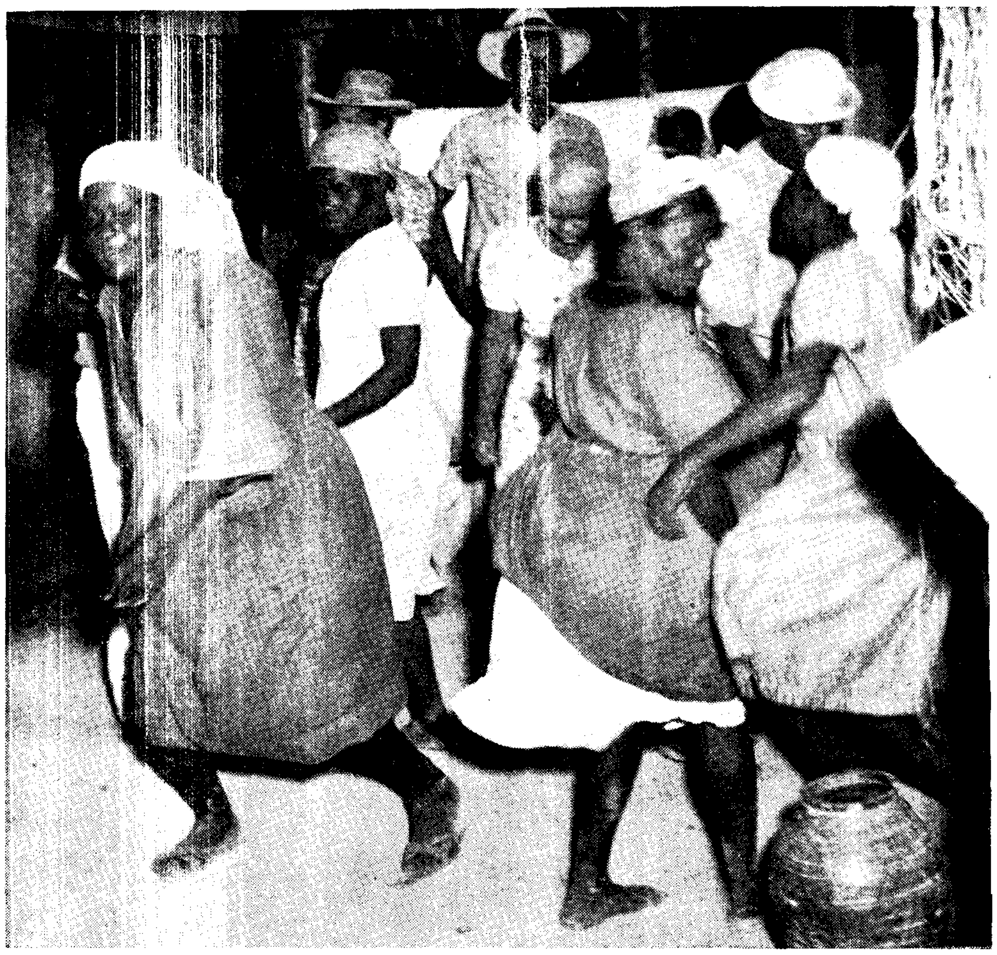
The answer is possibly too simple. But the answer is that so many of those who were using—and abusing—officer privileges were not worthy of them. In its selection and training of officers, the Army emphasized tactics and techniques, which are relatively easily taught. But the Army badly neglected character, the nature of officers' responsibilities, the function and requirements of duty, and standards of conduct, all of which are seldom found inherent in candidates and are most difficult to inculcate.

Privilege, understandably *(Continued on page 38)*



Enlisted men enjoy themselves much more without the brass around. They get sore—and justifiably so—when officers fail to provide them with facilities





The Voodoo rites begin, innocently enough, with chanting and dancing. This part of the ceremony, which is really a warm-up, is an appeal to Papa Legba to open the gates of heaven and let the Voodoo spirits "possess" the dancers. Papa Legba is Prime Minister to Damballa Oueddo, Master of Heaven, and no Voodoo ceremony can begin until he has signified approval by letting his spirit enter a dancer's body

HAITI HOEDOWN

BY EARL LEAF and
LEONIE GREENWOOD-ADAMS

The first complete picture-story of a Voodoo ceremonial in Haiti

VOODOO, the weird Negro religion imported from Africa to the Western World via the slave ships of the seventeenth century, has become an off-the-record campaign issue as the people of Haiti prepare for their first democratic election.

The practice of Voodoo, which in its primitive form is essentially a religion based on sorcery and witchcraft, is forbidden by Haitian law. Its followers, however, constitute a whacking majority of the population of Haiti and will probably elect a government that will, at the very least, look with indulgence on the forbidden religion.

Despite the official ban, Voodoo has always flourished, more or less openly, in Haiti. The last government occasionally staged "antisuperstition" raids in which Voodoo shrines were smashed, priests and priestesses arrested and altars burned. These raids, which were for the most part staged under pressure from American missionaries, have had little or no effect. Today, on important Voodoo dates, Port au Prince and in fact the whole of Haiti throbs with the beating of ritual drums and the chanting of the worshipers.

Voodoo rituals vary a great deal. On ordinary occasions they may take the form of innocent Saturday-night house parties with music, dancing, singing and fun for all. The unadulterated form shown in the pictures on these pages is reserved for important Voodoo days.

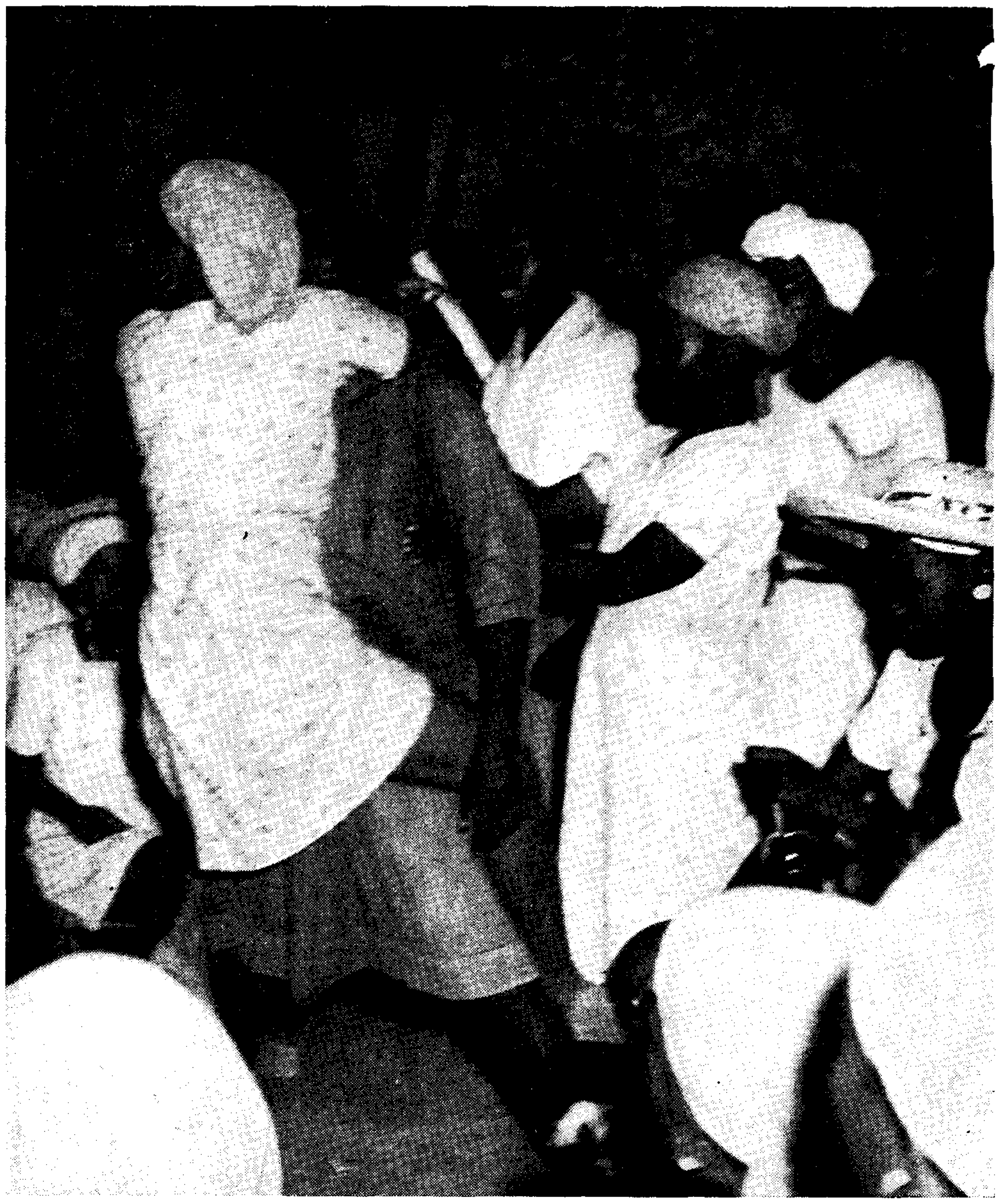
There are many popular myths about Voodoo. Lurid accounts of human sacrifice are not true, nor is it true that it is dangerous or even difficult for a white person to witness a Voodoo ceremonial —a word to a cook, houseboy, or chauffeur is usually followed by an invitation. Because of the official ban, Voodoo has not become a tourist attraction, although the Haitian Bureau d'Ethnologie maintains a group of professional dancers who, for a small fee, give tourist exhibitions of Voodoo chants, dances and drum rhythms.

This watered-down version of Voodoo, however, differs a great deal from the kind shown in these photographs, which were made deep in the hill country where the ritual is practiced in its most primitive form at Christmas—an important Voodoo date when all true followers must appease the bad gods and start the New Year with a clean slate.

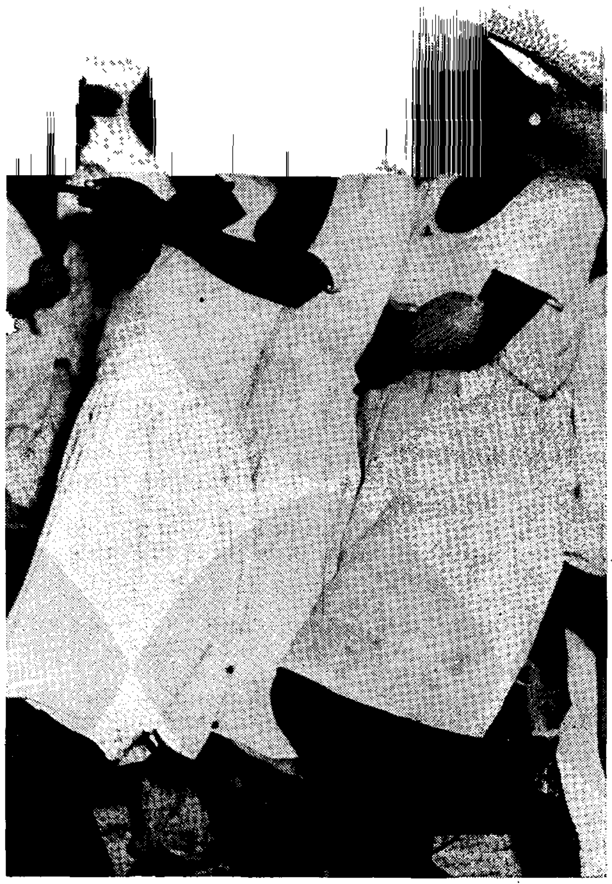
To make these pictures we had to travel fifteen miles into the hill country back of Port au Prince. Preliminary arrangements were made with a young Haitian whose godmother is a Mambo or priestess. We called on the Mambo and, after we were properly introduced, we drank rum, exchanged courtesies and discussed photographing the services. After some palaver, the Mambo consented.

We started out for the scene of the ceremony, at 10 P.M. When we were still some distance off, we could hear the drums beating and the participants howling, yelling, singing and chanting. The Mambo greeted us cordially and led us into a small inner shrine where charms and fetishes, bottles containing the souls of dead people and other important objects were kept. There we parked our equipment. We were treated as guests of honor and were asked to kiss various flags, banners, swords and holy objects.

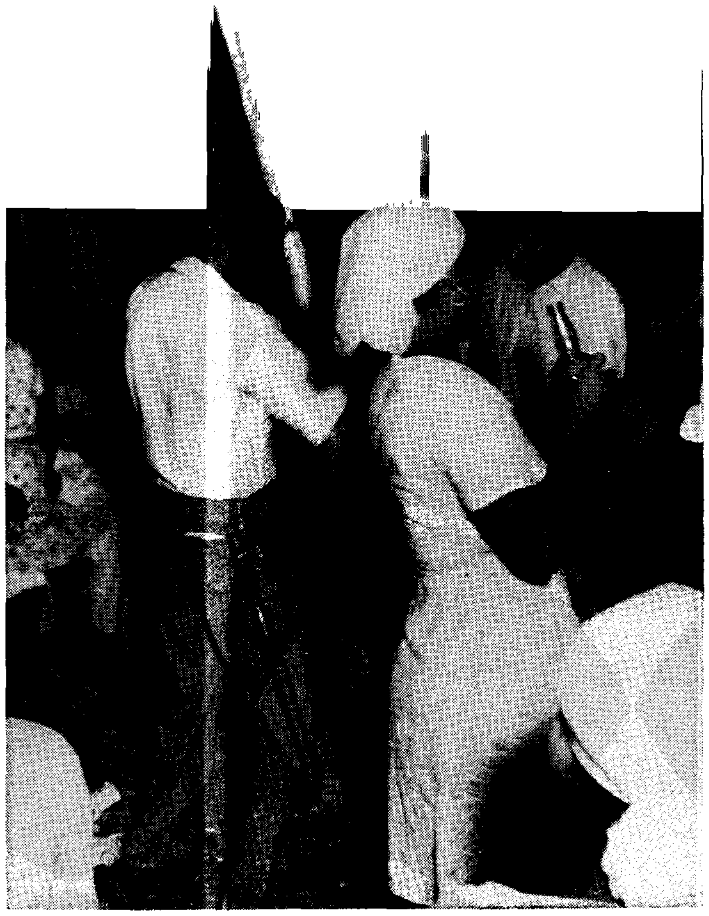
In half an hour, however, we were, as we wished to be, forgotten and ignored, and the Mambo signaled us to prepare for shooting. The blacks were really getting into the groove, milling around the center pole. The drums beat incessantly



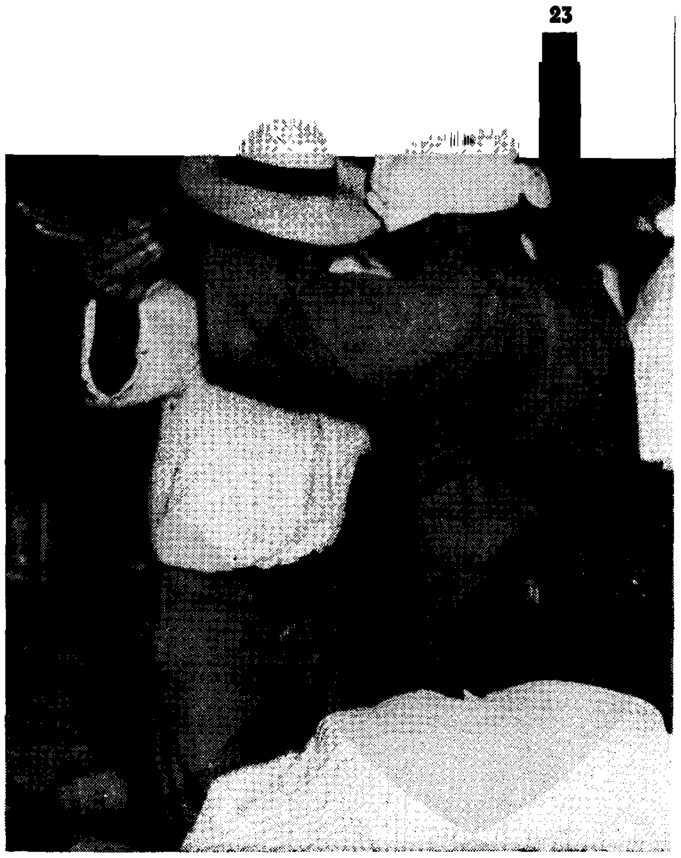
After Loa Simbi has been appeased, the dancers, spurred by the potent brew and the incessant drumming, hurl themselves at one another in violent body contacts. Their growing intensity is spontaneous enough, but the proceedings are being controlled, step by step, by the aged Mambo (priestess) who remains in the background. She'll signal for the next stage when she thinks the dancers are ready



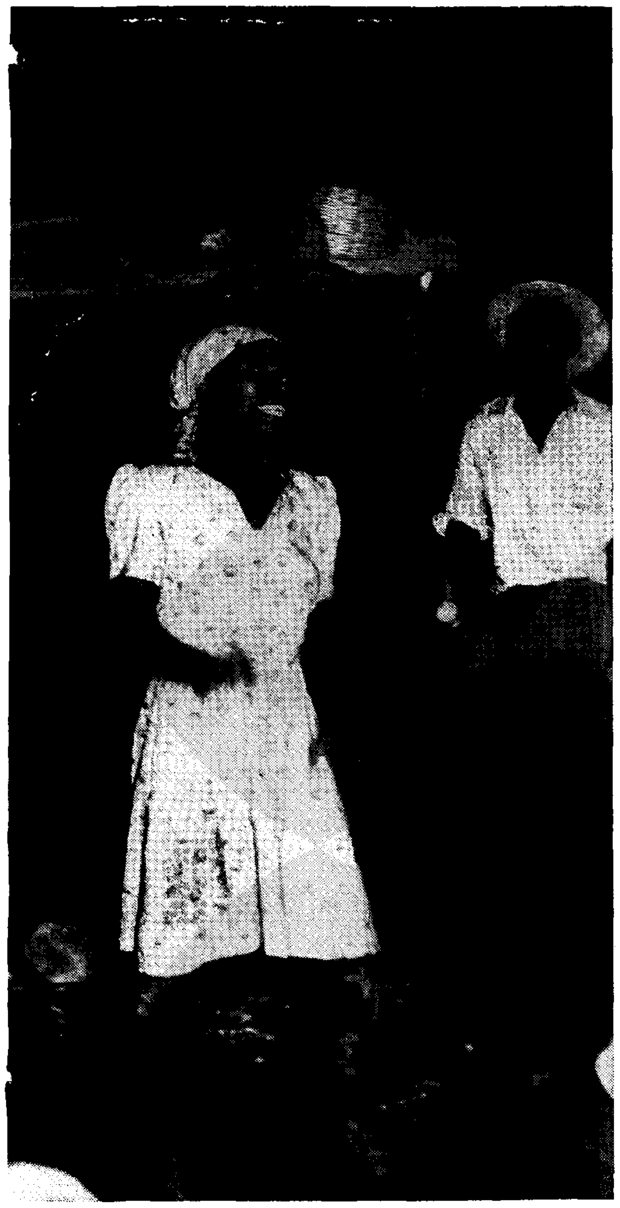
After two hours of dancing and ritual drumming, one of the women becomes possessed by the spirit of Papa Legba. The other celebrants prevent her from injuring herself in her wild frenzy. The Voodoo ritual can now proceed without restraint



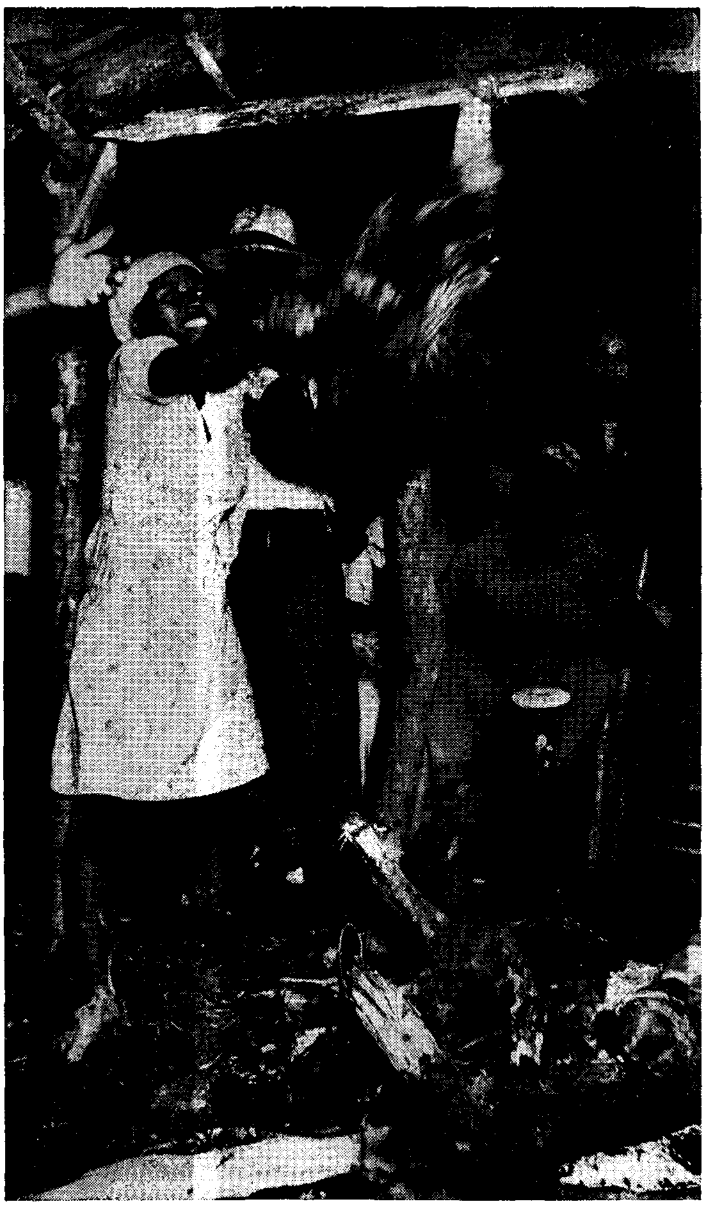
The spirit of Loa Simbi joins the party. He represents fire, water and earth, and must be appeased with ceremonial brew. This brew is so strong that a drop on the skin will cause a painful burn but the celebrants, now in a state of hypnosis, drink it freely without apparent harm



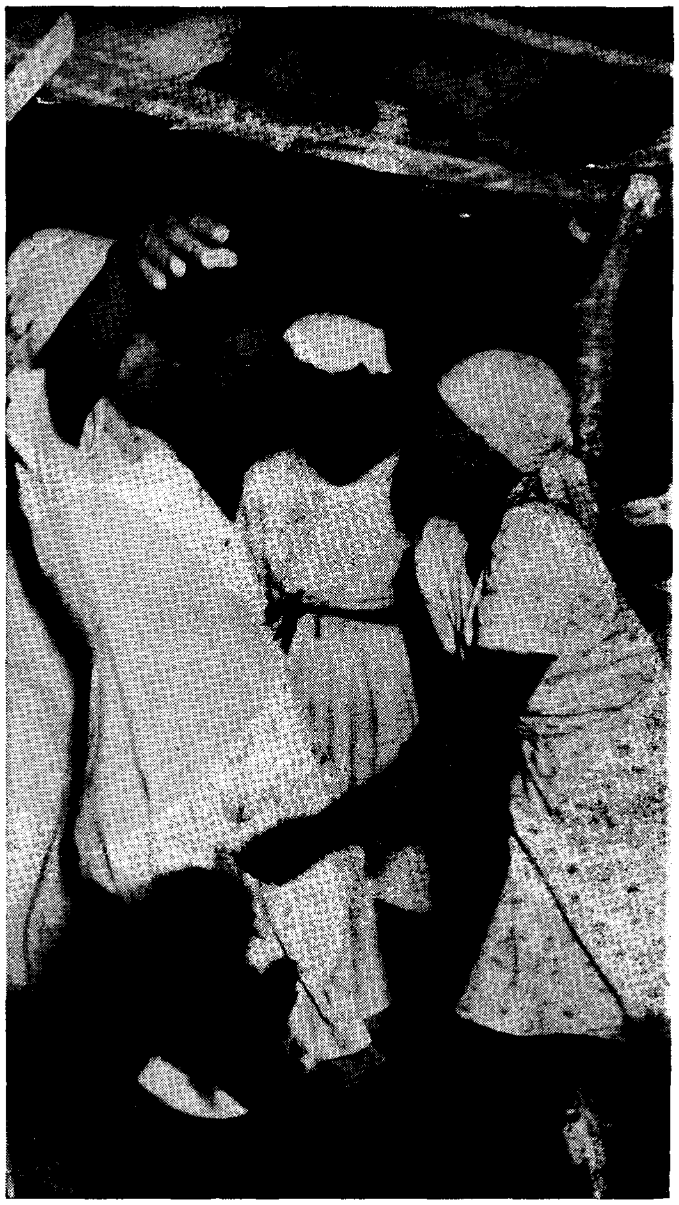
After the brew-drinking, those who have been possessed by Loa Simbi pass his spirit on to other celebrants. This is accomplished by holding hands at arms' length and performing an intricate series of dance steps. With the aid of the brew, it works



A girl announces that the spirit of Loa Criminel, God of Fire, has seized her, and she is chanting the litany dedicated to him. Criminel is the most-feared Voodoo deity and his rites, climaxing the ceremony, are most violent of all

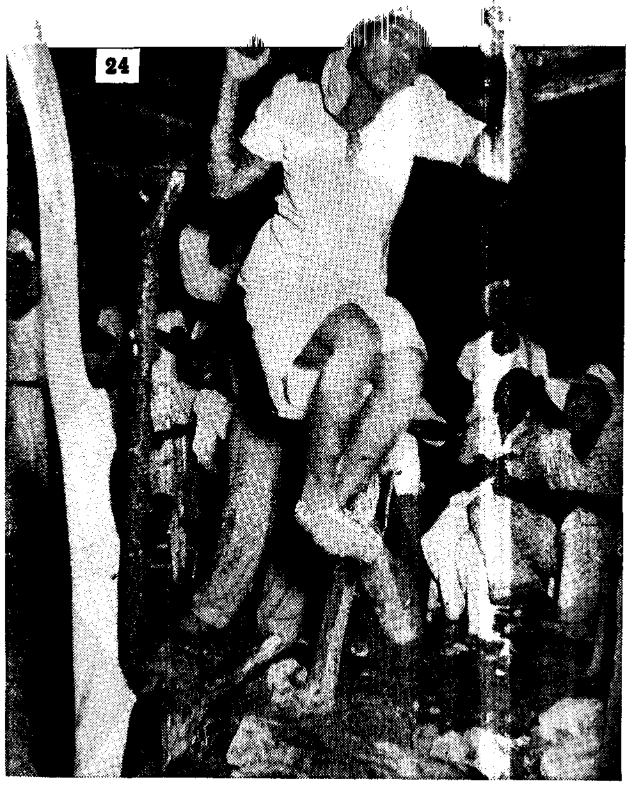


Two chickens are sacrificed at the shrine of Loa Criminel, where a fire has been burning all evening. Goats, sheep or other small animals are sometimes used. Here, the Mambo's assistant holds the chicken over the fire, withdrawing it frequently to see if it is still alive

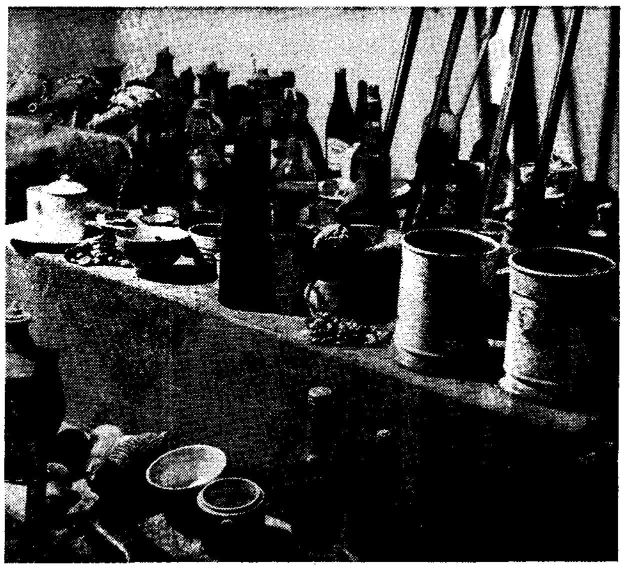


The spirit of the Fire God enters the chicken at the exact moment it dies and the carcass is withdrawn from the fire. The dancers crowd around the priestess to be brushed with the singed bird and thus expose themselves to the entry of the spirit

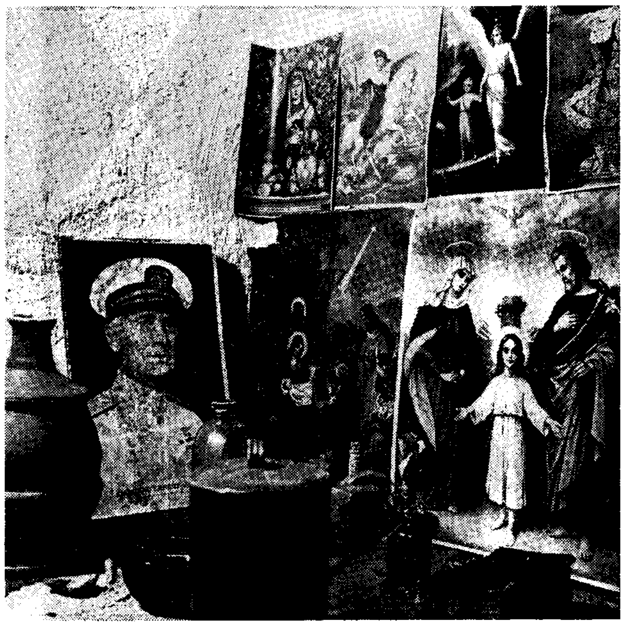
PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY EARL LEAF-GUILLUMETTE



A barefooted girl, hanging by her hands from the rafters, swings her feet over the glowing embers. Although her face indicates pain, other natives told the photographers that she would be unable to remember the experience next day. The girl apparently is in a state of complete hypnosis



The altar of the Voodoo God of War is cluttered with fetishes, food and weapons. His soul lives in a tiny stone scarcely visible in the litter



A shrine in the home of a Voodoo priest. Voodoo saints are represented by pictures of Christian saints held to possess identical virtues. The photograph of Admiral Ernest King symbolizes a saint revered for his power over evil forces

While the priestess whirls about with the remains of the chickens which are being used in the sacrificial rites of Loa Criminel, God of Fire, one of the young women walks into the edge of the glowing embers and smilingly spreads out her hands. Her feet, caked with mud, show no signs of burns when examined afterward

The ritual ends with a comedy routine as a woman is seized by Guedinibo, a humorous god greatly loved by the poorer blacks. There are obscene overtones in her gestures and her dancing, as well as in her utterances. But the spectators appear to enjoy it immensely

—there are many hundred drum rhythms and they change constantly during a ceremony. The noise was deafening.

At the first explosion of the flash gun the Mambo set up a wild, joyous whoop and everyone caught the note and joined in so that it actually seemed like part of the ceremonies. We gathered the impression she herself rather wondered how they would accept such strange doings but never at any moment during the entire evening did she lose control over those several score frenzied black people. She controlled them by sheer force of character and a personality which, at times, one could feel like a vibration. It was a good trick, in view of the fact that Haitians are strangely camera-shy. They usually duck their heads and run when a camera is opened anywhere near them, even during the day.

The same wild howling followed the second and third flash but after that we were ignored completely and were free to move around shooting them at will.

The crowd became wilder as they felt a "possession" near. This portion of the ceremony was an appeal to old, lame Papa Legba, Guardian of the Gate, to open the gate and permit the souls and spirits of the other gods to penetrate the souls of the worshipers.

No Voodoo ceremony can begin in earnest without the approval of Papa Legba (alias Baron Correfour) who is also Prime Minister to Damballa Oueddo, Master of Heaven.

Suddenly several worshipers were "possessed" by Papa Legba. One young woman went berserk, rolling on the dirt floor, flailing her arms, throwing herself against the wall, falling everywhere, until she was seized by friends and held down so she would not hurt herself.

This much of the service is held frequently in Haiti, but tonight was a very special occasion. In the Voodoo cult there are two principal families of gods: the Rada who perform only good and beneficial deeds, and the Petro who are violent and evil. Each has innumerable major and lesser spirits, loas and deities who can perform all manner of black magic affecting human welfare. This was the night when the Petro gods must be attended.

The crowd now took up positions outdoors around a large urn made from a hollowed tree trunk. While guards with swords circled the urn to keep other evil spirits away, several blacks became possessed by the spirit of Loa Simbi, who represents the elements of water, fire and earth. The urn contained a witch's brew compounded of sacred herbs, cereals, and liquids so powerful that a drop on the skin of the uninitiated will cause a painful burn.

Many of the believers had by now passed into a trance. They drank the brew and smeared it on their bodies. Some sprayed mouthfuls over the others.

When the spirit of the Loa Simbi was well appeased, they moved to the shrine dedicated to the most violent of all deities, Loa Criminel, God of Fire. Because he is violent, the rites are violent.

Flame and the Spirit of Loa Criminel

Two live chickens were used for sacrifice this evening. Held by the feet, the chickens are swung over the blaze by a possessed person, held there, pulled out, thrust into the blaze, pulled out, strangled. Just as life passes from the fowl, the spirit of Loa Criminel enters and the hapless chickens are brushed against the bodies of the worshipers. This part of the ceremony is finished when the chickens are finished.

One young Haitian peasant girl—with a strong, beautiful body and a handsome black face—cried out that she had been possessed by the spirit of the Loa. Chanting and dancing, she worked toward the fire—and walked into it.

This fire had been blazing since early afternoon and there was a deep bank of glowing embers under the blazing wood. A large piece of iron was planted upright in the middle of the fire, alternating between red and white heat.

The girl reached out to the white-hot iron. She appeared to be clasping it closely in her hands. Then she hung from the beams and placed her feet on the iron. If there was any sizzling of burning flesh, the drums concealed it. If there was any odor, the smell of the witches' brew overcame it. The girl was in a state of complete hypnosis.

Her feet were covered with hot ash, chicken blood and perspiration, even some mud from the wet ground, but no burns were visible to us. Rolling in the fire, she pressed the iron against her dress and fire licked at her, but the dress showed nothing like a burn.

Often the faces of the worshipers showed pain, but they went back for more. One child suddenly became possessed and tried to jump into the fire but the Mambo and others restrained her. The Mambo later explained that the girl was not initiated and thus might be seriously burned.

After each initiate had finished the fire ordeal, there was a brief lull until one of the girls became seized by the spirit of Papa Guedinibo, a Voodoo god much loved by the "tinegres," or poor blacks, because he understands them.

The girl yelled out a string of powerful oaths, told obscene stories in a loud voice, and gestured lewdly at everyone and everything, even the other Petro deities. All of this was considered wonderful fun by the spectators, who did not regard her performance as evil. Everyone seemed to feel that this possession provided some much-needed comic relief from the other serious business of the night's ceremonies, which ended at dawn. ★★★

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Check . . . and Mate

Continued from page 20

little speech. Something for Jo to think about. If she had a reasonable bone in her lovely body she'd see what he meant. The music stopped and they went back to their table. Jo was silent and Freddy congratulated himself upon having gained a point.

At the table Jo said, "You're rationalizing. You know perfectly well you'd like Father's respect. In fact, I insist on it."

Freddy sighed again. "Did it ever occur to you," he asked, "that perhaps your father does not measure up to all the things *I* think *he* should be?"

Jo stared at Freddy. "Don't be ridiculous!" she said.

"Sometimes he gets in my hair," Freddy muttered, ignoring all danger signals. "Sometimes I feel like telling him he's rude, uncivilized and . . ."

"He's home right now," Jo interrupted. "Why don't you tell him?"

AS FREDDY explained later, a form of madness came over him from which he awakened to find himself in the Lane library face to face with Jo's father. He describes that awakening as one of the more horrible moments of his life.

The General was playing chess. That is, the General was absorbed in working out a chess problem by himself, playing both the white and the black pieces. As always, and in spite of anything he had said to Jo, Freddy experienced the usual rubbery feeling about the knees. The General was not a large man but he gave the impression of vastness. His close-cropped mustache was white frost on a steel-trap mouth. Freddy had never before seen the General so absorbed and unaware of his presence. He was sitting forward in a deep leather armchair, leaning over an Oriental table on which was a large inlaid chessboard. The pieces were also large, intricately carved and beautiful. It was a set, Freddy knew, which only a devotee of the game would be likely to possess.

It was the first time that Freddy had known the General was that way about the game. At that moment, leaning so absorbed over the board, he looked like Freddy's grandfather. Freddy shuddered slightly. Grandfather Ferguson had been a master of the game—one who felt that all the mental training required to cope with anything that would come up in life could be taught on the chessboard. Among Freddy's more vivid memories of his younger years had been those chess lessons his grandfather had insisted on. During the war, at moments when things had been especially tense, Freddy had recalled those lessons and had been able to relax in the comparative peace of his shell-jarred foxhole.

Jo said, "Hello."

The General started. He looked up at her. "Oh, it's you. Home early, aren't you? Did that young jackanapes . . ." The General saw Freddy standing there shifting unhappily from one foot to the other and the northern lights flickered in his glacial eyes.

"Har!" he said so explosively that Freddy felt his vertebrae jolt violently up and down his spine like the cars of a suddenly braked freight train.

"Har!" Freddy heard himself echo weakly and involuntarily.

The General stared at him. "What did you say?"

"Uh . . . 'har' . . . I think."

"And precisely what in the goddam hell does that mean?"

Freddy felt a mild perspiration begin to ooze from his brow. At the same time a little irritation stirred within him, too. Short of using a lethal weapon he was at a disadvantage against anyone who didn't care a hoot about anyone else's sensitivities. Still, there were limits. Freddy noted that Jo was smiling a little. She was being a splintery little chip off the old block at the moment. Freddy pulled himself together.

"It means, I suppose, the same thing that it does when you say it."

An immediate and complete silence settled in the Lane library. Jo stopped smiling and her eyes widened. The General's eyes narrowed. He inhaled a long, slow breath. Freddy held his . . . and waited.

"Young man," the General demanded finally, "are you trying to intimate that I would make an asinine sound like that?"

Freddy swallowed. "You . . ."

"You cleared your throat, darling," Jo interrupted. "To say hello."

"I did not," the General snapped. He looked at Freddy. "What do you want anyway?"

There are two schools of thought regarding the appropriateness of Freddy's reply to that question. There were those who felt that it was entirely out of order inasmuch as there had been nothing in the General's prior words to warrant any assumption of favorable reaction . . . and there were those who pointed out that while it was true that a more sympathetic mood could have been desired, it was also true that it was the first time the General had given Freddy enough consideration to utter intelligible sounds in his direction. The latter school felt that Freddy took advantage of the best opportunity which had or would be likely to present itself to go on record about what it was he really wanted.

"I want to marry your daughter, sir," he said in a remarkably firm but respectful manner.

The General made a sort of choking noise. Jo stared at Freddy.

"Good Lord!" the General finally said. "The man is crazy! Jo, why didn't you warn me?"

"Darling," Jo said to her father, "that was the last thing I ever expected him to say to you . . . tonight." She looked at Freddy. "Pinhead!"

Freddy's irritation increased. He looked at Jo. "Would you mind explaining that?"

"There isn't a damn' thing to explain, young man," the General cut in. "My daughter said you were a pinhead. It's perfectly clear. P-I-N-H-E-A-D, pinhead."

"Father!" Jo said. "I didn't really mean that." Jo was sorry now that she had let Freddy in for this. "Freddy is really very sweet in lots of ways."

"Har!" snorted the General.

"Oh, har yourself!" Freddy said. Even a sweet nature could be pushed too far. Now his eye fell upon the chessboard again. "Don't tell me you've been having trouble with that little problem?"

The General came to his feet. "What?" he roared.

Freddy moved over to the chessboard without answering. He studied the problem that was so like the many Grandfather Ferguson had made him sweat out. While the General was obviously trying to decide whether to have the butler throw Freddy out or to indulge in the pleasure himself and Jo stood with her lovely lips forming a little O of amazement Freddy began moving pieces on the chessboard.

"There's your solution," he said. "Child's play."

The General looked at the board and then at Freddy. The General had been baffled for an hour before Freddy and Jo had come in.

"Any pinhead could see through that problem," Freddy went on, rubbing it in.

The emotions that were actually surging through the General at that moment were only feebly indicated by the flush raging on his cheeks. He stood frozen until at last he succeeded in pointing to the chair across the table.

"Sit down!" he whispered.

"Freddy!" Jo said.

The General drew the white pieces. In six moves Freddy knew that the General was really a keen player, probably one of the best, but that he was throwing caution to the wind to smash Freddy quickly. The General was a wounded bull pawing the dirt. Freddy developed carefully, waited for the premature attack he knew the General was bound to make in that mood and then smashed the attack. The General stared at the chessmen as if they were so many small cobras flicking their tongues at him.

He looked up at Freddy. "All right," he said hoarsely. "I resign."

"Why?" Freddy asked. "I could win with your pieces from that position."

"You'd better sign this check, dear—my half of our joint account is used up"

COLLIER'S IRVING ROIR

"Freddy!" he heard Jo say. "Don't."

Freddy ignored her. He turned the board around. He was savoring triumph at its sweetest. Pinhead, was he? Freddy acknowledged that in a calm frame of mind the General would have been a far different opponent but tonight the General was getting it right in the teeth. It was a rare thing, indeed, when one could take the pieces a player had resigned with, turn the board around and beat him. In a sort of trance the General played the pieces that had been Freddy's, to lose the second time in ten more moves.

Freddy stood up. "Thank you," he said.

IN THAT moment the General showed the stuff he was made of. He looked Freddy in the eye and said, "My boy, that has never been done to me before. I would appreciate an opportunity to play with you again. I hope that you will consider as unsaid anything which I may have carelessly let drop about your intelligence and . . . uh . . . regarding that request about Jo . . . Well, I should say that was a matter entirely up to her. Good night."

With a straight back and a head held high the General walked out of the room.

It was a moment before the full import of what had happened was clear to Freddy. But when it did dawn upon him that he had so easily done what must certainly be the last thing Jo could ask him to do by way of proving things for her, an exuberance exploded within him that made him cut several extremely sharp tap steps that culminated with a double heel click in midair.

"Like Hitler when France fell," Jo said.

It is too bad that it cannot be said that Freddy became instantly frozen in midair to remain suspended there with heels about to click once more. Because that was figuratively about the way Jo's words affected him. The cold blast of her voice froze his happiness on the spot. He looked at her in amazement. She was looking at him with frigid disapproval.

"Huh?" said Freddy.

"I said," Jo repeated, "like Hitler when France fell. Disgusting."

"But . . ."

"I suppose you think you're extremely smart. I suppose you think it was something to humiliate a beaten old man by turning his own pieces against him. I suppose you think I should come flying to your arms crying, 'My hero!' "

"Look . . ."

"I am looking. I'm glad I've had an opportunity to look before it was too late. You're a . . . a gloater. Good night."

DURING the course of a sleepless night Freddy persuaded himself that he'd been wrong, a cad and a heel. He called Jo at ten o'clock in the morning, beginning the conversation with a cheery hello as though all were well. It had worked before. There was no way for Freddy to know that Jo had not slept that night either; that after a long and stubborn struggle her conscience had convinced her that she had been unreasonable. Had he known he would have presumed that he was doing precisely the right thing in calling Jo. Like most men he would not have understood that the sound of his cheery "Good morning!"—as though the previous night's quarrel had not weighed upon his mind at all—was not the way to announce his existence to a girl who had struggled all night with herself over what she had considered to be a major emotional crisis, and who had prepared herself for a reconciliation of great tenderness. She could *not* have reacted with greater bitterness had she lost a leg, and Freddy's first words had been, "It's a nice day for a walk."

"Stop chirruping!" she said irritably.

"Huh? Who's chirruping?"

"Is there any point in going into it?"

"Look, Jo, stop being unreasonable."

He heard Jo draw in her breath. "*I* am being unreasonable?"

"Well, last night you jumped to conclusions."

"Indeed? As I remember it you were doing all the jumping. All over the place."

"That was because I was happy."

"That was obvious. Why don't you go kick some blind man's cup of pennies and go into a real ecstasy?"

Freddy counted ten slowly. "Look, darling, I was happy because . . ."

"There's no need to explain. I have eyes. I have ears. You succeeded in doing just what you set out to do when we left El Morocco. I hope it made you very happy to humiliate Father. To . . . to deliver a mortal wound to his pride. I can only say that I am more hurt than angry. Goodbye."

Freddy stared at the dead instrument in his hand. He slammed it back on the hook. "Women!" he breathed with feeling. "Women!" . . .

The General evidenced no signs of mortal wounds when Freddy called that evening firmly resolved to accept whatever punishment Jo might have in mind and start out anew. The General placed an arm around Freddy's shoulder.

"Scotch?" he inquired. "Cigar? We're in luck. Jo has gone out. Have the evening to ourselves."

"Gone out?" Freddy echoed blankly.

"With some odd little monster. Squirmed all the time he was here. Jo said you'd understand if you happened to drop in."

"Oh!" said Freddy.

The General sat down and began setting up the chessmen.

"What was his name?" Freddy asked.

"Haven't the vaguest idea," the General replied absently. "Someone she gushed all

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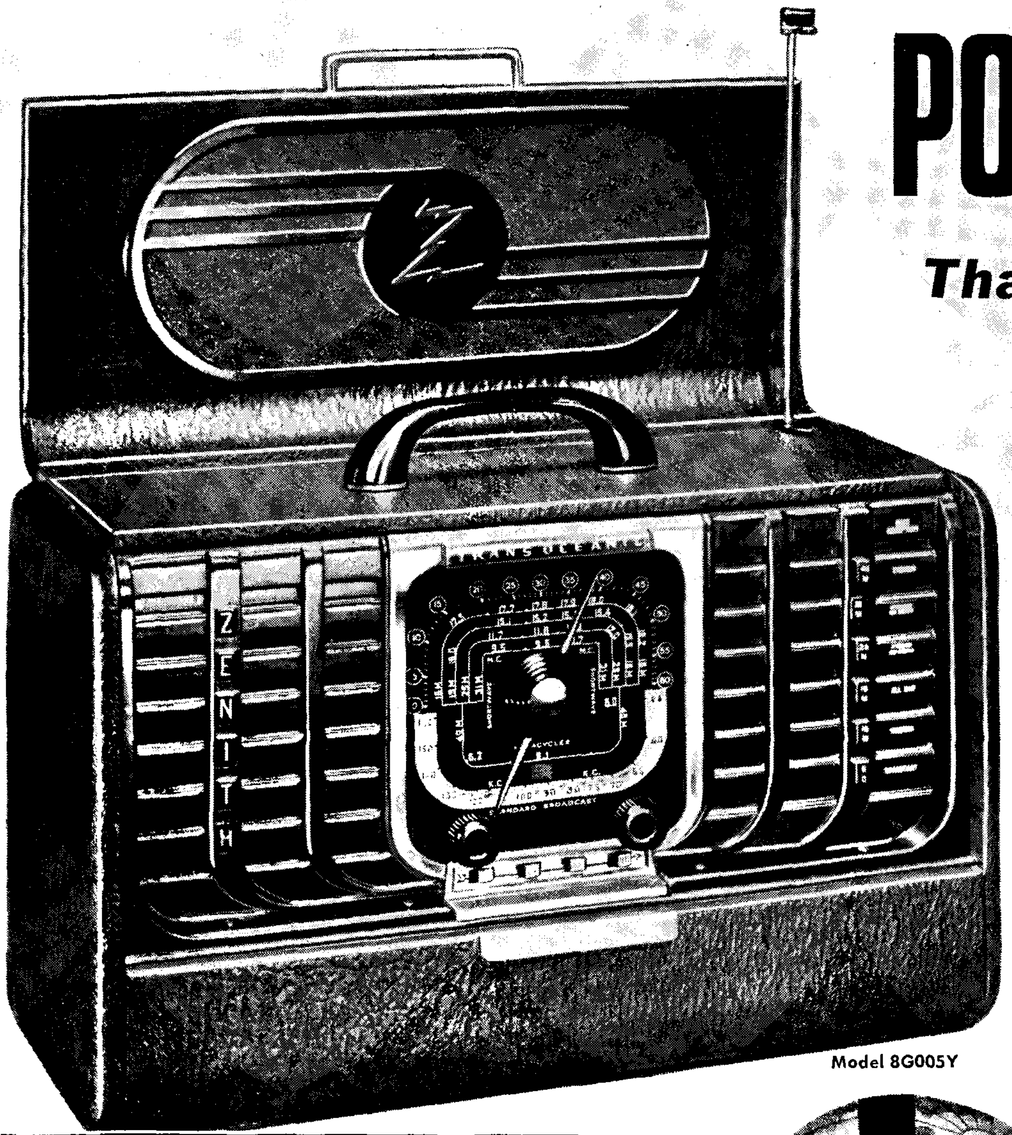

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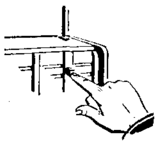

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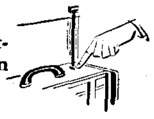

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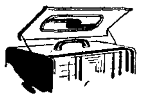

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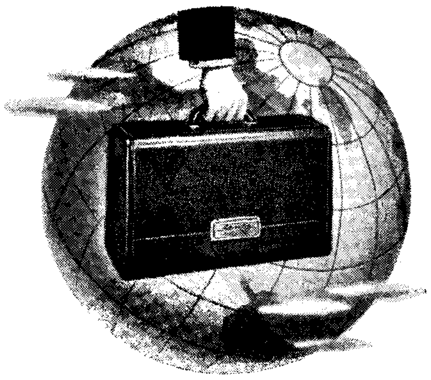

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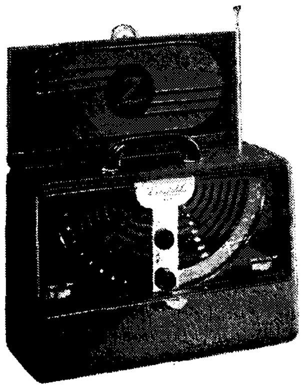

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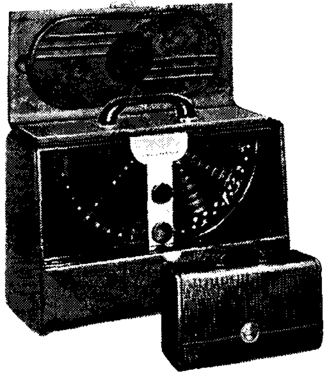

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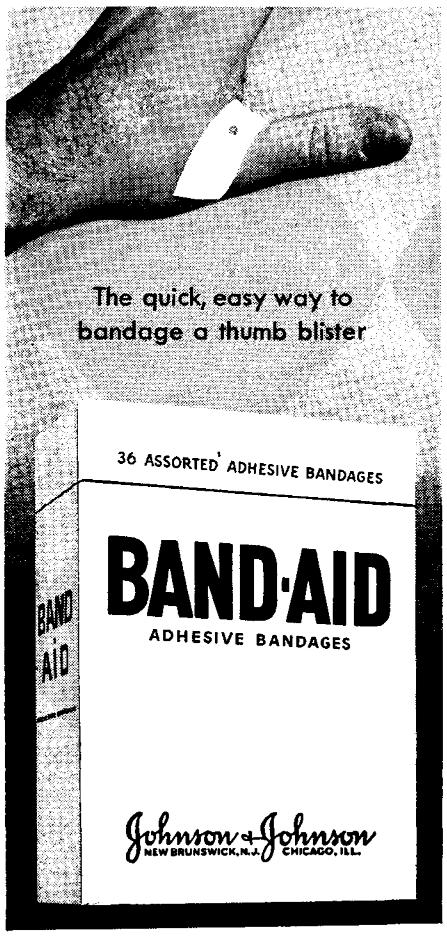


over. Nauseating." He tossed a coin. "Call it for the whites."

Freddy called and lost to get the black pieces.

"Look, General, do you remember last night I said I wanted to marry Jo?"

"Eh? Oh, yes. So you did. All right with me."

"But she's out with someone!" Freddy protested. "You shouldn't have let her!"

The General regarded Freddy thoughtfully. "My boy, one does not 'let' Jo do anything. One just tries to keep out of the line of fire as much as possible. Sit down and let's begin the play."

"You don't even know who she's out with," Freddy went on, accusingly.

A slightly harassed look came over the General's face. "Isn't it enough if Jo knows? I'll open with the king's pawn. Your move."

"But . . ."

"My dear young man, we are playing chess."

"Do you know why she's out with him tonight?" Freddy demanded indignantly.

"Maybe he has tickets to Oklahoma!."

"No. To spite me. She thinks I humiliated you last night."

"And so you did," the General said cheerfully. "So you did. Thoroughly. Wouldn't be surprised if I'd mentioned it to her too."

Freddy groaned. "No wonder she's through with me!"

The General clucked regretfully. "Sometimes she takes things more seriously than she should. Oh well, there must be about seventy million more women in this nation to choose from if you must have one. Meanwhile, let's get on with the play."

"There isn't anyone in the world like Jo," Freddy said vehemently.

"Oh, come!" the General said. "And if there isn't it may be just as well. She has a nasty disposition before breakfast . . . not at all like the girls waking up in the toothpaste ads. She has deucedly expensive taste in clothes and I have to pay a devilish lot of traffic fines for her. Serve this little oaf she's out with right if she decides in favor of him. Even consider you fortunate."

"Fortunate!" Freddy said bitterly as he moved his king's pawn out to meet the General's opening move. The General had succeeded only in revealing to Freddy some further intimate and delightfully fascinating facets of Jo's character. He loved her the more for them. Freddy glared across the board at the General. He, Freddy, would sit there until Jo came home, and meanwhile treat the General to a real trimming.

The General played a gambit with his king's bishop's pawn to the bishop's four, Freddy accepted the gambit, the General came out with his king's knight to the bishop's three and a game began brilliantly with a daring opening.

IT CANNOT be said that Freddy had ever enjoyed chess under the instruction of his grandfather but he had learned it. He knew the intricate patterns and combinations and how to achieve them in the face of keen opposition. Tonight he found himself slowly coming to enjoy his mastery of the game. The desire to defeat the General gave purpose to it all. It gave Freddy a tingling pleasure to build a careful defense against the General's equally well-developed attack; to counter and frustrate his opponent. The chessboard had become a medium for the expression of an urge to bat someone's ears off. The library became quiet . . . the atmosphere tense. In the middle game Freddy was still a pawn ahead with a knight and a bishop on both sides exchanged. But the General was beginning to crowd his attack, and Freddy sensed the danger of a loss of mobility. Neither was aware of the passing of time. Neither noticed Jo come in accompanied by a short, somewhat plump young man in evening clothes.

A grim little smile of satisfaction touched the corners of Jo's lips when she saw Freddy. She'd hoped he might be there so she could throw Hogarth Evans in Freddy's face and watch him squirm. She could have wished to appear with someone else, but Hogarth had been the only man available on short notice. "Hello," she said brightly. "We've had a perfectly marvelous time."

The General grunted and Freddy, looking up and, noting whom Jo had been out with, felt a great relief. "Hello, Jo," he said. "Hello, Hoggie."

"Your move," the General said. He glared at Jo and Hoggie. "You two be quiet."

"Playing chess?" Hoggie said conversationally.

The General looked at his daughter. "Keep him quiet!"

Jo bit her lip. This wasn't working out right. Freddy had already turned his attention back to the board. Hoggie might just as well have been her aunt for all the jealousy Freddy had indicated. She turned irritably to Hoggie.

"Bring over a chair, darling," she said with an effort of lightness. "We'll watch them."

"I don't know anything about chess," Hoggie said. "How about turning on the radio and . . ."

"Do as I say!" Jo snapped.

Jo sat in the chair, prepared to show immediate and great interest in Hoggie sitting uneasily on the arm, the instant Freddy should raise his head. But Freddy did not raise his head. The General was threatening to uncover a check and simultaneously attack his queen. Right at that point he could lose the game if he were not extremely careful. . . . He was aware of the warm bond which had developed between himself and the General during the game. It was something which had nothing to do with Jo. He would patch things up with Jo presently; apologize or anything else her little heart desired. But right at the moment he was aware of the eager glint in the General's eyes. The General thought he had the game cinched. He hadn't seen what Freddy suddenly noted with a feeling of exultation. Let the General uncover check and attack the queen. There was a knight move that would . . . Freddy was almost afraid to let his eyes follow the moves of the knight as he studied the possibilities for fear the General might look up and see him looking at the knight. But if that knight should . . .

"Aren't they beautiful pieces, Hogarth?" Jo said. There was nothing in the sweetness of her voice to indicate the fury she felt toward Freddy.

Freddy looked up. He looked up just in time to see Hoggie Evans lean forward to pick up one of the captured knights beside the board and lose his balance in doing so. He reached out to save Hoggie but he was too late. Hoggie saved himself . . . by placing his hand in the middle of the board and completely wrecking the game.

Neither the General nor Freddy moved. They sat silent and motionless . . . staring at the scattered men.

Hoggie retrieved himself and laughed a little nervously. At the sound both the General and Freddy turned their heads slowly to regard Hoggie.

The General said, "I believe it was your move, Freddy. Try not to get blood over everything."

Freddy nodded. "Thank you, sir. I'll be careful." And he stood up.

Hoggie backed away. Jo jumped to her feet. What she had seen in Freddy's eyes was the same thing she had seen in her father's.

"Freddy!" she squealed. "Don't!"

It was an unnecessary plea. Hoggie had gone. Freddy went out of the library and came back a moment later with Hoggie's hat and coat. "Guess he forgot them," he said. He went to the window and looked down at the traffic, fifteen stories below. Thoughtfully he opened the window and dropped the hat and coat down into the night. "At the rate he was going," he said, "he might catch them as he comes out on the street."

The General nodded his quiet approval. "That was a generous thought, my boy. Undoubtedly clothes that would fit a human malformation like that are expensive and hard to replace." He stood up and sighed. He looked at Freddy and Jo. Without knowing it, Jo was staring at Freddy with the back of her hand still pressed against her open mouth. A grim smile touched the General's lips. "Well, the game is over, so I think I'll retire. But it's still your move, Freddy . . . and please remember about the blood. Good night."

When the General had gone Freddy turned to Jo. She backed nervously away from him.

"Freddy . . . what are you going to do?"

"Oh," said Freddy, moving toward her, "I think maybe I'll wring your neck, or maybe break some arms and legs. I don't know . . . I haven't decided."

"I . . . I haven't done anything bad, Freddy—not really bad."

"Not really bad?" he shouted. "Not really bad? First you go out with that Hogboom, Hoghead, Hoggie—whatever his name is—Hogarth. Then you drag him back here and have him fall all over the chessboard, just when my knight—"

"Oh, Freddy, I'm really awfully sorry. Believe me, Freddy, I never thought—"

"Never thought, indeed. Bah! Double-bah! That fat little pig of a man!"

"I know it, Freddy. But don't rub it in. Please don't rub it in."

FREDDY allowed himself to remain speechless. Jo backed away from him until she came up against the couch and could back no farther. Freddy put his finger on the tip of her small nose and pushed. Jo sat down.

"Rub it in?" he whispered heavily. "I suppose I'm gloating? Is that it? Am I gloating? Did I gloat at Hoggie? Did I?"

"No, you didn't. You were very restrained, and that was very nice of you."

"I know it was."

She laughed a nervous little laugh. "He did look funny," she said.

"He was born to look funny."

"So fat," Jo said. "So round and so plump."

"Comic," Freddy said.

"Fantastic," Jo said.

Freddy sat down beside her. He fixed a stern eye upon her. "Now who's gloating?" he demanded.

"Why . . . why . . . this is different, Freddy."

He laughed.

"Gloating at Father is no fair. Gloating at Hoggie—"

Freddy took her in his arms and kissed her on the mouth. She put her hands on his face and pulled him closer. It was an exceptional sort of kiss.

He let her go, and she sat up and clapped her hands and laughed.

"What's funny?" he said. "What are you doing?"

She moved closer to him on the couch and leaned her head on his shoulder. She looked up at him and she smiled a very sweet smile. "Gloating," she said.

"Har!" said Freddy.

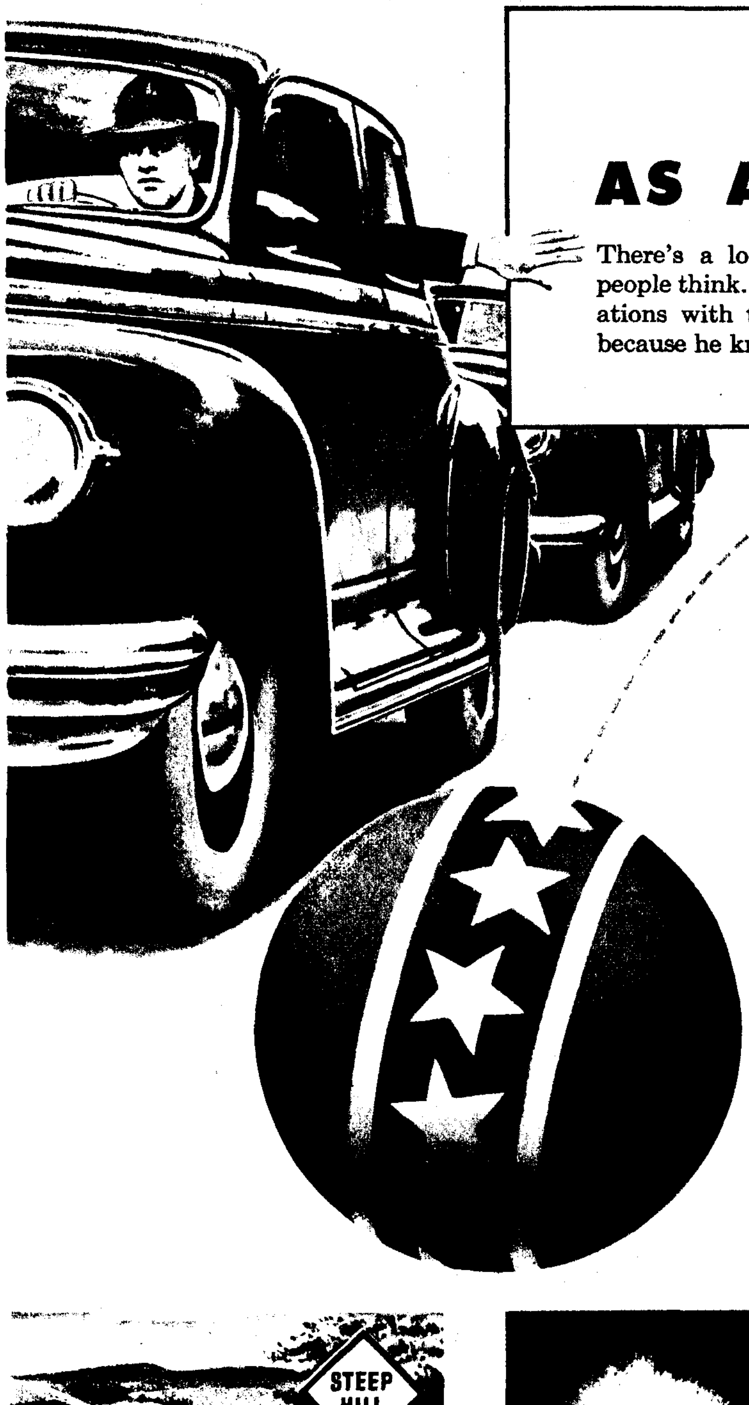
THE END

ANOTHER DEBUNKING EXPEDITION

SUBJECT	DEBUNKATION
BIRDS	They are never hypnotized by snakes—they sometimes sit motionless to avoid detection.
GULF STREAM	Water from the Gulf of Mexico forms no portion of the waters of the so-called Gulf Stream.
GIRAFFE	It is not mute—it will bleat when highly excited.
RATTLESNAKE	It does not grow just one rattle a year—but from two to four.
DINOSAUR	It never bellowed—its loudest utterance was a mouselike squeak.
KENTUCKY BLUEGRASS	It is not native to Kentucky—it was imported from Europe.
QUICKSAND	It does not draw a man down—it supports him twice as easily as water if he doesn't struggle.

—W. E. FARBSTEIN

HOW DO YOU RATE AS AN AUTOMOBILE DRIVER?



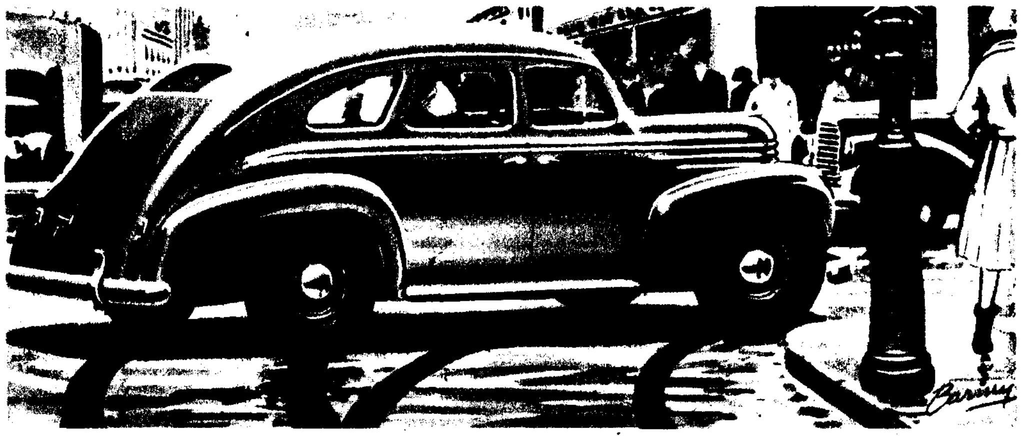
There's a lot more to driving than some people think. A good driver meets many situations with the right split-second decision because he knows the correct thing to do.

What would *you* do in the typical situations presented below?

Three answers right out of five is good—all five answers right is an expert's rating.

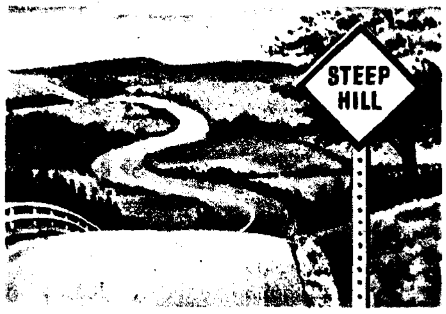
1. As you roll along a residential street a rubber ball comes bouncing across the road in front of you. What would you do?

A. *Ignore it.* **B.** *Swerve your wheels to avoid running over it.*
C. *Blow your horn.* **D.** *Slow down and get set for an emergency stop.*



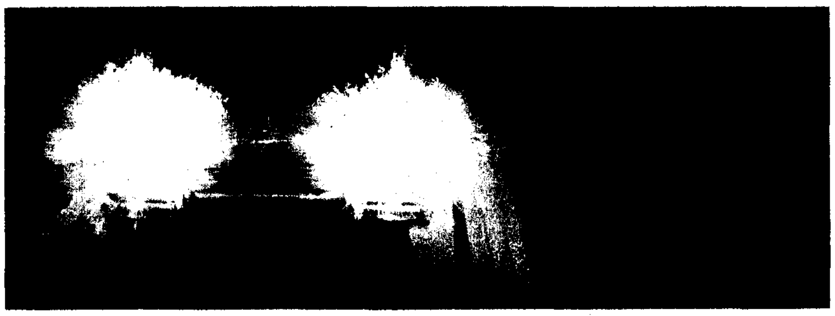
2. In making a right turn on wet pavement your car suddenly starts to skid as shown in the picture. Which two of these five possible actions would help you control the skid?

A. *Jam on the foot brakes.* **B.** *Pull up the hand (emergency) brake.*
C. *Turn steering wheel to the left.* **D.** *Turn steering wheel to the right.*
E. *Keep your foot on the accelerator and continue feeding gas.*



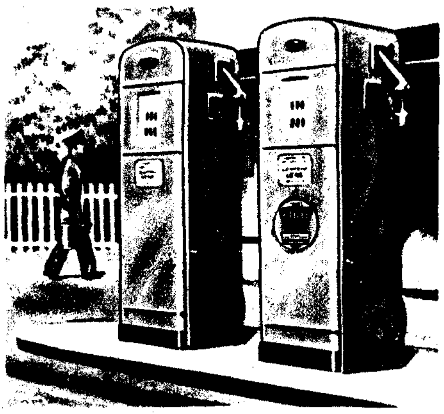
3. You see the sign above at the crest of a long, winding hill. What's the best thing to do?

A. *Stay in high gear and use your brakes to control speed.* **B.** *Shift into second gear or "low" range if your car has an automatic transmission.* **C.** *Coast down in neutral to save gas.*



4. The driver of an oncoming car neglects to dim or "dip" his headlights. Which three of the possible actions listed below are the wisest, safest things for you to do?

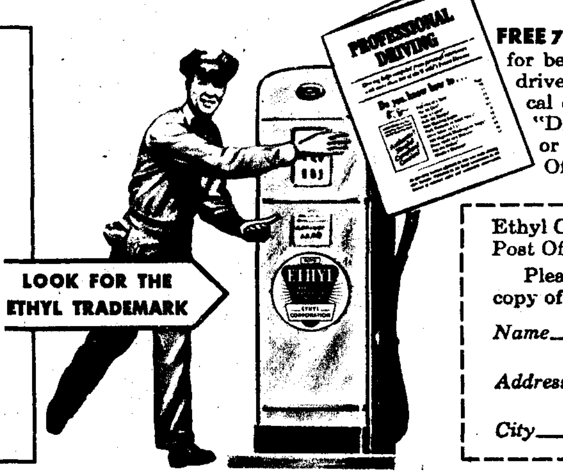
A. *Shine your own bright lights into his eyes to even the score.* **B.** *Dim your own lights.* **C.** *Wear dark glasses.* **D.** *Watch his headlights to avoid possible collision.* **E.** *Keep your eyes on the right edge of the road and pull your car over to the right as far as possible.* **F.** *Speed up to get by as quickly as possible.* **G.** *Slow down.*



5. Which of these two pumps would you stop at to get this service station's highest quality gasoline?

Answers:

1. (D) is correct—but it's also a good idea to blow the horn. Remember, a rubber ball bouncing into the street is more than likely to be followed by a child trying to catch it.
2. (C) and (E). Always turn in the direction of a skid to control it. Never use the brakes, but feed a little gas to get traction. The best way to control skids is to avoid them by keeping your speed consistent with road conditions.
3. (B) is right. Coasting down a hill is dangerous, and illegal in most states. Use second gear to save your brakes and keep speed within safe limits.
4. (B), (E) and (G) are right. Dim your lights, and the other driver probably will, too. Don't stare at oncoming headlights—you'll be blinded. For safety, keep your eyes on the right edge of the road, pull over to the right and slow down.
5. The pump with the black and yellow emblem on it. Millions of experienced drivers look for the Ethyl emblem wherever they drive. They know that high-quality gasoline in a properly tuned engine makes for a more responsive car and therefore a safer car. That's another reason why they always ask for ETHYL.



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A FRIEND IN THE BARRANCA

BY JOHN BURGAN

ILLUSTRATED BY DUN ROMAN

Some might have called Diego Padilla's behavior a betrayal of trust. In view of the outcome, however, one inclines to a more charitable judgment

JUAN CONTRERAS was the oldest resident of San Miguel barranca, a narrow, deep gully which starts in the foothills and runs across Ed Jones' place in Mistletoe County near the southern California coast. Other *paisanos* came and went from year to year, but old Juan Contreras, with his great black, stained mustache and several simultaneous suitings of dungarees, jeans, coats, levis and other oddments of apparel, slept on a pile of straw in San Miguel barranca from April until late November every year. In the winter months he moved out of the barranca and went farther south along the coast where the seasonal rains are not so heavy and the chill not so penetrating.

Ed Jones, inside whose walnut ranch Juan was tolerated, is a man with a direct manner, and he told Juan many years ago, "It's okay with me if you stay in the barranca but if I start missing things on the ranch, Juan, there will be one dead *paisano* around here."

Juan Contreras understood perfectly and he executed his more or less passive part of the contract by stealing those few things from the other ranchers in the valley which are necessary to a man in a barranca. He performed the additional service of not permitting other and more temporary tenants of the gully to prejudice his position with Mr. Jones by their blithe disregard for his or anyone's property rights.

The spring, summer and autumn in Mistletoe County are mild and pleasant. Rain seldom falls and the streams in the barranca bottoms are dry. It is true that heavy fog often comes in from the ocean but Juan Contreras was willing to forgive it; the fog was for the ranchers and who was he to condemn it? Each day when the sun burned through, the lima beans were shiny green with water which the fog left behind. However, the fog bit into a man in a barranca at night and Juan Contreras learned to burrow deep in his straw pallet and depend on his many suits of clothes, fortified by such wine as he could obtain from time to time. It was not a great hardship, and the only reason Juan Contreras would think of it as a hardship at all was that it perhaps constituted his only problem. The barranca was a fine place to sleep during long hot afternoons and it had other good points. A man could be alone there with a gallon of wine and feel secure from convivial passers-by.

Occasionally Juan Contreras worked to acquire such money as might be particularly useful to him for a little wine or food, although the latter was usually accessible by less tiresome methods than paying some cholo grocery for it.

Juan kept away from his landlord, Ed Jones, as far as possible. When he sought work, he asked for it at any ranch except Ed Jones'. He made a point of not working for Jones because he reasoned that an employee-employer relationship might in some obscure manner alter his situation in San Miguel barranca. Juan worked a few days at a time in the lima beans and on the walnut ranches, depending on the season. He minded his business, exhibited what he considered an acceptable amount of effort, and after being paid for his work dismissed himself from his employer's presence immediately. He had no friends among the other Mexicans, who were either more deeply rooted in the area (they lived in small houses on the edges of the towns) or were altogether migratory.

That is, he had no friends until he met Diego Padilla. After that he had a friend.

One evening in early autumn when Juan Contreras came down the path to the bottom of the barranca, he met a *paisano* coming up. This was a suspicious matter, and Juan Contreras scrutinized the man, who was carrying nothing in his hands. He did not want intruders around his home, although he had nothing of value down in the barranca. The stranger was perhaps fifteen years younger than old Juan Contreras, about thirty-five. He said, "*Buenos dias,*" and swept off his black broad-brimmed hat. Old Juan Contreras grunted and let him pass on the narrow path and then went on down to his camp in the barranca.

JUAN'S bed was laid in the elbow of the barranca wall where the gully took a sharp turn. It was sheltered, but permitted a good light to filter down. Putting his canvas bag of bread and coffee beside the fire hole, Juan went off down the barranca for wood. When he returned there was the stranger standing at an imaginary entrance to Juan's camp, waiting to be invited in.

Juan dumped the wood into the fire hole, as if the stranger were not visible to him.

"*Buenos dias,*" said the stranger. He was a small man with fine black hair and an oval brown face with live black eyes and a thin mustache.

Juan only grunted at him.

The stranger sidled toward the fire hole.

"What is it you want?" Juan asked.

The stranger once more swept his great black hat off and bowed. "Is there objection to sleeping in this barranca?" he asked, a question which when translated in the mind of Juan Contreras meant, "I would welcome an invitation to eat bread and drink coffee."

"You may eat with me," Juan said.

"Thank you," said the newcomer and he sat down near the fire hole watching Juan's preparations for boiling coffee.

Juan turned his eyes upon the fire, but kept his mind on the stranger, for he was not used to guests in the barranca. Ordinarily, migrant *paisanos* bedded themselves down far above or below him. Well, it was better to feed this *paisano* voluntarily than to lose the food otherwise.

"We need wine," the stranger observed.

Juan did not reply. He needed golden plates to eat from, too.

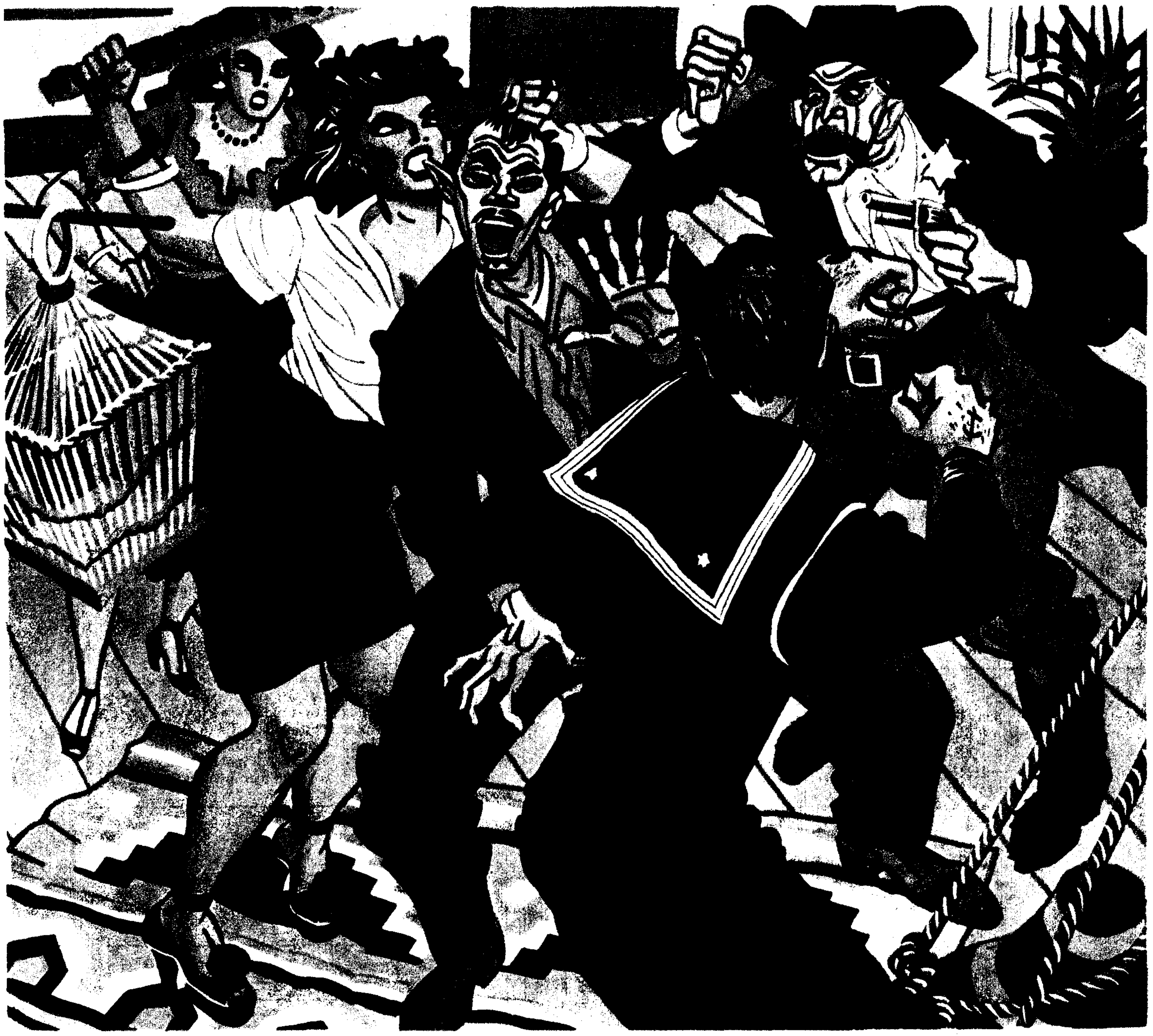
The stranger was squatting on his haunches but he got up by degrees and evaporated into the brush of the barranca. In a few minutes he was back with a jug of wine, half full. Perhaps a half gallon.

"We shall have a drink as friends," said the stranger.

Juan Contreras understood a number of things then but he did not reflect upon them at the moment. While the fire burned and settled to a bed of hot coals, he and the stranger took turns at the mouth of the jug. It was good wine, all right.

When they lay down to sleep together that night, Juan Contreras and Diego Padilla were beginning their friendship, although it is probable that neither of them knew that it was to have certain lasting qualities.

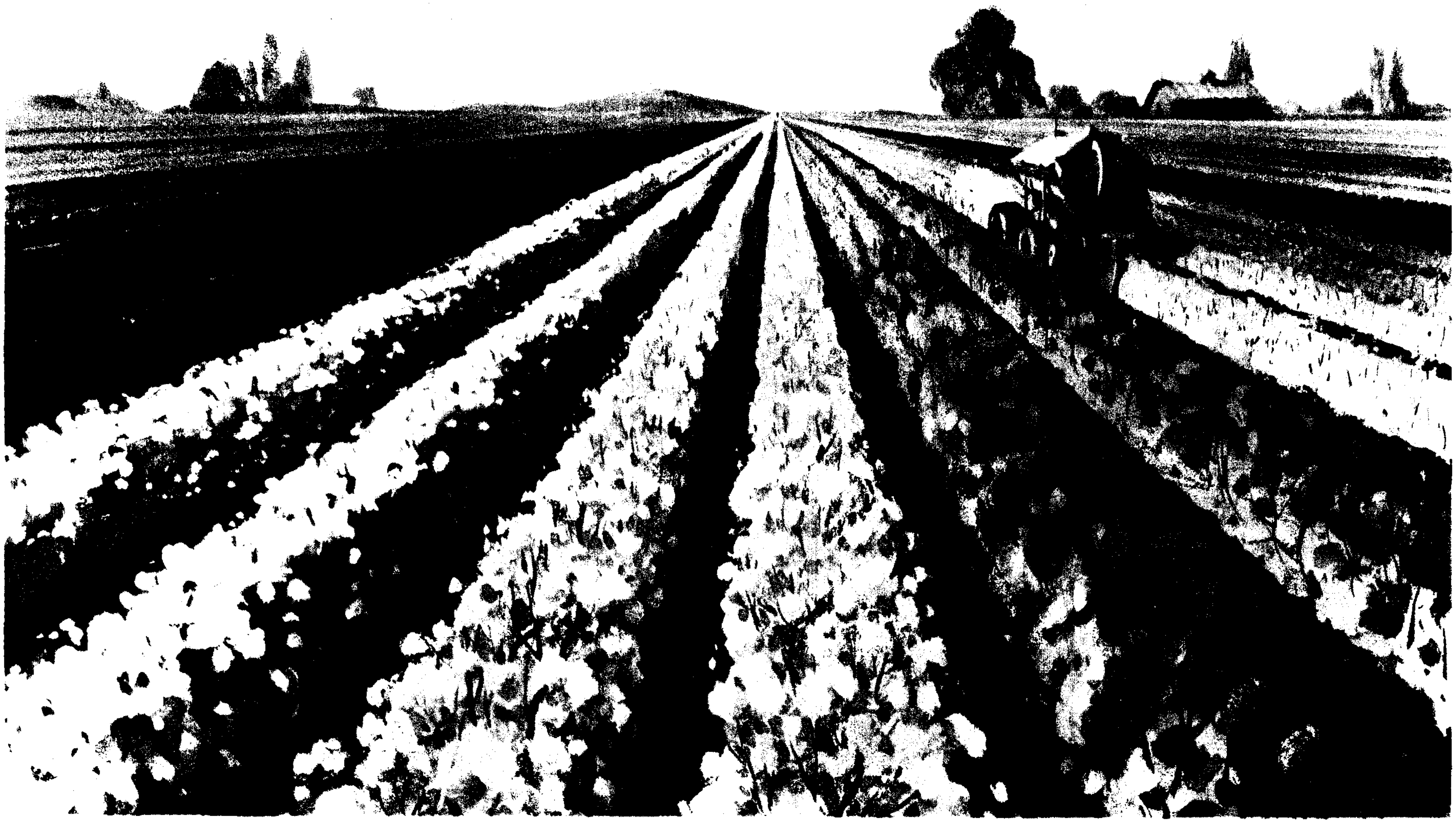
Diego was, judging from his conversation in the days that followed, variously a lemon picker, a walnut picker (in season), a bean



"Candelaria finds us at Guadalupe's house but does she beat this dog of a sailor? No, she attacks me with a club, the sailor helps, and the sheriff comes to fetch me"

Cotton will grow in COLORS on this Plantation

...because of Men Who Plan beyond Tomorrow



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* * *

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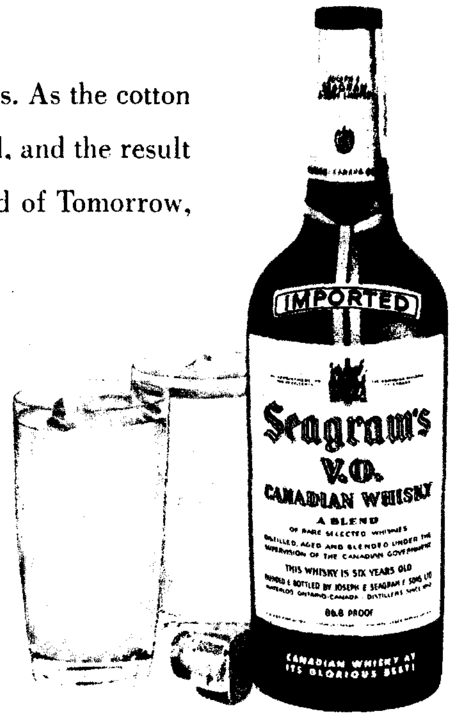
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· CANADIAN WHISKY—A BLEND....OF RARE SELECTED WHISKIES

When a man marries, his troubles begin!

JIM'S CHANGED! WE'VE ONLY BEEN MARRIED 3 MONTHS–BUT HE JUST DOESN'T PAY TOO TERRIBLY MUCH ATTENTION TO ME ANY MORE!

WELL, JIM CAN'T VERY WELL TELL YOU ABOUT BAD BREATH, JUDY! I'M SORRY, HONEY, BUT YOU DO NEED TO SEE YOUR DENTIST!

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Cleans Your Breath While It Cleans Your Teeth!

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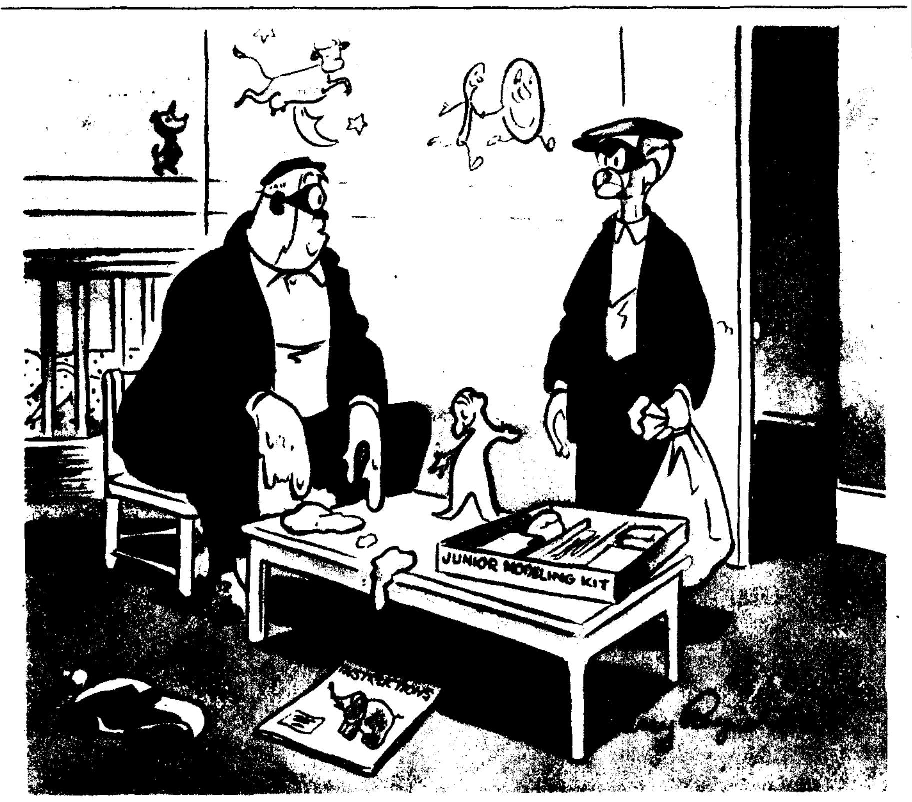
BUTCH by LARRY REYNOLDS



"How ya gonna tell whether ya got talent if ya never try nothin'?"

COLLIER'S

ranch hand, a truck driver, a soldier and a fisherman. Juan Contreras looked at him and wondered. Juan was not a man to make snap judgments.

As a matter of fact, Diego was within the technicalities of the truth. He had been fired from lemon, walnut and bean ranches, had once stolen a truck, had been drafted and received a bad-conduct discharge from the Army, and once had hunted grunion during the annual spawning runs of fish on the beaches around Santa Barbara. There was nothing particularly wrong with Diego Padilla except that he wanted to do as he pleased. Juan Contreras, by a process of mental osmosis, understood all of this without ever reasoning it out. He found it not objectionable.

Diego Padilla extended his first visit to the barranca to five days. On the morning of the sixth day the two men arose as usual and Diego went down the barranca but failed to return. Juan assumed that Diego had resumed his migratory life and he wondered whether he would ever see him again.

Juan had other matters to concern him. The bean threshers had moved into Sidney Bergstrom's ranch across the valley and five days of visitations with Diego Padilla had removed any trace of wine, food or money from the barranca. During the morning old Juan left the barranca before the sun burned through the fog and hailed a truck to the Bergstrom ranch. There he hired out as a field hand, forking the stacks of dried beans into the mule wagons. A few days' work and his fortunes would be re-established.

Juan worked five days in Sidney Bergstrom's bean fields. He felt his strength running out on the afternoon of the fifth day and so asked the foreman to be paid off. He put the money in a dirty money belt, except for two dollars which he pocketed, stole a new bean sack and hitchhiked into the village of Sicklesville, where he bought two jugs of wine from a violent woman who lived in a beaten shack on the edge of the village. He put the jugs in the bean sack and hitched a ride on a ranch truck back to the barranca.

It was nearly dark when he got there. The sun was below the sea's horizon in the opening in the hills, and the tops of the channel islands were sharply visible this evening. As he went down the path into San Miguel barranca, he saw a warm glow below the cottonwoods and he knew that his fire was going.

An intuition told him then that he had not seen the last of his new friend, Diego Padilla. "How did this dog know I was paid today?" he asked himself.

Padilla was warming himself by the fire, which had burned down to a substantial bank of hot coals.

"Juan, my friend, I have returned," Diego said, eying the sack which Juan was carrying.

Juan bade him good day and laid the sack on his straw bed at the farthest point from his guest.

"I have brought fruit and bread and beans," said Diego with considerable formality. He picked up a burlap bag and emptied out a number of oranges, which were still somewhat green from the picking, and two long loaves of Italian bread which hit the ground with the knock of staleness. And from a small bush behind him he carefully extracted an aluminum pail which appeared to be almost full of frijoles.

Juan appeared to pay no attention but he actually darted a glance toward each of the items sufficient for him to evaluate them rather accurately.

THE oranges had come from a couple of trees which Sidney Bergstrom kept for kitchen use in his back yard. The bread was of a variety kept near the door of the Keystone grocery in Sicklesville. Where had Juan seen that aluminum pail before?

Old Juan Contreras knew that at least half of his wine was as mortgaged now as if it were already resting in Diego Padilla's belly. But he was not inclined to hurry the fact and so he stirred a bit in the fire and seemed not to be aware of Diego's presence.

Diego squatted on his haunches so that the fire lighted up his sharp, olive face. "You, too, have a bag, my old friend," Padilla said.

"Yes," said Juan.

Padilla's eyes were wells of dark color in the firelight, and Juan Contreras knew he could not long resist this spirit of anticipation. Juan was about to ask what had called Padilla away so hastily the other day, but Diego's mind was not idle.

"I have been visiting my cousin in the lemon camp," Diego remarked.

Juan had a sudden memory and now he knew where that aluminum pail had come from. It had been sitting on the ledge of a window in the walnut pickers' shack on Ed Jones' place not an hour ago. This was clearly not a thing to be done if one wished to remain in Ed Jones' barranca.

"Let us heat the frijoles now," Juan said. He set the aluminum pail on the hot stones and left it there while he sat before the fire and warmed himself.

"It is good to have beans," he said.

"My cousin's wife is a woman with a warm heart," said Diego Padilla.

When the beans were heated, Diego Padilla produced two spoons and passed one to Juan Contreras. It was time for Juan to open one of the jugs.

When Juan extracted the first one from the bag, Diego expressed the appropriate surprise, delight and gratitude. They fell to the work of eating and drinking out of the pail and jug respectively. The last bit of work for the night was done when Juan carried the pail up the barranca a short way and buried it in a slide of dirt which had recently dropped off the wall of the gully.

They began the second jug of wine in the firelight.

"There are many difficulties at the lemon camp," Diego said.

"That is the trouble with a town," Juan Contreras said.

"My cousin's wife gives birth to another little one next week," said Diego.

"That is the way with women," said Juan Contreras.

Diego Padilla thought quite a while.

"That will make three little ones in my bed," he said.

Juan Contreras took another drink from the second jug and the two of them sat looking in the fire.

"My cousin, the lemon picker," Diego Padilla said, "thinks that three little ones are enough for one bed."

"It is a great misfortune," said Juan Contreras.

"There are advantages to be gained from living at the lemon camp," said Diego Padilla.

"I do not argue that," said Juan Contreras. "But there are difficulties also, as you see."

After they drank the second jug, Juan Contreras and Diego Padilla lay down and slept. When they awoke, the sun was high and already sending tentative shafts of warmth down into the barranca bottom.

They ate some of the oranges, which were sour and hard. Then they climbed to the edge of the barranca where they could sit in the full light of the sun.

"Today," said Diego Padilla, "I must visit my friend in Sicklesville."

"Yes," said Juan Contreras, who had no friends, "it is good to visit friends on a day like this."

"You will come," said Diego Padilla in a positive manner.

Diego and Juan hitched a ride into Sicklesville and that day Juan learned the depths of generosity in Diego's heart.

When they hopped down from the truck on the edge of Sicklesville, Diego said, "My friend, you are a man who needs the company of a gentle woman. We go to see my friend, the beautiful and gentle Candelaria Sanchez."

"Who is she?" asked Juan.

"My friend," said Diego.

Candelaria, of the euphonious name and coal-black eyes, was forty years old and she lived in a small house in a cottonwood flat along the river bed. That she carried the years lightly was a fact, as Diego said; that she was the wife of a sailor now overseas in the Navy was a fact which Diego honored by overlooking. It did not occur to Juan that Diego's acquaintances might not be his friends.

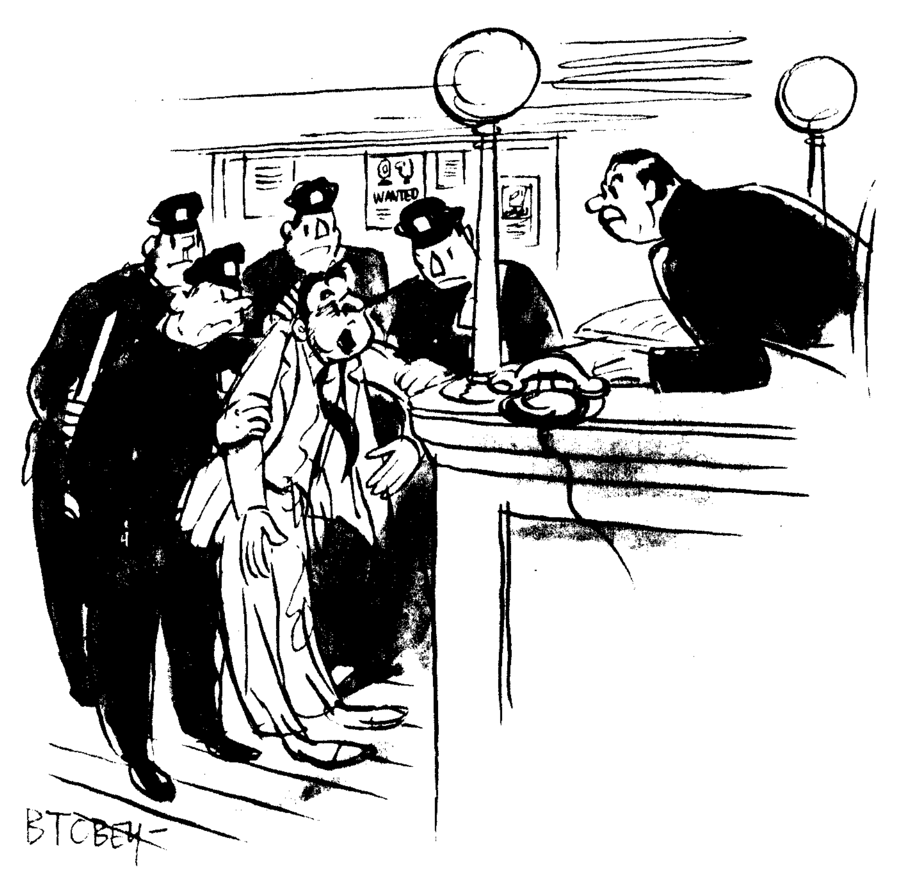
Upon their traversing the hanging gate to the yard of the small house, plump Candelaria suddenly materialized on the small porch, screaming numerous violent oaths and obscenities at Diego Padilla, all the invective being enmeshed in accusations that Diego Padilla had removed a young pullet from Candelaria's hen house upon his last visit there.

Diego was embarrassed by this incident but exerted great force of presence to the end that he called Candelaria's attention to the stranger present. Not wishing to appear a witch, Candelaria subsided, and the three of them entered the house. With a delicacy which aroused great admiration in Juan Contreras, Diego Padilla presently retired from the house, leaving the two new friends together in solitude. Diego proceeded to the other end of the village where Guadalupe, the eighteen-year-old daughter of a Mexican who owned a small walnut ranch, kept house for her father.

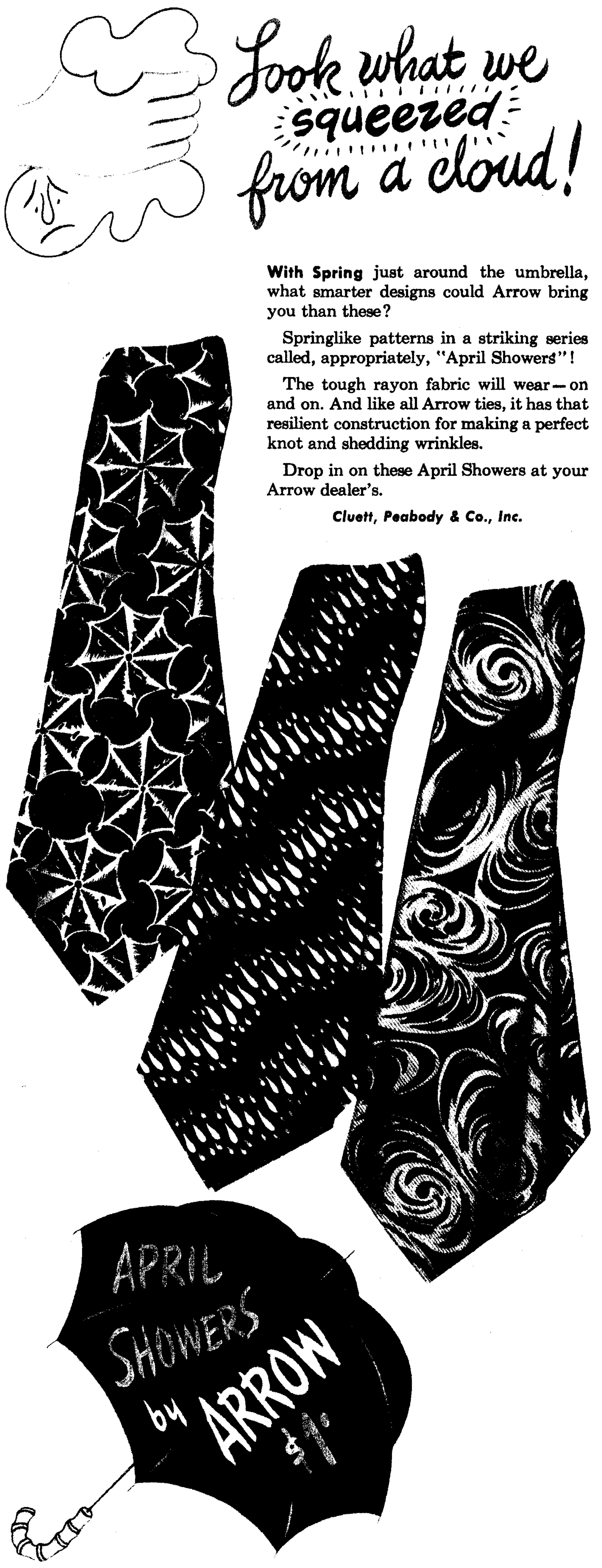
The two friends returned by separate routes to the barranca that night, and Juan Contreras knew he had made a deep and lasting thing of his friendship with Diego Padilla.

AFTER several days of Diego Padilla's second visit to the barranca two things occurred which had no obvious relationship to each other. Juan Contreras' largesse at entertaining his guest removed all his funds from the dirty money belt he wore about his waist; and the walnuts began to fall in Mistletoe County.

Juan Contreras preferred picking walnuts to threshing beans, simply because most of the *paisanos* did. It is reasonable that a man with a family should prefer walnut picking because he can augment his own strength with the energies of a wife and little ones;



COLLIER'S "You see, Captain, I've been arrested" BARNEY TOBEY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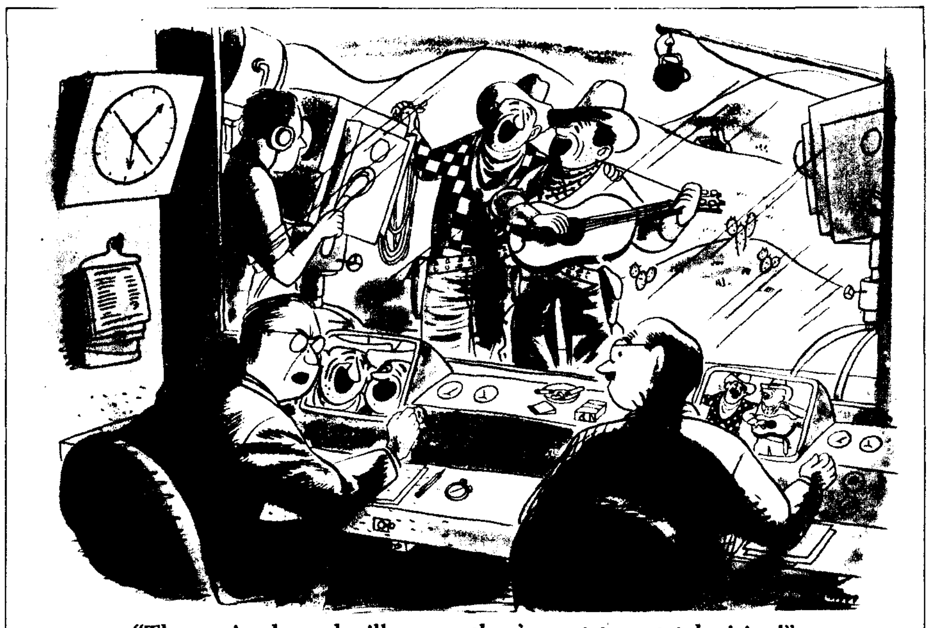


"They ruined vaudeville, now they're out to get television!"

COLLIER'S HANK KETCHAM

it is only a matter of picking the walnuts off the ground, hulling them and dropping them in the sack hanging to your belt. However, Juan Contreras had no family and therefore no reason for his preference; he could do as well threshing lima beans as picking walnuts.

By an involved process of reasoning, which occurred when he looked at Diego Padilla, Juan Contreras understood the meaning of the preference of the other *paisanos* for walnut picking. Juan began to cast a careful eye upon his guest, who was busily cutting in half the number of days on which Juan Contreras possessed money. If Diego could be inveigled to work, it would double the income in the barranca.

On the evening that the first *paisanos* were hired to pick walnuts at the Sidney Bergstrom ranch, Juan Contreras broached the subject of walnut picking. He erred completely in his approach, however, by indicating that he was going to involve Diego Padilla in work. The next morning Diego was gone.

In order to correct the mistakes he had made, Juan Contreras recognized that it was now a painful necessity that he go to work at once and let the fact be known among the *paisanos*, including estimated information as to when he would quit and receive his pay. Otherwise there would be no opportunity to regain his friend.

ON THE road to the Bergstrom ranch, he caused unusual interest in his affairs by greeting passing Mexicans and imparting the information that he was about to work at walnut picking for three days. The method was successful in bringing Diego back to the barranca and so on the second occasion Juan Contreras approached the subject from an altogether different point of view.

"That Rodriguez has a handsome wife," he remarked while the two friends drank the first returns from Juan's walnut picking.

"Rodriguez? I do not know him," Diego Padilla said listlessly.

"He is a *paisano* from Mistletoe," said Juan. "His wife is picking walnuts for Sidney Bergstrom. I spoke with her this evening when Rodriguez left the grove."

Juan observed Diego. Diego drank from the jug, wiped his mouth on his sleeve and said, "I shall bring you some wine to the grove at noon tomorrow, if there is any left."

"Sidney Bergstrom does not like visitors at his ranch," Juan said.

Juan then moved on to his second approach. "I know where a desirable house may be obtained for the winter months," he said. "Unfortunately I cannot obtain sufficient money to rent it by myself."

"Where is this house?" asked Diego.

"Near San Diego," said Juan.

"Does it rain there in winter?"

"No," said Juan.

"Then why do you need a house?"

Juan realized he had erred again. "It is well," he said, "to have a roof in winter."

This was an incontrovertible statement of fact, and Diego agreed.

Diego then demonstrated that he knew something about walnuts. "My friend," he said, "do you hull the walnuts you pick?"

"Yes, naturally," said Juan. "It is better money that way."

"Would it not be faster to pick up unhulled ones in such great numbers that one could make more money with less effort?"

"That is a possibility," said Juan.

Diego took the jug from Juan's hands and took a great pull until, in the firelight, Juan could see that it must soon be entirely gone.

Leaving a gentlemanly last portion for Juan, Diego Padilla wiped his mouth and said, "Tomorrow we shall try it. I shall pick unhulled walnuts."

"Good," said Juan before he fully understood he had won a great victory. "Very good indeed, my friend. We shall earn much money and get a house for the winter rains."

"But you shall pick and also hull the walnuts as in the past," Diego said, "until we discover the principles of this thing."

Juan agreed and, the jug being now empty, the friends lay down and slept.

If walnut pickers had not been at such a premium Sidney Bergstrom would have driven Diego Padilla off his ranch in the first hour of the only day that Diego was ever an employee of his. But to do so would mean that Sidney Bergstrom would lose also the services of the old one, Juan Contreras. He felt he could not afford it. On that first morning Diego interfered with other pickers, was caught reconnoitering the area around the Bergstrom kitchen and got into a violent quarrel with Rodriguez over an innocent flirtation with Rodriguez's handsome wife.

On the evening of that day Diego Padilla returned to the barranca at evening with Juan Contreras and lay down to sleep as usual. He was still there in the morning sound asleep but so also, beside him, were four sacks of hulled walnuts bearing the large oval stamp of the Bergstrom ranch.

"We shall be able to obtain that house at San Diego sooner than we planned," Diego said. "See, Guadalupe's father, the walnut rancher in Sicklesville, will buy these walnuts for twenty dollars. He will sell them with his crop for a handsome price and we shall all benefit."

Juan restrained the welling gratitude in his throat long enough to inquire, "How can we get them to Guadalupe's father?"

"I will go to the lemon camp today and purchase some different bags," said Diego Padilla. "I shall resume working tomorrow."

When Juan Contreras returned to the barranca that night, he had news. Sidney Bergstrom had counted his walnuts and discovered that four bags were missing. Sidney Bergstrom had gone into a fit about it and offered twenty-five dollars reward.

Diego Padilla accepted the news calmly. "Ranchers are dangerous people with respect to property," he said, and motioned toward the straw pallet. "I have brought three sacks."

"Three?" said Juan Contreras. "We have four sacks of walnuts."

"I was unable," said Diego Padilla, "to purchase a fourth sack today. I shall obtain it tomorrow at the lemon camp."

Juan Contreras dumped the three sacks of walnuts into the new bags and then put all four sacks under the straw pallet. They would raise the bed some inches off the ground and improve it perhaps, he thought.

THE next day, when Sidney Bergstrom, the rancher, returned from the town of Mistletoe shortly before noon, he drove his pickup truck into the yard behind his house. As he got out of the truck, he saw the *paisano* with the black hat coming up the driveway between the pepper trees.

Sidney Bergstrom had a sudden thought, which fully translated, was: Damned if here don't come my four sacks of walnuts.

Diego Padilla swept off his hat and half bowed. His crown of black hair glittered in the sun and he smiled a dignified restrained smile.

"Good morning, señor," said Diego.

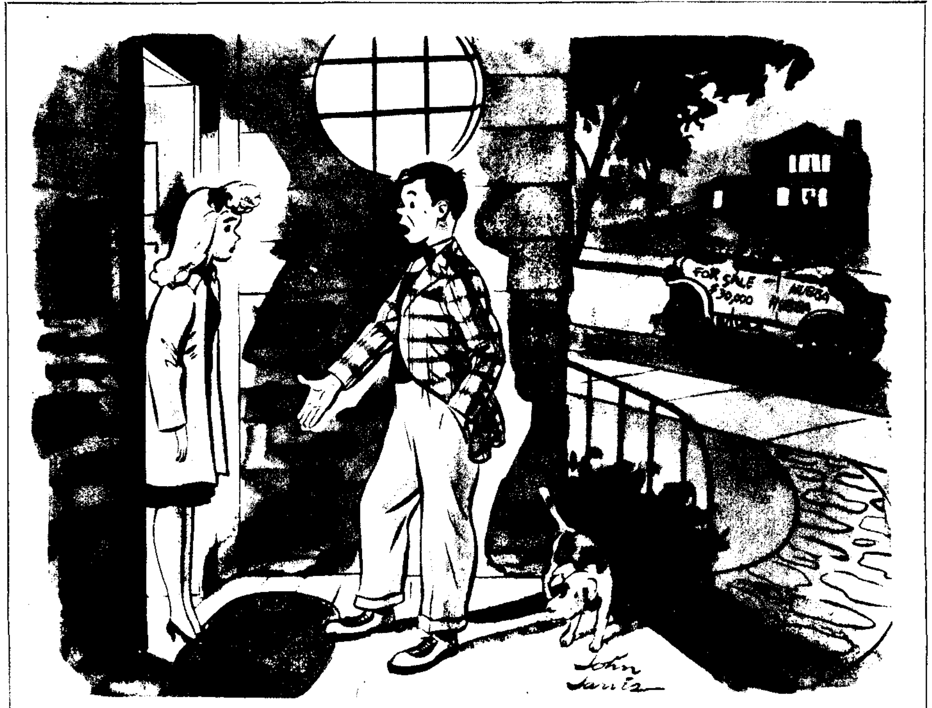
"What do you want?" asked Bergstrom.

The rancher was big and blond with wrinkles around his eyes and he had the calculating look of one who regards his property as being of the first interest.

"Señor," said Diego, "I regret that I have been unable to pick walnuts during these last two days as I have been ill."

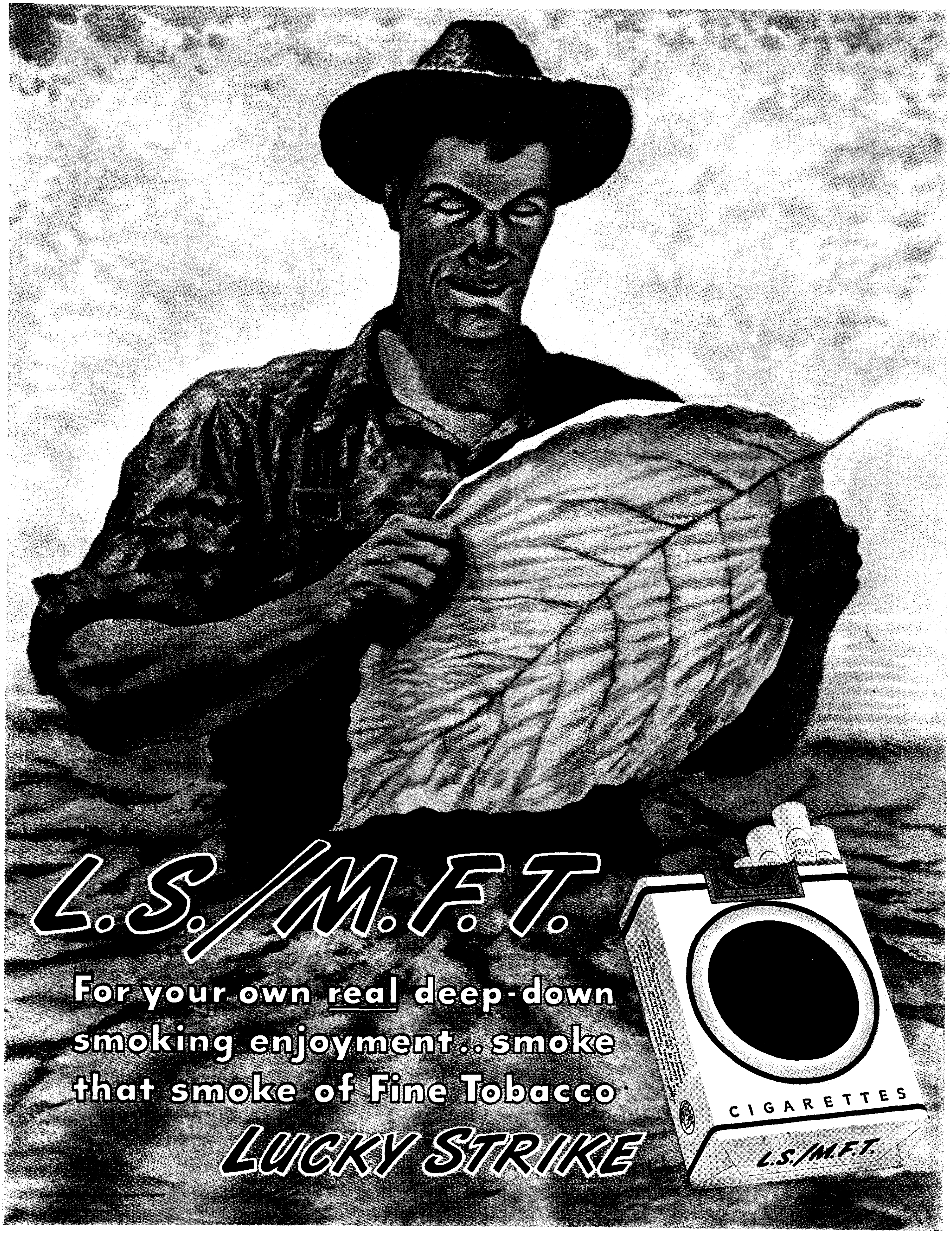
He coughed as if it were ample proof.

"Well, the walnut grove is right over there,"



"I had to come to the door to get you. My horn is out of order"

COLLIER'S JOHN JARVIS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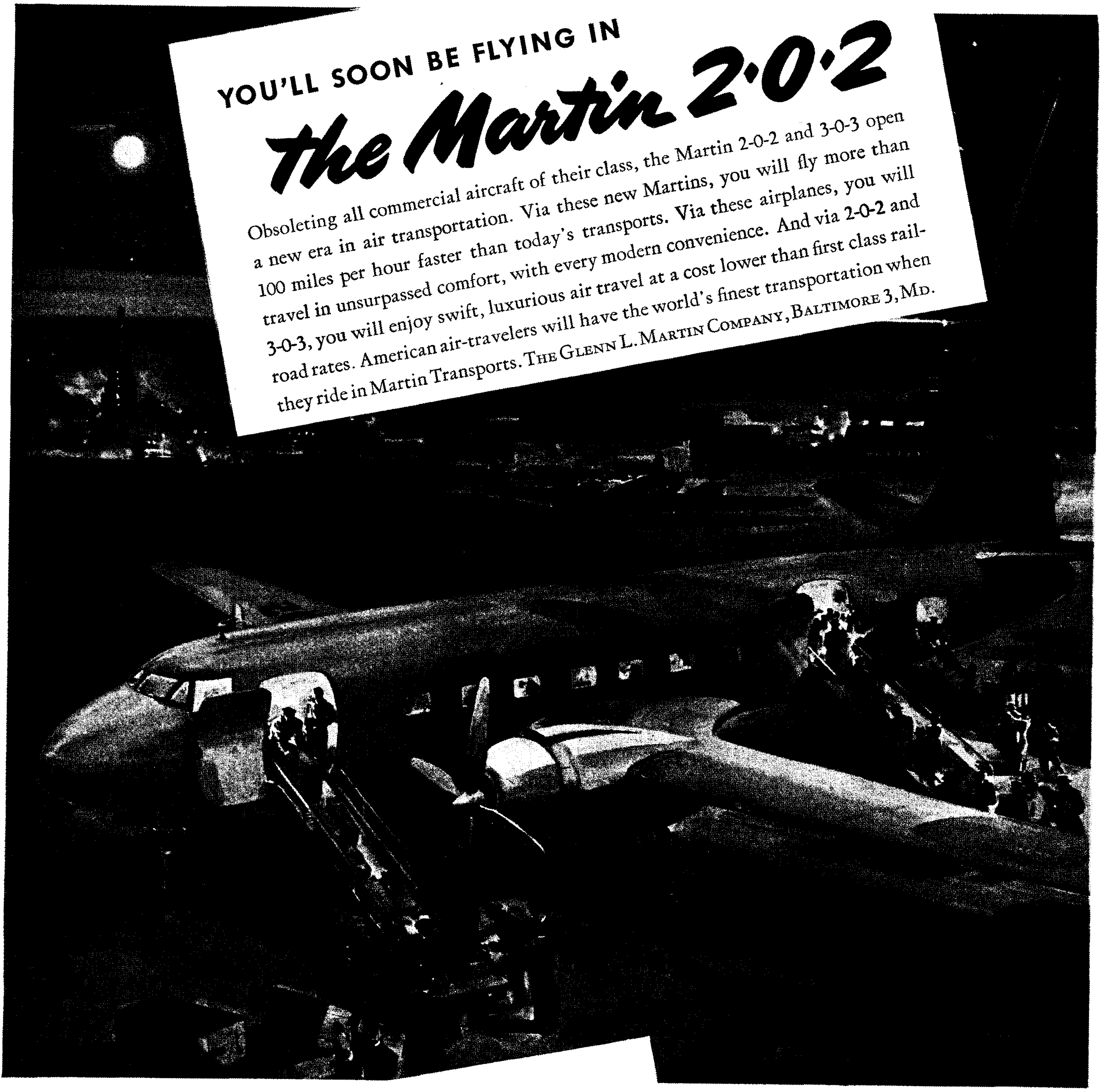

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said Sidney Bergstrom, pointing in the general direction.

Diego said, "I have heard, señor, of the reward. I have come to offer assistance."

Sidney Bergstrom was removing a bag of flour from the truck. He set the bag down on the tail gate and hopped down.

"So?" he said.

"I wish to help in finding your property," Diego said.

"You said that before, *paisano*," said Bergstrom.

Diego Padilla was not disturbed by Bergstrom's methods. He had anticipated trickery and so he continued his narrative in quiet dignity. "I have located the walnuts which you have lost," said Diego.

Bergstrom, with the kind of finality which these owners of property always exhibit, then abandoned his removal of the sack of flour. "In that case," he said, "we shall call the sheriff."

He jumped off the truck with every indication of going into the house to telephone. Diego Padilla acted swiftly.

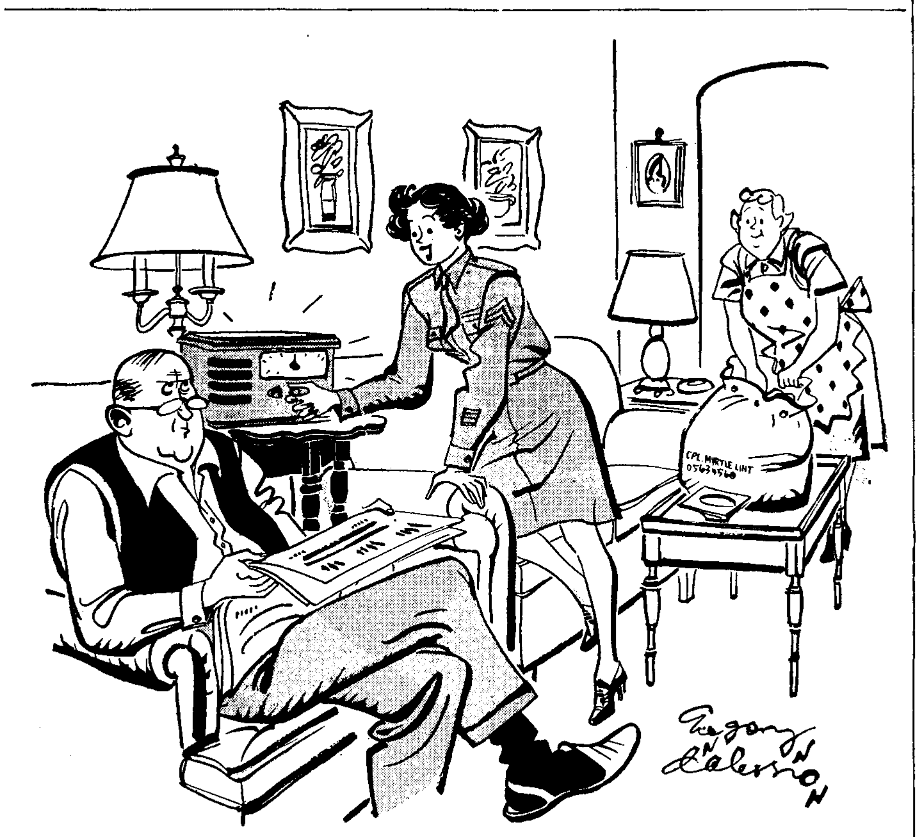
"Yes," he said to the retreating ranch owner, "the sheriff will go to the San Miguel barranca on the ranch of Mr. Ed Jones and there he will find the sacks in the camp of Juan Contreras."

Bergstrom turned and paused for a moment but he went on his way into the house without saying anything.

Who knows what then occurred in the heart of Diego Padilla? He felt that he would not be required for certain immediate effects of this mission which he had completed. So he sauntered down the driveway to the road where fortunately a passing truck picked him up and carried him to Sicklesville where he called on Guadalupe, the daughter of the old Mexican who kept the walnut grove in the village. He could call on Mr. Sidney Bergstrom later and collect the reward when the rancher was at leisure. These ranchers, what hurried people!

WELCOME HOME!

by GREGORY D'ALESSIO



"I didn't miss much while I was away—why, young Widder Jones still can't decide between Dr. Whiteside and Basil Bangheart!"

COLLIER'S

JUAN CONTRERAS left the walnut grove with the sheriff, saying nothing.

He rode all the way to the courthouse and the sheriff's office, saying nothing.

When he arrived at the sheriff's office, he sat down and waited for the inevitable questioning. All this was ancient to Juan Contreras.

The sheriff's office was a large, airy place and one could see the tops of poinsettia bushes outside weaving in the wind just above the level of the window sills.

The deputy sheriff was a tall, thin man with a rough, rancher face, very little flesh and a lively set of nerves under the skin. He had hurried too much, Juan thought.

The deputy sheriff had a method with Mexicans. "Awright," he said, "gimme the papers."

Juan did not understand any English that day. The interpreter came in, and Juan Contreras produced his birth certificate, showing again that he had been born and that the location was El Centro, California.

The deputy had a great many questions. Juan Contreras had one answer, "Who? Me?"

Presently the deputy sheriff became exhausted, and they put Juan Contreras in the cell block. It was suppertime, and Juan Contreras got a tray of beans. They were very hot, but lacked chili. Thus, with a full belly, Juan began to think about this case of the four sacks of walnuts. His cell was clean, but he found both bunks harder than the straw in the barranca. It was dry here, however, and the fog would be of no account.

It was a misfortune that he should be accused in this case. But one should not accept propositions of the sort in which he had involved himself. How had they found out where the bags were? Diego Padilla? Well, it was possible. Yes, very possible. It was a saddening thing.

Juan Contreras fell asleep wondering if Diego Padilla was occupying his straw pallet in the barranca.

About midnight when his sleep was at that black, delicious depth where one's body is prostrate in the deepest down, a great noise arose in the direction of the jailer's office down the corridor, the noise of a woman's voice.

Juan Contreras awoke slowly and with some faint, itching reaction to that voice in his breast. He came up to the liquid surface of his sleep slowly and broke through with the realization that he was hearing the voice of none other than Candelaria Sanchez, she of the wondrous eyes and the house in the village of Sicklesville.

Juan Contreras could hear the authority with which Candelaria belayed some wretch. "This pig . . . this beast . . ." and a number of obscenities.

A door opened down the corridor and there was the scuffle of hurrying feet. The feet stopped in front of Juan Contreras' cell, and someone entered, with sounds of being shoved. The stranger fumbled around for a moment, found a bunk as if he had some familiarity with the interior of the room, and lay down. When Juan Contreras awoke in the morning, he found his cellmate, Diego Padilla, sitting on the edge of his bunk, regarding him. Diego had a brown-green colored eye and several long cerise scratches on his golden cheeks.

JUAN lay looking at this phenomenal materialization and then shoved back the blanket and sat up. His friend, Diego Padilla, showed a sudden sign of fear in his eyes, but sat very still.

"My friend," said Juan Contreras, "you have been wounded."

The pale and unfamiliar flicker of tear passed from Diego Padilla's eyes. "That Candelaria!" he raged quietly.

"Not she?" said Juan Contreras. "I thought I heard her last night."

"One and the same," said Diego.

"She injured you, my friend, Diego?" Juan was concerned, but he was also deeply curious.

"No," said Diego. "That I could bear. That dog of a husband of hers is home from the Navy. He has obtained a vacation."

"Is he a large man?"

"No, but he is a tiger," said Diego.

Juan could not hold back longer. "Tell me of this incident," said Juan.

"It is very complicated," said Diego.

"I will bear with it," said Juan.

"This dog of a sailor cannot content himself with such a woman as Candelaria," said Diego. "He must also come to visit Guadalupe."

"Guadalupe of the Mexican walnut ranch?"

"One and the same. He must come there and create a great disturbance. Candelaria hears of this thing and hurries to Guadalupe's house. She finds us. Does she beat this dog of a sailor? No, she must attack me with a great club. She must get that dog of a sailor to help. The sheriff fetches me."

"I knew this about women," said Juan Contreras. "It is a great misfortune."

"This Candelaria, she must obtain a car and follow me here. She screams that I am an unfaithful dog and many names. And before the sweet Guadalupe, daughter of the Mexican of the walnut ranch. So all is lost as regards Guadalupe."

"Sometimes," said Juan Contreras, "it is better to be here."

Diego Padilla slumped on the edge of the cot. "Because of this, we shall have to wait to obtain the house near San Diego."

Juan Contreras lay back upon his bunk. He said, "They have taken the four sacks of walnuts. The house is gone."

"I shall, however, collect the reward," said Diego Padilla.

Juan Contreras remembered suddenly and sat up again on the bunk. "I do not understand this thing," he said warily.

Diego Padilla prepared himself for the most devastating delivery of logic that even he could ever remember. "My friend," he said, "for the walnuts that stinking rancher, Guadalupe's father, would pay twenty dollars. Señor Sidney Bergstrom now owes me twenty-five dollars for the information I gave."

DIEGO PADILLA did not specify the indelicate details of the information. He paused to measure his next step and then plunged into it.

"Twenty-five dollars are five more than twenty dollars," he said. "I shall bring the money to you, my friend. You will get out after Christmas, and will rent the house near San Diego. I shall come there."

Juan Contreras looked at his friend in wonder. Then the wonder was suffused with the warm and mellowing inner fluid of friendship.

Who is to say that Diego Padilla did not intend this from the beginning?

Who is to judge the motives of a friend?

A solemn and solitary tear gathered in the inner corner of each of Juan Contreras' eyes, as he sat there on the cell bunk.

THE END

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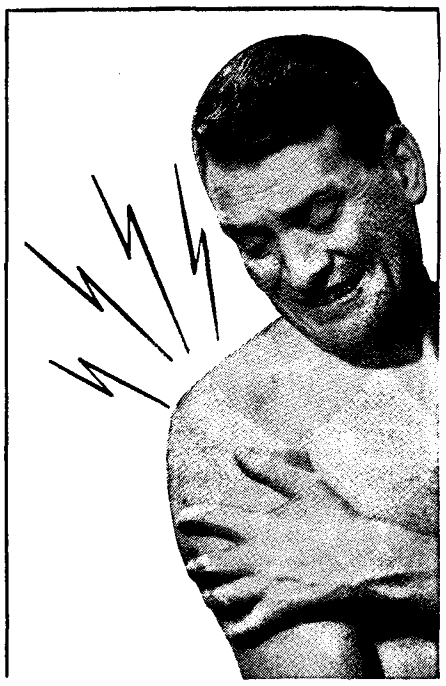

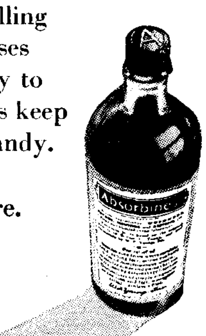

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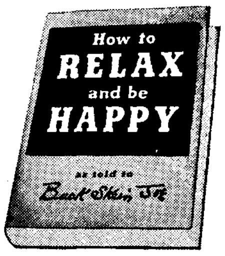


Our Army Is Undemocratic

Continued from page 21

becomes gross and unjustified when exercised by those who fail in their responsibilities, or abuse their privileges. But privilege is necessary in the maintenance of a good officer corps, and a good officer corps is necessary to an efficient army.

An efficient army will inevitably be "undemocratic." In the past there has been experimenting with democracy in armies. Where this has been done on any considerable scale, the results have been dismal. The Civil War elective-officer system, for example, was most unsatisfactory.

Possibly the most considerable reforms made in modern times in officer-men relations were made by the Red Army during and after the first World War. The Soviets made a drastic attempt to form an "egalitarian army" (which is really what the reformers are asking for when they say "democratic army"). They even abolished the salute and titles of rank. Due to the complete failure of these theories, which obtained in large part during the Finnish War, the Red Army reinstituted the age-old perquisites of rank. It was, at the close of business on V-J Day, probably more rank-conscious than any other of the principal armies, with the possible exception of the German army.

Democratic armies are simply not efficient and disciplined; and inefficiency and indiscipline mean lost battles and high casualties.

The paramount need of an army is discipline. Any other advantage it possesses in matériel or ideas or position is of greatly lessened value without discipline. That saying—an army without discipline is just an armed mob—is hackneyed. Yet it is very, very true.

People in armies are required to do some very dangerous things, at least some very unpleasant ones; and the conditions of work are frequently such—under shelling and so on—that intelligent reasoning power is not always available. Commanders must have confidence that their orders are being carried out, that other units and other soldiers likewise have that confidence. Soldiers generally don't like attacking machine-gun positions. They like it even less if they aren't sure that the other platoon is taking care of its job.

Easy to Criticize Assignments

Human beings, especially soldiers, can easily rationalize any unpleasant job assigned them as stupid and unnecessary. And the temptation to do so, especially when life is at stake, is very great. Therefore, no matter how offensive the concept is to free-thinking people, obedience is the paramount military virtue.

Now the kind of discipline that is necessary in an army is very difficult to attain. It must be made into a habit, as close to automatic reaction as possible. This takes drill, a continuing demand for precise performance, and an over-all employment of psychology that secures respect, not for individuals, but for authority per se. That's hierarchical, that's totalitarian, perhaps. But experience convinces me that it is necessary to an efficient, disciplined army.

First-rate, high-quality officers are essential to good discipline. "There are no such things as good regiments and bad regiments," said Napoleon, "there are only good colonels and bad colonels!" An example I remember was B Company, 143d Infantry, which, under poor commanders, was an undisciplined, inefficient unit. But when my friend, Henry Waskow (whom Ernie Pyle wrote about in Brave Men and who became the prototype for the captain in the movie Story of G.I. Joe) took it over, with practically the same personnel, it became an exceptionally good rifle company.

Generally speaking, a company of average Americans from Indiana, Brooklyn and Texas is about the same as one composed of Iowans, Californians, and state of Maine men. The difference in performance is the difference in command.

I have sat on court-martial boards where I was sure that the defendant, if he had been in F Company, instead of G Company under poor officers, would not have been up for "Misbehavior Before the Enemy." The men who were sentenced for cowardice were frequently no poorer spirited than those who got through with honor. But they were in outfits where the weak were not encouraged by resolute officers to hold on, where poor leadership engendered a general lack of confidence. The absolute requirement, for the sake of the soldiers, for the sake of the mission, is good leadership.

It seems to me unintelligent, therefore, to adopt a program of inducing a large numerical enlistment, and overlook the need for inducing the kind of leadership to which these troops are entitled. In fact, the would-be reformers are doing worse than that. They are trying to diminish the prestige of leadership.

Proponents of a democratic army themselves recognize that the pay scale does not supply the significant difference in rank. For instance, the difference in the responsibilities of an average first lieutenant and an average sergeant is not, and could not be, measured by a difference in pay. Indeed, a flying-status sergeant can take home monthly more pay than an infantry or tank lieutenant.

During this war we had Replacement Depots, "Repple Depples," through which came our replacements, officers and men. During much of the war, most of those Repple Depples democratically treated officer replacements like enlisted men. The officers stood in the chow lines with them, policed their own quarters and area, and generally had neither privileges nor responsibilities.

When we got them, their confidence in themselves, their belief in their authority and duty, had been sadly dissipated, except for those considerably above average in character and intelligence. Especially was this true of second lieutenants who of all people needed confidence and belief in their authority, for they worked under the most critical conditions and made the decisions which were the toughest to follow.

If you treat a lieutenant like a corporal, don't expect more than a corporal's work from him, and don't impose more than a corporal's responsibilities on him. (Not that this didn't happen, too, unfortunately.) The outfits that really got results not only treated lieutenants like officers, but also treated sergeants and corporals like N.C.O.s, and in consequence these in turn performed like N.C.O.s instead of like privates.

I wish familiarity did not usually breed contempt, but it does—or at least it breeds reservations. You can spin this out in fine logic all you want, but experience is what counts. There are a few men who can lead their units well without benefit of bars or leaves while on intimate terms with their men (usually picked troops). But there are very few. And such sad things happen when ordinary average officers, commanding ordinary average troops, try to emulate them.

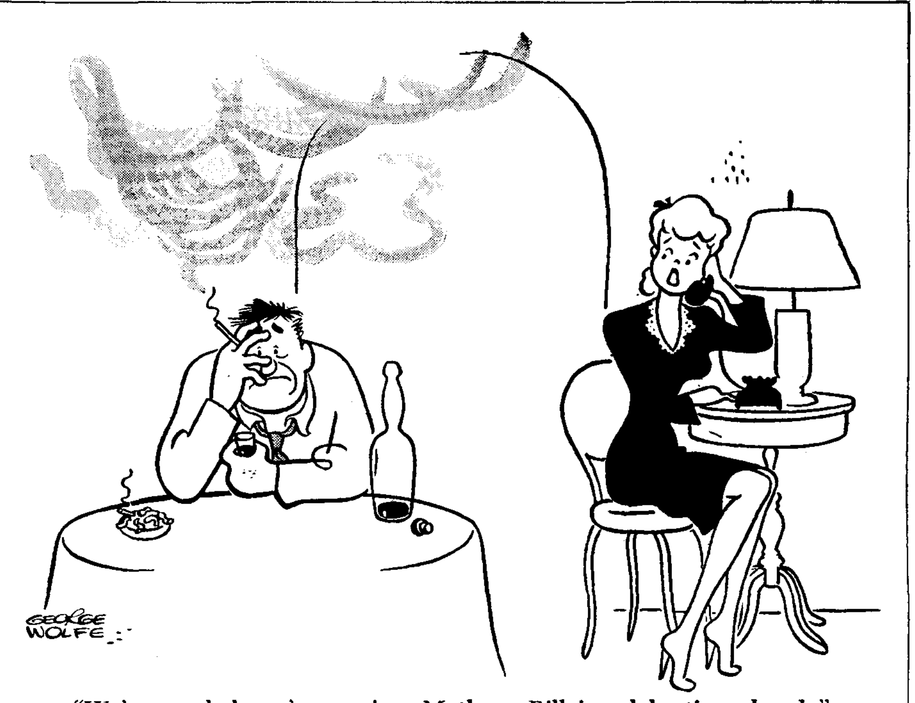
A lot of nonsense has been written about "going to hell for the Old Man; he's a regular guy." Men are almost never willing to die for another man; in fact most men are reluctant to die for a woman, for anything. They will move in jeopardy of death, however, if they have been disciplined to obey average men carrying the President's commission and the right to order their movement in those dangerous places. But if this same average man is their buddy and seeks to enlist his following on a personal basis, there is so often an embarrassing disinclination to follow. That is fact, not theory.

The Basis of Comradeship

People have been misled by what they believe to be the informality of officers and men at the front. I have slept many times with a sergeant or private, and squatted down to chow with him over the same fire. And it is true that there is not much saluting at the front. But both officers and enlisted men recognize that their familiarity at the front is only a matter of practical convenience, and that the deep comradeship comes from shared dangers. There is an affection of captain for sergeant that the captain would never feel for a rear-echelon officer. But—and I realize this is a difficult concept for the uninitiate to grasp—the relationship still is not personal, and both of them, good soldiers, understand that it would not be fair to the other men of the officer's command if it were personal.

The captain's decisions are difficult enough, without his having to worry how his orders may affect his friends. Those who receive the orders should not have to wonder how much influence friendship played. Even a suspicion of favoritism is sufficient to wreck an organization.

Furthermore, under the regulations an officer is charged with an almost complete responsibility for his troops. He should be distracted by no personal worries. I remember a lieutenant bragging about digging his own foxhole. And I remember what the Battalion C.O., who was the most courageous and most effective battlefield commander I ever saw, said to this lieutenant: "Lieutenant, did you check the dispositions of your troops before you dug that hole? Did you see that the machine guns were tied in? Did you check your contact on your flanks? Had you assured yourself about ammunition? Had you taken care of feeding arrangements for the night, seen that the rolls were brought up, the water? Did you check on your communications? Did you . . . ?"



"We're so glad you're coming, Mother—Bill is celebrating already"

COLLIER'S GEORGE WOLFE

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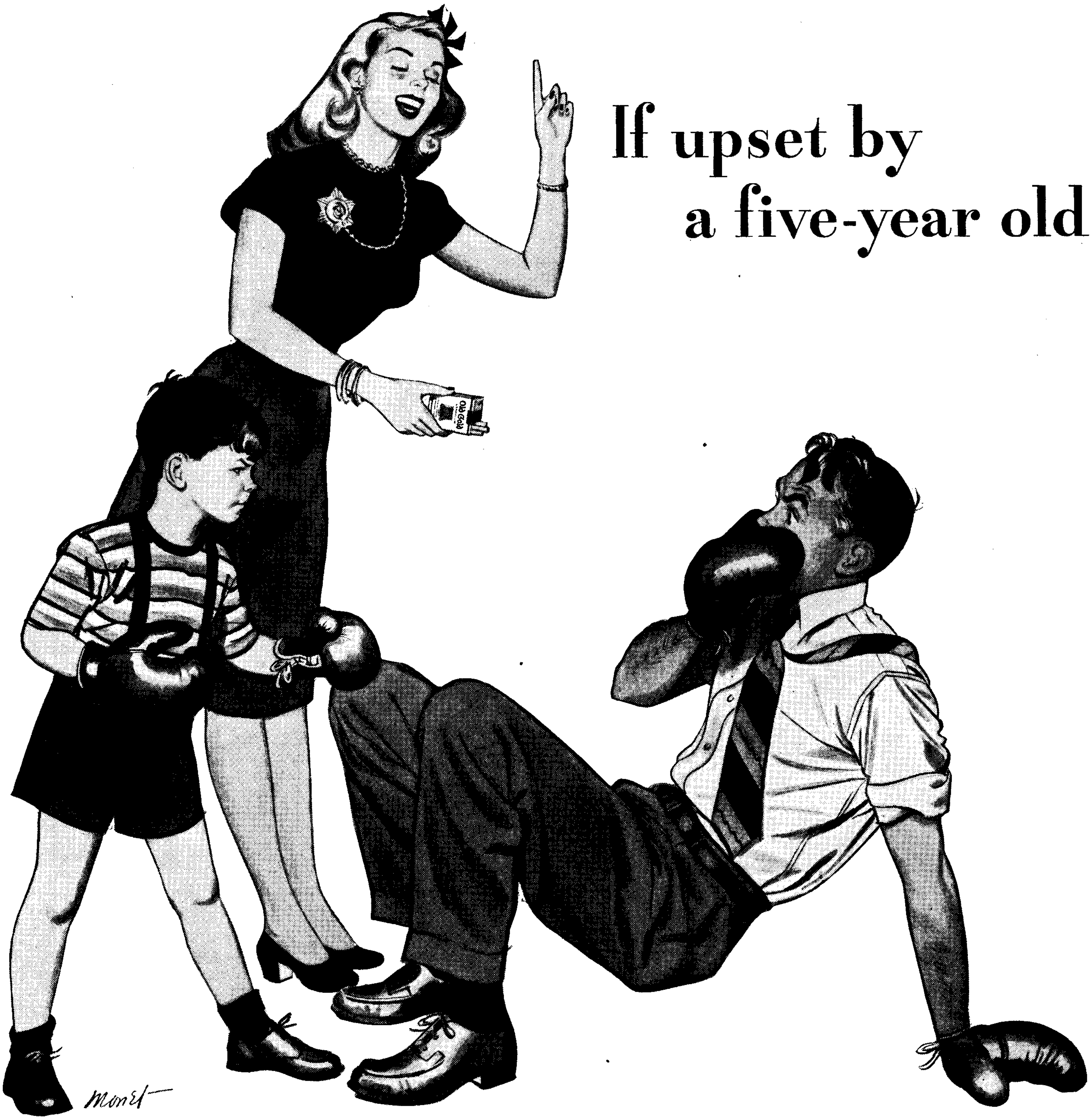
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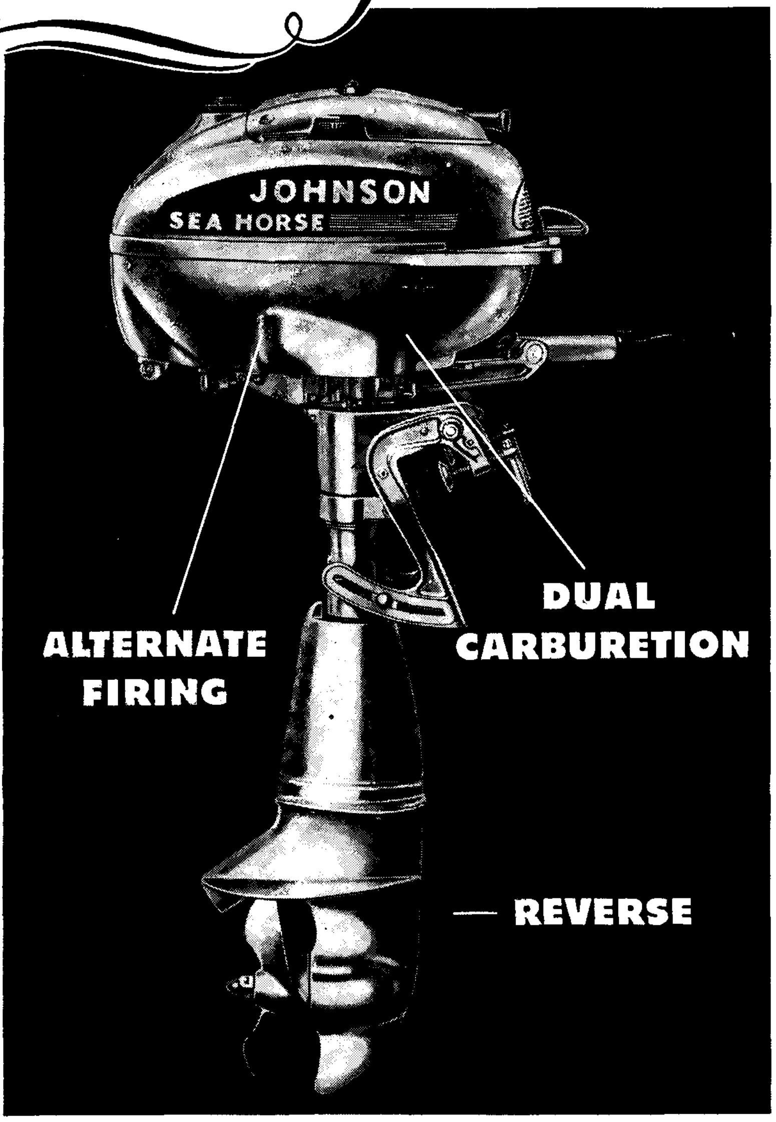

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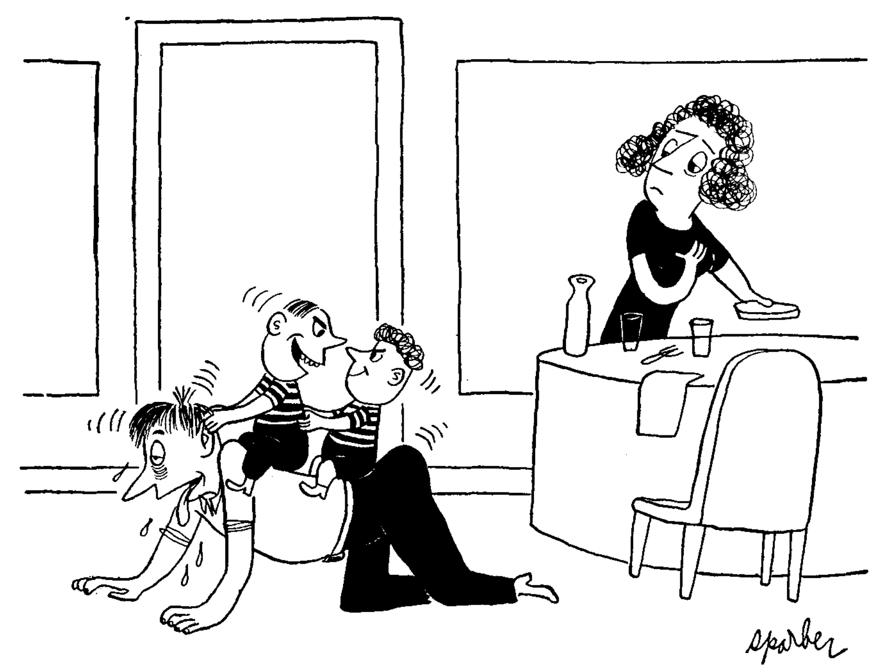


"I think the old man's ready for the glue factory"

COLLIER'S HOWARD SPARBER

The lieutenant had not done these things, nor could he have done them and still dig his hole. *His job was to take care of his men.* In the military concept, which actually is, I suppose, "feudalistic," it is therefore desirable and proper that his men take care of him. And seasoned troops do see that their officers are relieved of personal annoyances.

An officer is entitled to go to the theater occasionally. If there were no reserved seats, he would stand in line. Superficially it may appear that it is doing the army a great deal of good to ask the colonel to spend the same annoying hour or so of waiting and shuffling that the private undergoes. Realistically, if the army asks its colonel to assume a colonel's responsibilities during duty hours, and then treats him like a private off duty, the army will suffer from a lack of high-grade colonels, because the pay differential alone will not be justification enough for many good men.

It is a very good idea to have separate bar and hotel facilities for officers and men. Otherwise you have a most undesirable competition in them. You have officers constantly considering when the interests of discipline require them to intervene in minor disorders; men either overrunning the officers or uncomfortable in their presence.

Enlisted men enjoy themselves a good deal more without the brass around. What makes them sore, and justifiably so, is officers failing to provide adequate facilities for them, forgetting the principle that the welfare of the troops comes first.

I went back for a three-day rest to Naples during the 1943-44 Italian winter campaign. At the rest camp there, the officers had a relatively good mess. The men were required to stand in long lines in the rain to get their chow, and then did not even have tables outside to eat on. That was inexcusable, and I so reported to my commanding officer.

Nor did I think it proper in the Delta Base Section area around Marseille that considerable labor and materials should go into construction of officers' clubs and facilities before adequate provision had been made for the troops.

In the really good army outfits, at least as far forward as regimental CPs, visiting officer journalists were much more likely to be saluted than in front of their own rear-echelon officers. Regimental staff officers were given a great deal, comparatively speaking, of the limited comforts available. And the performance in those outfits was way beyond that in headquarters characterized by more egalitarian conditions.

In rest and training areas, or when just in reserve a kilometer or so behind the lines, battalion and company headquarters of really first-rate fighting units showed more military courtesy, more respect for authority, and less superficial camaraderie between different ranks than was found either in poorer combat organizations or in rear-echelon areas. Back in the base section we were amazed at the informality between officers and men; we were amazed also at the officers' widespread failure to discharge their responsibilities to their troops, and at their preoccupation with their privileges, with easy living; and we were shocked at the lack of discipline and efficiency.

It is extremely unlikely that discipline and efficiency could have been secured there by abolishing segregation in bars and hotel, and by similar equalizing measures. But if officers had been held to a high standard of performance, relieved and court-martialed for failure to discharge their responsibilities, if troops' welfare had been given first consideration, and just, firm officer-administration insured, I believe there would have been a marked improvement in discipline and efficiency. Experience of other units in generations of soldiering proves it.

Good Officer Corps a "Must"

In so far as court-martial reform is concerned, here again there was no doubt a great deal wrong, but very little that cannot be corrected by having a good instead of an indifferent-to-poor officer corps. Enlisted men possessing the characteristics desirable for members of a court-martial are certainly eligible for commissioning, and should be.

I propose, therefore, that we do our enlisted men the very considerable and necessary service of giving them officers who will lead them intelligently and fairly. They will get far more under good officers who enjoy special privileges than under indifferent ones with none.

If officer privileges and distinctions are abolished, it is possible that, for a while, we will get more enlistments, but we shall certainly have an even poorer-quality officer, and so, necessarily, a poorer-quality army.

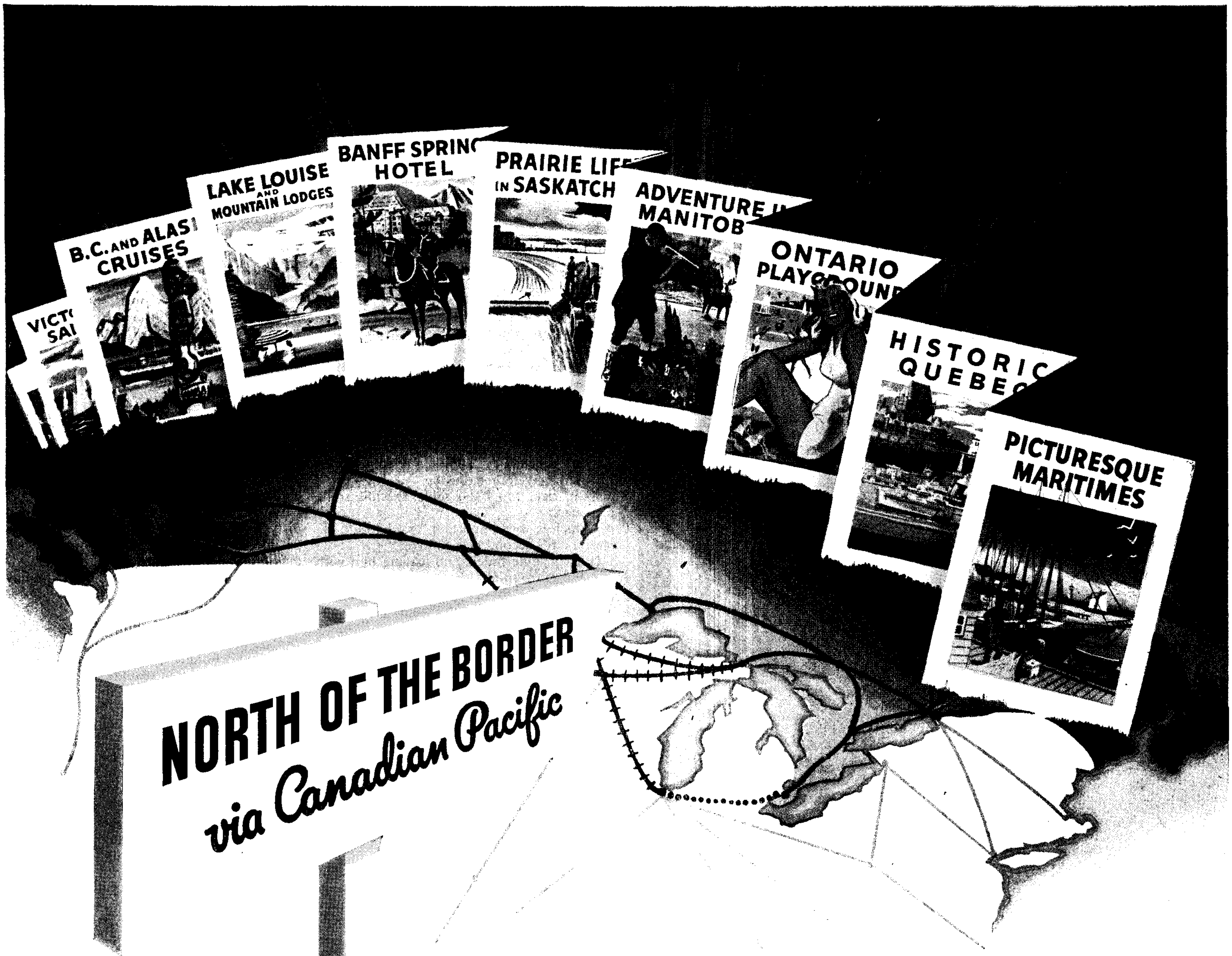
The remedy is in careful selection and training of officer personnel, increasing the prestige and privileges of rank, sternly demanding that responsibilities be discharged and ruthlessly eliminating the unfit.

In short, rather than abolish privileges, make them be earned. Instead of eliminating distinctions, demand that those distinctions make sense in practice.

But above all, let us not predicate any of our planning for our military establishment on the assumption that we can get good soldiering or good fighting from people who are in the service because they think it is an "easy go." Let us rather make conditions such that good men can justify themselves in serving, and realize that the best results will come from people who know that their job is a hard and not-too-pleasant one, but a necessary public service, honored as such.

The alternative, a large mercenary standing army of specially induced volunteers, would be a miserably undemocratic solution.

THE END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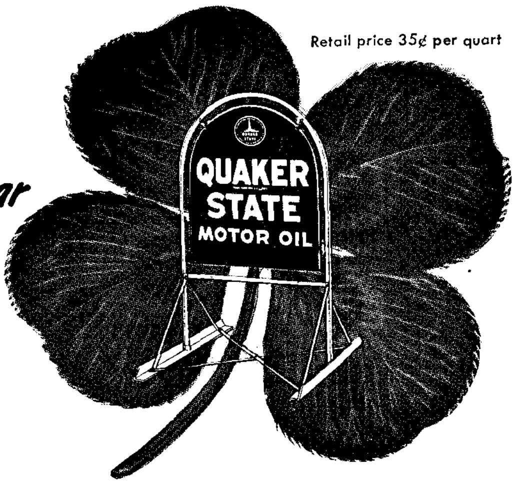

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Bide Your Time

Continued from page 15

tall dark and civilian if that's what you hope. It was just Bonnie."

"Oh. I thought you didn't like Bonnie any more."

"That was in my holier-than-thou mood. Bonnie's all right."

"Well—"

Judith started up the stairs. She said, "I'm going to her house for dinner tomorrow night."

"Now I ask you," said Mrs. Brant to no one in particular.

WITH just a touch of long-forgotten excitement, Judith got ready for her shower the next evening. There was even a decent dress which she had hardly worn, a brown dress with glitter around the neck. She had been miserly, putting practically all the imposing amount of money she had made at the factory into War Bonds, but the brown dress was the best thing she had ever owned.

"He's nuts about me," she said to David's picture on the highboy. David's half-smile remained unchanged. Judith hurriedly slipped into her terrycloth bathrobe.

"And rich, too," she said. David's smile deepened.

"Which is very important," said Judith severely. "It's second best to love."

David's smile faded, and leaving him with something to think about, Judith went to take her bath. . . .

Dad was home with the old sedan by the time she was ready, and he whistled like any wolf as she came down the stairs. Long hair parted on the side above her wide white forehead, Judith's shield-shaped face was colorless except for the vivid lipstick. And the brown dress was just right.

"I'd better cable David," said Dad.

"Ha," said Judith. "Maybe it's true that there are just as good fish in the sea—" and laughed to show she did not mean it, because Dad looked genuinely worried. She kissed him, leaving a red mouth on his cheek, which she did not mention. Nor did her mother, who winked at her.

She knew where Bonnie's house was, and drove through better and better streets until she came to the pink stone elegant little job. Bonnie's house was not much bigger than the Brants', but it was much, much more expensive.

Opening the door Claude looked at her sternly. He allowed her to come in. Stocky, but not overweight, with only threads of white in his black hair, Claude wasn't a bit old. Not much more than forty. And he had a nice smile, warm and sincere, when he at last allowed himself to smile at Judith.

"Well, Judith Brant," he said, "for one of Bonnie's best friends you have a very peculiar way of treating us. You two kids never see each other any more—and this is the first time you've been in this house—"

"Gee, Claude, I never go any place—"

"Don't pick on her," cried Bonnie, whirling into the hall in a long angel-white dinner dress, her red hair piled high with golden combs. They both helped Judith off with her best coat, cloth trimmed with beaver, and Bonnie squeezed her arm hard as she led the way down two steps into the living room.

The lovely Mrs. Evans, whose picture was always in the paper for French relief or postwar civic planning or something, nodded pleasantly from the sofa as Judith was introduced. Judith did not care anything about gray eyes that were startling in a dark face, and hair as black as ravens' wings. What she liked was that Mrs. Evans wore a green wool dress and street pumps, so that Judith's short brown crepe was all right.

Maynard Yates, standing beside Mrs. Evans, put his cocktail glass down and came toward Judith at once. There was no surprise in his manner, so he must have known she was coming. And right away he began a new thing for them by taking both her hands. He had never taken more than one before.

Tall, with a thick cap of brown hair, Maynard did not look old enough to have so many little lines around his eyes. Judith had forgotten how kind his blue eyes were, how attractive he was.

"I thought I must have dreamed you up," said Maynard. "Especially when I heard you had actually gone back to school."

"Well," laughed Judith, "I had to do something." She felt suddenly silly and shy. Probably he wasn't nuts about her at all, and she had brushed him off with fine large gestures last fall, and he was more attractive than she remembered.

Releasing one hand only, Maynard drew her to a chair on the opposite side of the fireplace from where the Widow Evans sat. He stood between them, on the hearth, his cocktail in his hand, talking to both of them until Claude brought Judith a drink.

Claude stopped beside Mrs. Evans so that Maynard could kick a puffy footstool near Judith's chair and sit on it. Smiling at him over her glass, Judith took the smallest sip possible. Bonnie came along, carrying a tray of exquisite carved-looking canapés, and with a pretty flourish presented them to Judith. Bonnie grinned. Judith grinned back. It was not her idea of a party, with no phonograph going, and everyone sitting on the right things instead of arms of chairs or the floor. But if Bonnie could indicate that she remembered when she used to thrust a bowl of popcorn or potato chips at the gang, then Judith could go along with her.

With complete amiability, and not a single dirty look for Judith, Mrs. Evans talked to Claude. But, of course, when you have been a beautiful woman for years and years you know how to deal with everything—you have poise and patience, and in the end you get what you want, unless . . .

His kind eyes on Judith, Maynard talked easily about college, and about a trip that Claude and Bonnie were planning as soon as the State Department would once more allow its citizens to travel around the world. Then, just as easily, he asked her how David was (his name *was* David, wasn't it?), and if he was still out of the country? Judith said he was fine, adding after a slight pause that David was still out of the country. Maynard said sincerely that things had been tough for her and the other kids her age and he was glad to see her here, tonight. It made him think, said Maynard, looking into his glass, that she might have given up the idea of being a hermit.

"Who ever said I wanted to be one?" cried Judith gaily.

This seemed to give Maynard more satisfaction than was logical, and he smiled and took her glass. "They're really good," he said, "but you're no better at drinking cocktails than I remember you."

CHIMES played softly someplace in the house. Claude put the crystal shaker down and went into the hall. He came back accompanied by a boy who was about six feet three, with a pink-and-white baby face which was far too young for the mask of hardness that sat insecurely upon it.

"Darned nice of you to ask me, Mr. Fields," he was saying, and then, "Hello, Bonnie," as she went up to him.

"Hi, Oz," said Bonnie and took him around the room. She had plans to draw him away from Judith, the last one to be introduced, but Oz stood stubbornly, his feet glued to the rug. Bonnie gave in and left them together. Folding up like a pocket ruler the boy sat down on the pouf. With a rueful glance at Judith, Maynard Yates went away.

"What's your first name?" asked the boy.

"Judith. And yours is Oswald." She grinned.

"Fierce, isn't it?" said Oswald and grinned back.

Taking the cocktail which Claude brought him at once, Oz tasted it and crossed his eyes. Claude was gone, and Judith giggled. She said in a low voice, "They're supposed to be super."

"Melt your teeth," muttered Oz. He put his cocktail down on the pale blue rug where anyone could knock it over, took a cigarette from a silver box on the table and passed her one. With a worn lighter which had seen active service, he lighted both their cigarettes.

"What do you do?" he asked. "Just buzz around or work at a job or what?"

"I'm back at the university," Judith said.

"I had two years to go when I left to work in a factory. Now I'm a junior, and I ought to be an old grad."

"You fell for that line, huh? Go back and finish, take up where you left off—as though you hadn't lost two or three of the best years of your life."

"I never thought of it that way," said Judith hotly. "I was glad to—"

"Sure, sure. We were all delighted to do our share, shoulder the burden, keep the old flag from touching the ground. But it wasn't what we'd have chosen, was it? They say, 'You're still young. Complete your courses now or start new ones', as though the time for that hadn't gone by. *They* took that time away from us. And they can't give it back."

Startled by the bitterness in his voice, Judith looked at him. "Well, goodness," she said resentfully, "you talk as though you were a hundred—"

"Sometimes I feel it. That's why I can't waste any more time. There's good money around and I want some of it, lots of it. I'll be on my way to the top when all these returned heroes finally get their sheepskins and start looking around for a job, any kind of a job. And believe me, they'll grab what they can get two or three years from now."

Two or three years from now. By the time David came back, by the time he completed his course at the university which no one could keep *him* from doing, he'd have to grab any kind of job. . . .

Oz rescued his cocktail from the floor and drank half of it. Cheered by his teeth melting, he said in a lighter voice, "Bonnie's a good egg, and smart. She a friend of yours?" It was as natural for him to say Bonnie as it was to say Mr. Fields.

"Yes. We were—well, best friends, I guess, but," said Judith a little guiltily, "I haven't seen much of her lately."

They looked across the room at Bonnie. Claude was mixing more cocktails, and Bonnie stood beside him, one arm loosely around his shoulders. She was in his way, and Claude liked it and saw to it that her arm stayed there. Bonnie was laughing. You could not look at Bonnie and doubt that she was happy. She had never been gayer nor prettier, and she wallowed in this lovely gilded cage of hers.

"You could have knocked me over with a feather when I first realized she was Mr. Fields' wife," said Oz and stopped. As though she had heard him Bonnie turned and came across the room to them.

"You two," she said, "you're talking about me—and it better be good."

Oz stood up, but Bonnie pushed him back and sat down on the arm of Judith's chair, her empty glass in her hand.

"Carry on," she said and when they laughed she looked at them in mock resentment.

"I'd go out in the kitchen," she said, "and see how dinner is coming, only Hilda would throw something at me—the dinner probably."

"Don't do it," said Oz. "I'm starved."

Here we sit, thought Judith, the three of us that the rest of them call kids, on one side of the room, and the three—well, older ones on the other. Like teams.

BONNIE, it seemed, having chosen not to wait, now had everything. She had forgotten Ray Thorpe and the delirious way they had been in love, quarreling with gusto so that they could forgive rapturously, becoming distracted and watchful if they were separated for five minutes at a party, gazing at each other for long, bemused minutes. She had forgotten those things and she could not be happier.

The new batch of cocktails was ready and Bonnie slid off the arm of the chair and went to meet Claude. Saying something to his young wife, Claude laughed, and she laughed as he filled her glass. It was none of Judith's business that Bonnie, who used to drink only milk or Coke, was on her third or fourth cocktail.

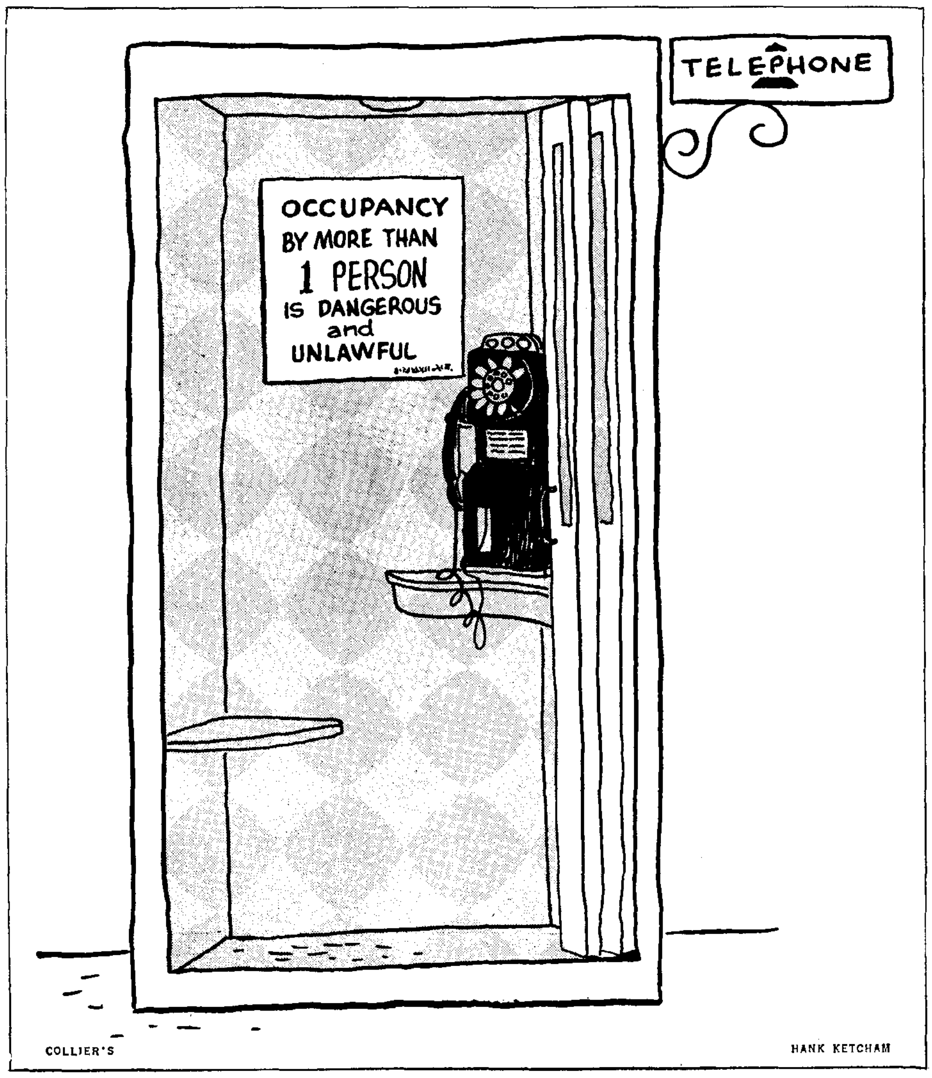
Looking capable of throwing things, Hilda announced glumly that dinner was served. Bonnie herded them into the dining room.

At the table the talk was about the state of the world, the kind of winter it was, and about movies and books and music.

"But I have it at home," said Mrs. Evans positively. Somebody had mentioned an arrangement of a musical comedy and a well-known band leader. "I play it all the time. His is by far the best one."

In one voice Bonnie and Judith and Oz cried that she couldn't have, that that particular band leader never made medleys, he wouldn't touch them.

Mrs. Evans laughed charmingly. She must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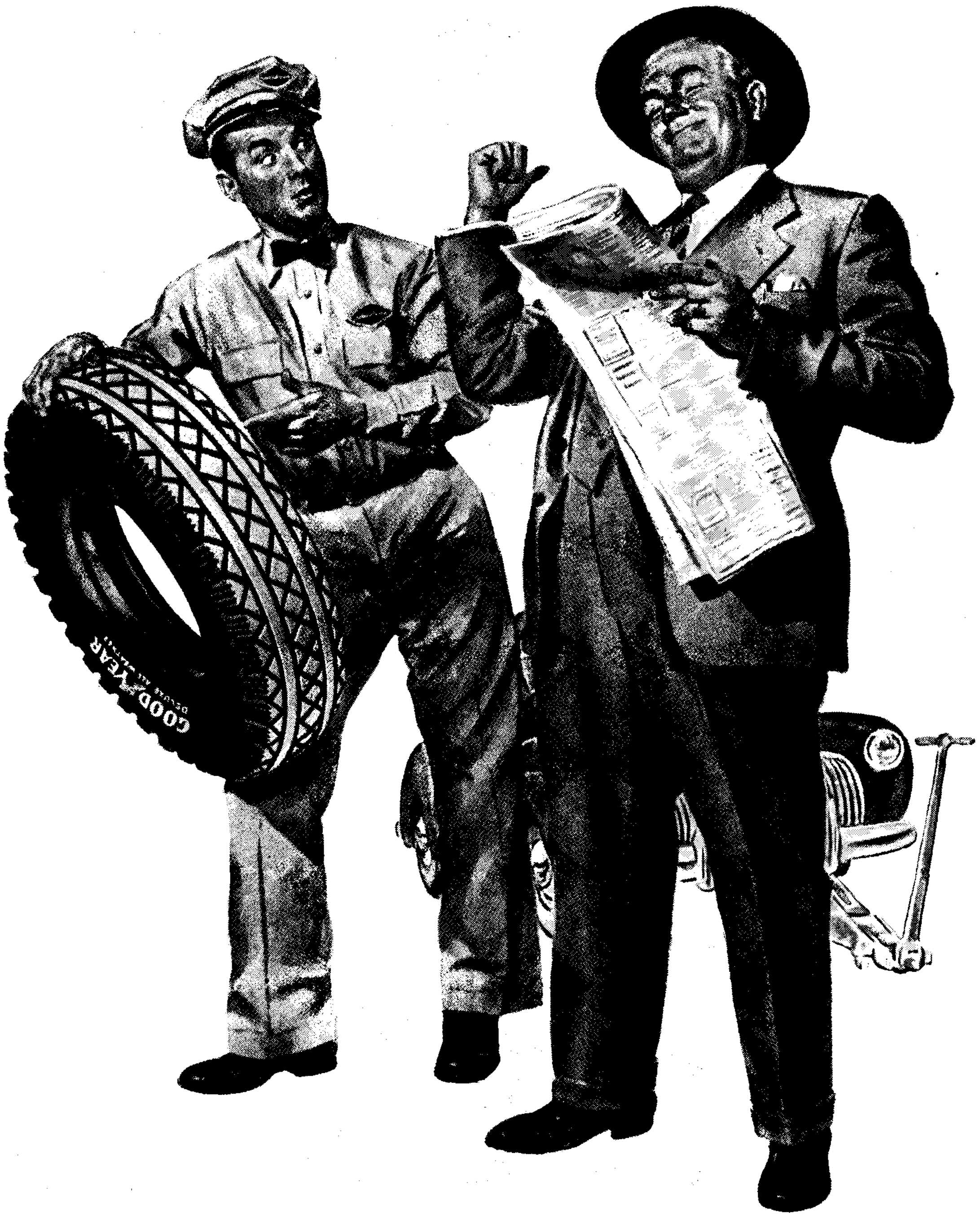

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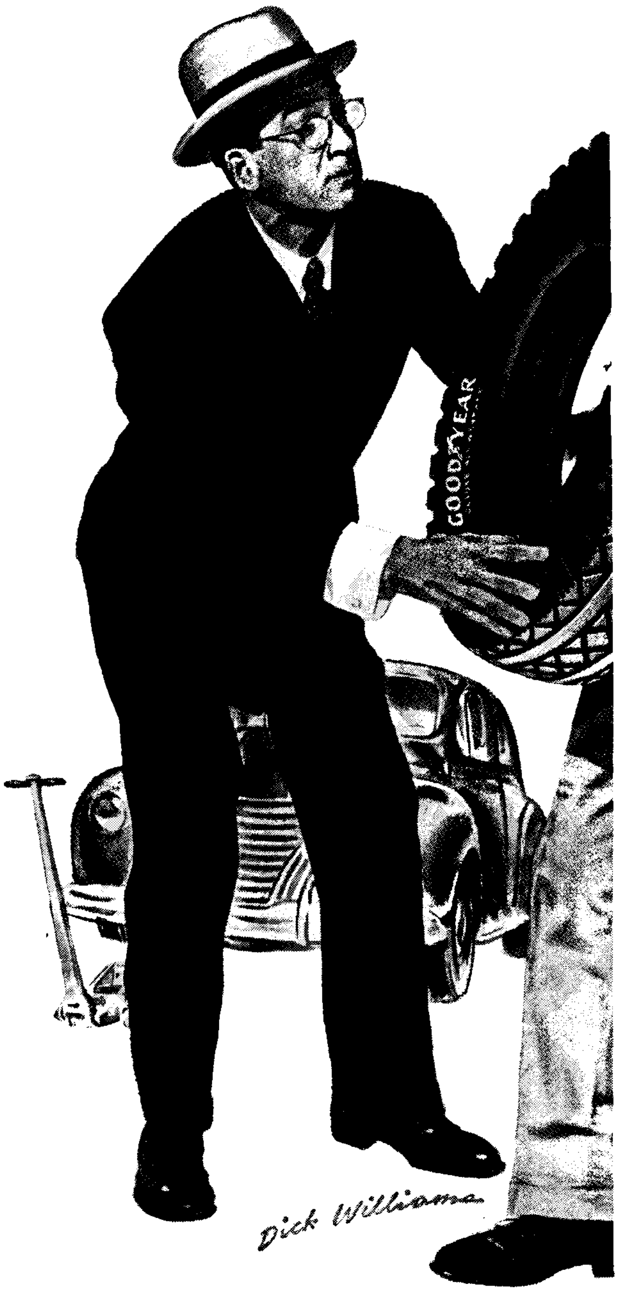

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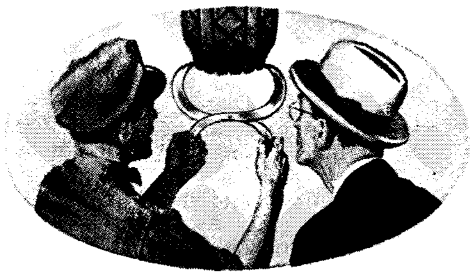

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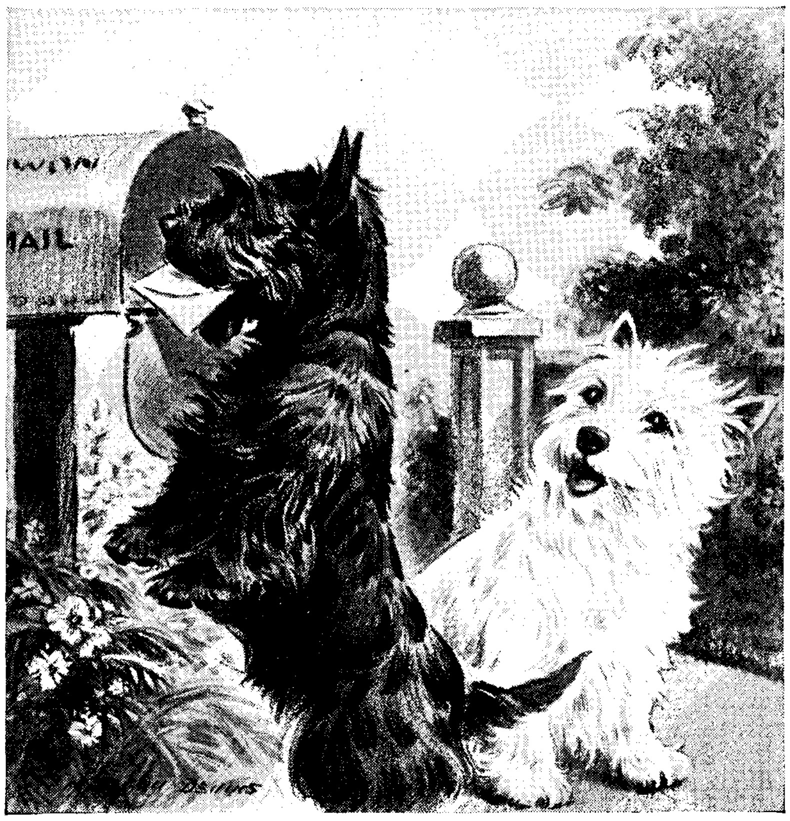

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Whitey: "You bet, Blackie, it's nice to know that people like you."

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be wrong, she said, obviously not thinking so at all. "We ought to know better," she said to Maynard, lining him firmly up on her side, "than to argue with these kids about bands and musical arrangements—they were brought up on them."

"They were brought up on a lot of things," said Maynard, looking at Judith across the white-flowered, candlelit table. "Such as the necessity of knowing their own minds and taking their time about making decisions."

It sounded like make-talk to the others. But Judith let his grave, kind eyes hold hers for a second longer than was necessary. And she found herself disturbed. He was attractive and cultured and not really old. Bonnie was smart. Men who had been away from home for three years, under conditions that were strange to them, could change . . . and perhaps because it was so long since Judith had been kissed she wondered boldly what it would be like to be kissed by a man whose mouth was straight and stubborn, and sweet, too . . . and as the silly color ran up into her face, Maynard, with his unfailing kindness, smiled at her and turned his eyes away.

"You," she said crossly to Oz, beside her. He was helping himself for the second time to the hothouse asparagus which Hilda offered him. "You haven't said two words since we sat down."

"I have, too," said Oz in a hurt voice. "Didn't I just say that Mrs. Evans was wrong?"

"All right, all right. But that's all you *have* said. All you've done is eat—so you can get up in the morning and start right in making more money, I suppose."

"That's the idea," said Oz and went on eating.

Everyone was eating. They were contented and healthy, because they were taking what they wanted from life, and only Judith held this growing uncertainty.

Later, walking from the dining room she delayed a little until Maynard caught up with her. As though he had been waiting for just such a sign from her, he took her elbow and looked down at her and said that they had things to talk about.

"Have we?" murmured Judith and tried a new slanting smile on him. Maynard liked it.

Mrs. Evans had by no means resigned. She appeared on Maynard's other side as they went down the two steps into the living room.

"You robbed me of a dollar and a half last night at gin rummy," she said to Maynard, taking this neat way of announcing that he and she saw each other often. "And I want it back."

"If you insist," said Maynard, unable to be anything but kind, "but I'll probably schneider you again. You," he said to Judith, "can be my mascot."

But Judith could not pretend to be interested in any card game. Besides, she had spotted the big phonograph in a recess beside the fireplace.

A CARD table was put up before the low-burning log fire, and Judith, not being a mascot, pulled albums from the cabinet and sat down beside the phonograph.

Dealing the cards expertly, Mrs. Evans talked. She laughed suddenly. "I saw your old girl today, Maynard—Ellen Silsby. It's the first time I've seen her since she was married."

"You did?" Maynard fanned his ten cards out and surveyed them. "I trust she was in her usual good health."

"She looked marvelous. Much better, darling, than when you were stalling her off."

Maynard laughed easily and said he was glad to hear it, and something else which Judith did not catch as they both laughed.

Judith blinked at an album of folk songs and wondered if the Widow Evans knew that she was being stalled off, too. Perhaps she did and could laugh about it and go on playing it as a game in that smooth way of ners. Judith looked up, not surprised to find Maynard's eyes on her. She knew, with absolute conviction, that he would not stall *her* off. . . .

"Let's run through them all," said Oz, standing beside her. "There are some of the old ones I don't know."

"You don't have time, of course," said Judith spitefully, "for anything so trivial as music."

He gave her an odd look, almost shocked, and said, "It's a funny thing—but I always think of music in terms of quantities and test tubes and combinations—as though they were experiments."

Well, you poor dope, thought Judith, if even music has to come out like chemistry.

"Some of them," said Oz, "are successful, and some aren't."

She felt suddenly sorry for him as she watched him pile the records on the turntable and set the automatic changes. He was lost and would never know it.

But it was of Maynard that she thought, as she sat on the arm of a chair, her head back, listening to the old songs—Maynard who had things to say to her. And she thought of Bonnie, safe and secure and happy. It was only sensible to think of things like that—all you actually had was here, all you had was today, and people changed. . . .

Squab probably disagreed with her. Judith was gloomily aware that she did not feel very well.

THERE were only two records left when Bonnie walked over to them, a highball in her hand. It was not her first since dinner. A small smile was on her mouth, frozen, immovable. Her green eyes were shiny as though they had been polished. Judith, her head against the chair back, looked searchingly at Bonnie coming toward her, and then at Claude over near the card table. He was not worried about Bonnie. He should have been. She was tight.

"You two," said Bonnie, smiling her little smile, "what are you up to?"

"I love this," said Judith by way of answer, indicating the melancholy song that was playing.

"What you need," said Bonnie to Oz, "is a drink."

Absorbed in the music he shook his head.

"Yes," said Bonnie, willfully, childishly.

She went away and might easily have forgotten about the drink for Oz, considering the shape she was in. But she did not. In a minute she was back.

"For you," she said, the little smile frozen on her face. "Believe me, it helps."

"No, honestly." This time Oz stood up. "I don't want one."

"Take it."

"He doesn't want it, Bonnie," said Judith.

"You keep still."

His pink-and-white face pinker, Oz took the glass, put it on a table. Bonnie picked it up. "Drink it."

"Bonnie—if he wanted it he'd take it."

"You mind your business." Bonnie turned her immovable smile on Judith. "You always think you know what people ought to do, don't you? You're so loyal and noble. You're wonderful. But when it comes right down to it you're like the rest of us—you'll grab what you can."

"Bonnie!" Judith stood up.

Bonnie turned from her, smiling at Oz, the glass held out before her, and Judith saw that the green eyes were dark and stricken. For that one instant Bonnie was not tight. Her fingers loosened and there was a small sharp crash on the stone hearth. Only Judith heard Bonnie's almost inaudible, "For Ray."

At once Claude was at Bonnie's side. "What happened, darling?"

"I dropped it," said Bonnie, turning her little frozen smile on her husband, "on purpose."

He laughed gently. Maynard stood up and came over. Claude and Maynard looked at each other, a glance of infinite tolerance and indulgence. They bent together to pick up the broken glass and the ice cubes.

Watching them, Judith did not see them. If Ray Thorpe were Bonnie's husband he would not have been tolerant. Had she drunk too much Ray would have shaken her until her red hair flew. He would have slapped her. And Bonnie, knowing all the time that he was right and she was wrong, would have fought back fiercely. Then it would have been over and it would never happen again—that is, if you could imagine Bonnie, as one of the old gang, as Ray's wife, drinking too much. . . .

The room was serene again. Bonnie, a new glass in hand, stood staring owlishly at the rummy game, which had been resumed. They were not critical or shocked or disapproving, these older people. They were poised and tolerant. And to one who was twenty-three it was a little bit as though they were dead. Judith sighed silently. Not the squab, nor anything else disagreed with her. She felt wonderful.

Oz, turning the leaves of a cowboy album, looked around at Judith, and cleared his throat expressively. Only she and Oz, of the people here, had not learned tolerance.

"This isn't exactly where we came in," said Judith in a low voice, "but—"

"Gosh—I'd take you home but I don't have a car."

"I have. An old heap."

THEY were allowed to go, and made to feel only a little young and awkward because they had the silly idea that they must leave now. Maynard Yates wore the humorously pained look of a man who can lose well—in his way he might be nuts about her but for him it was just one of those things.

"That girl," said Oz, as Judith backed out of the blue-graveled driveway. "She's drinking against something. Oh, I don't mean Mr. Fields. He's one of the grandest guys in the world and for my money he's too good for her. But I think she's scared."

"So are you," said Judith. "And so was I."

"Yeah." Oz stared thoughtfully out the window. After a little while he said, "I suppose not many generations have had the lousy break we've had. But you have to take it as it comes. If you turn your back on your generation there's no place for you to go—in safety."

"And nothing for you to do of any value."

"That's it. Left here, three blocks."

He was silent again before he said, "I've been watching her all evening. My guess is that there was someone else, someone her own age."

"Yes," said Judith.

Oz nodded. "She must have got scared in the very beginning—and with some of us I guess it has kind of a delayed action."

"And we don't even recognize it—"

"And we call it something else—like doing the smart thing, like cutting our losses, like getting ours while the getting is good—"

"We were brave enough," said Judith, "while the flags were flying and the bands playing. So we think we're excused from everything else."

"And no one," said Oz, "is ever excused from anything. If you've done one job, then there's always another job coming up. I must have been crazy," he said in surprise, "to think I'd ever make a good businessman. The second apartment house on this side."

"You'd be all right," said Judith, "except that you'd never fit."

"Never. But I can still make it—if I scramble I can just make the second semester at Michigan. Once you go off your rockers you have to get back on pretty quick—or it's too late."

Judith drew up at the curb in front of the undistinguished red brick apartment house. She smiled at Oz. "I'm back on now, too."

"Yeah." Oz smiled, a little questioningly, at her. "That Yates man—I saw the way he looked at you, and you liked it. He's a nice guy—but he's not for you."

"No," said Judith.

"There's someone special, I suppose?"

"Very special. The kind of person you love and trust until the end of time, unless you go off your rockers."

"Yeah," said Oz. He lingered. His long boy's arm on the back of the seat, he said, "We've done something for each other—would he mind if I kissed you?"

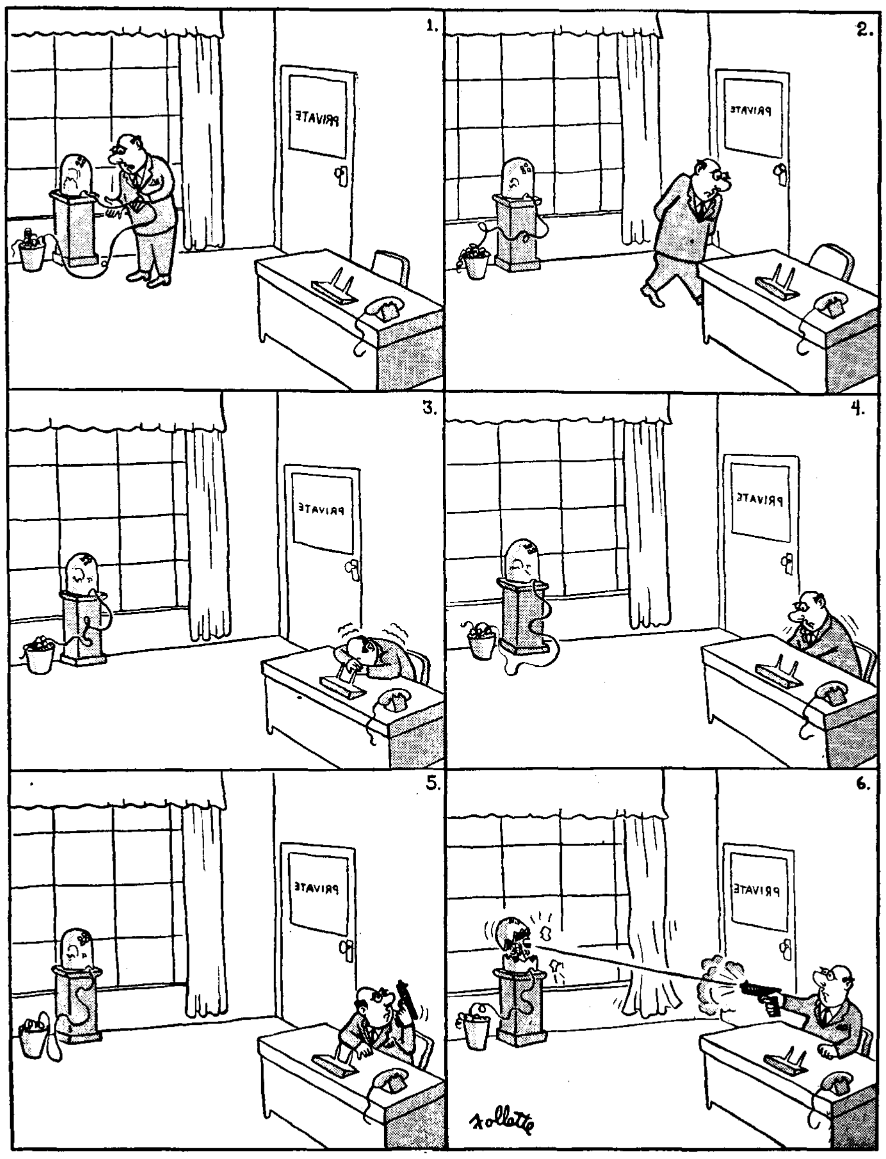
After due consideration Judith said, "Yes, I suppose he would. David isn't very broad-minded. But," she said decisively, "since I have to wait till he puts the finishing touches on everything over there, he can take it and like it."

"You'll tell him?"

"Oh, yes. I'll tell him all about it. So you'd better make it good."

Oz made it very good, a young compassionate kiss for them, and all their generation, whose job had just begun.

THE END



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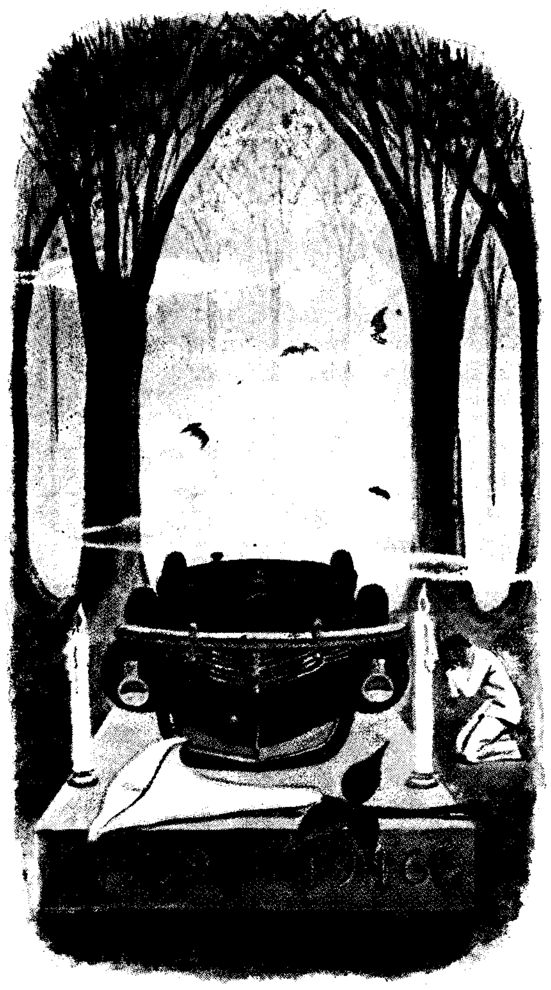

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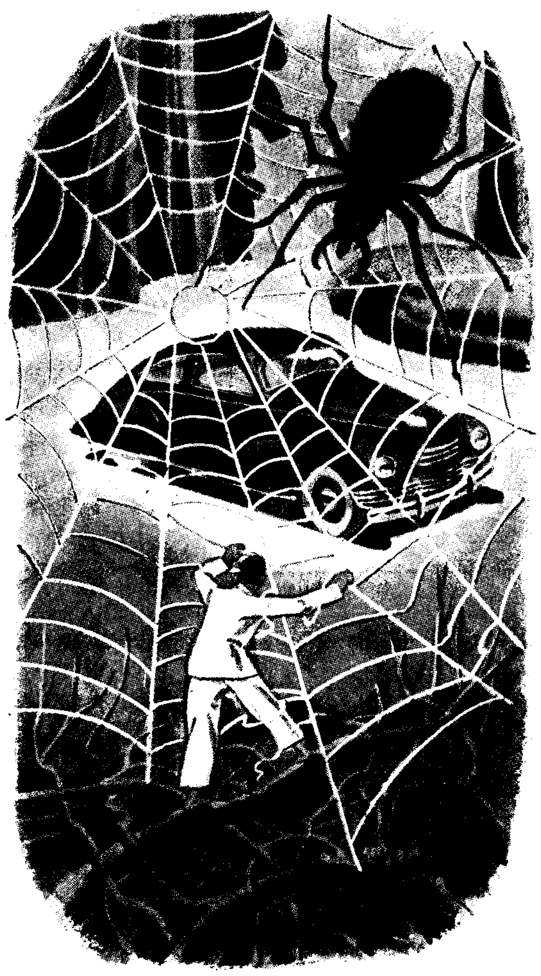

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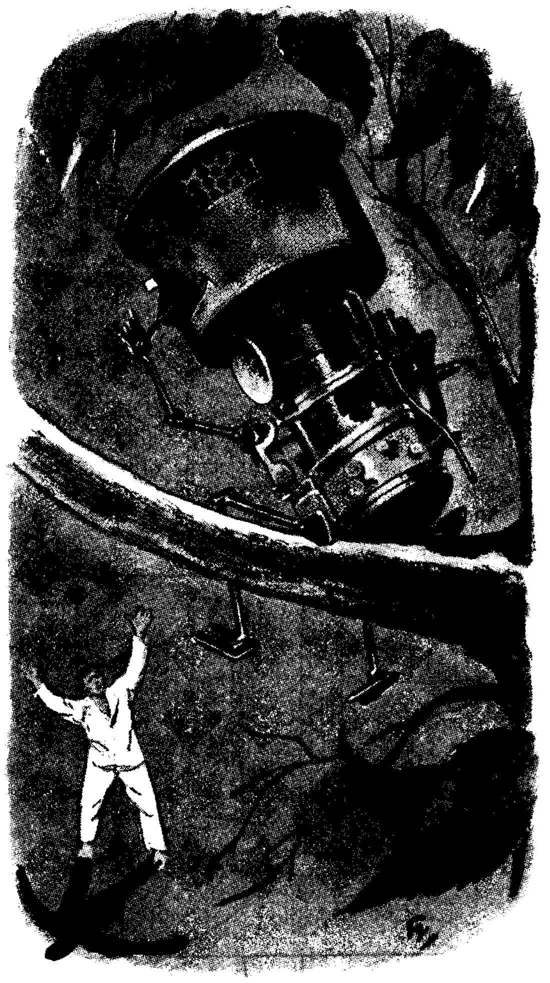

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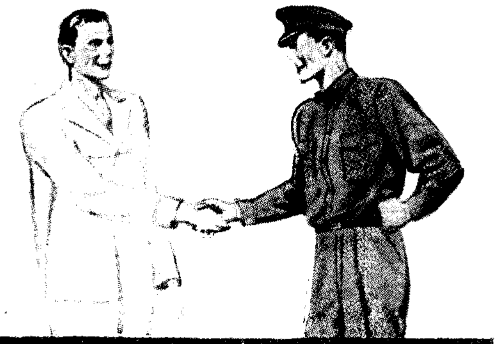

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This Was Hitler's Mind

Continued from page 13

fifty miles southeast of Königsberg. Only well-known Nazis of unquestioned reliability were allowed to penetrate the triple barricade to the inner sanctum of the headquarters.

Such a man was Claus von Stauffenberg, Colonel, German General Staff. Von Stauffenberg was the chief courier officer between the headquarters and the Nazi War Ministry in Berlin. On the morning of July 20th he arrived on the special train from the German capital and went straight to the main conference room, passing through the posts of SS guards on the way. In one dispatch case he carried dispatches and in another the bomb he had undertaken to place close to Hitler. His mission was completed when he set the latter case against the inside of the heavy oak panel supporting one end of the long conference table. It was just twelve o'clock, and the Nazi generals and admirals and politicians were gathering for their daily meeting with Hitler when Von Stauffenberg left the building.

Three Who Were Absent

Eyewitnesses said that all the German hierarchy were present at the meeting. Hitler sat halfway down one long side of the table, his back to the door. Keitel was to his left; then came the mild-mannered Jodl, now also a war criminal. Around the huge table were assembled many leaders of the German war machine and of the German state, but not Goering, Himmler or Goebbels.

In the light of what happened, Admiral Voss of the German Admiralty turns out to have been the most important man present. He drew a chair in which he had to straddle the heavy panel of solid oak that supported the table. The courier's brief case brought by Von Stauffenberg was in the way of his feet, and Voss began working the bomb-filled case around to the other side of the panel. This innocent maneuver by the Nazi admiral will probably be recorded as the most important bit of under-the-table footwork in history. Voss saved Hitler's life, his doctors say.

The bomb exploded at 12:50 at noon on July 20, 1944, with a shattering blast. Generals Korflu, Brandt, Bodenschatz, and Berger were killed instantly. Admiral Guensche and General Freyand, who were sitting opposite Hitler, were rocketed through the windows and severely injured. Everyone else was injured, including Hitler. The force of the explosion catapulted him out of his chair and threw him hard against the doorpost of the main entrance. He flew through the door just as the roof fell in.

Hitler was painfully wounded in the explosion, but there is no evidence that he received any physical injuries of a permanent nature. The most severe and lasting damage was mental. Both his eardrums were ruptured, and he suffered a mild concussion of the brain and a severe contusion of the right elbow when he struck the doorpost. Professor Brandt says that he removed over a hundred good-sized splinters from the Fuehrer's legs—mostly from the right one. They came from the oak panel that shielded the German leader from the explosion.

Professor Brandt, not Morell, became disturbed by the steady seepage of blood from the Fuehrer's ears, and called in Major Erwin Giesing from a near-by army hospital. Giesing said the Fuehrer was stooped, limped on his right leg, and carried his arm in his tunic, à la Napoleon. The doctor describes his face as ashen; with bloodshot eyes and markedly swollen lips. A patch of adhesive tape covered a slight abrasion of his forehead.

Hitler greeted Giesing cordially. "Doctor," he said apologetically, for he was always awed by physicians, "I hear you are taking care of my friends. I was reluctant to bother you. For the past two days—since the explosion—I have had a sharp pain in my right ear and have trouble in hearing." He chuckled as he added, "My valet tells me it's because I shout too much. But enough of myself. Tell me, truthfully, how are the others." Giesing then described the condition of each man.

In examining Hitler, the ear specialist found a large crescent tear of the right eardrum and a smaller perforation in the left. Upon test, the hearing was found to be materially impaired. There was some indication of damage to the semicircular canals of the ears that stabilize equilibrium. Hitler complained of dizziness and told Giesing he leaned and walked to the right.

The Fuehrer was visited daily by Giesing until October. His recovery was, however, not without incident. In September a severe infection suddenly appeared in the right ear and threatened to take a serious turn. But, Giesing said, he completely recovered

The only evidence of physical injury from the assassin's attack that Hitler carried with him to the end was the almost lame right arm. None of his physicians could find any damage to the joint, muscles, or nerves. The consensus of medical opinion is that the lameness was a conversion hysteria: a hysterical reaction in which some real or faked physical phenomenon becomes the symbol of an irrepressible and unpleasant memory. This shaking of Hitler's right arm indeed became the symbol of the gradual breaking up of his personality following the attack on his life. The impact of this betrayal upon the ruler's psyche consumed his mind in the end.

Hitler was a man of intense loyalties and once a man was accepted in the inner circle only disloyalty—suspected or real—could cause his banishment. Ability was not the criterion. Having no doubt but that he was God's chosen leader for the world, Hitler believed that acceptance of a disciple was an act approximating divine benevolence and demanding of a deep sense of obligation from the disciple. That such an attack upon his life should arise from among some of the inner group was, therefore, shattering and barely comprehensible to him.

He is reported by his physicians to have suffered the profoundest despair, the despair of the man who suddenly finds himself betrayed. It made him doubly doubt his advisers, and from then on, no one was free of his suspicions. These paranoid tendencies became so pronounced that as the end drew near, eight months later, a Nazi bigwig or general could rightfully feel he'd been discriminated against if Hitler hadn't condemned him to death at least once.

The attempt to assassinate Hitler probably brought home to him the first realization that total defeat had arrived. At that moment in the war, the Russians were moving toward Germany's borders, winning victory after victory. The Allies were breaking out of the Normandy pocket. On the home front, while most German cities were still largely intact, the Allied air forces were rapidly gaining that air supremacy that would enable them to macerate one German city after another. The hour of decision was at hand and the bomb in the brief case nailed the moment on the calendar.

Being the astute observer he was, Hitler did not have to be told that if a large number of his generals were willing to risk their lives to remove him as the only obstacle to surrender, they must be convinced Germany had lost the war. From a psychological point of view this was, however, a conclusion one side of Hitler's personality could not accept despite all reason. The other side, the dominating ego, caused him to turn to the issues of the war in a frenzied attempt to prove his attackers wrong. It was all his psychological drives would permit him to do. Overwhelmed by fear and pathological hatred, there was no other outlet for his nature.

Efforts to Conquer His Fears

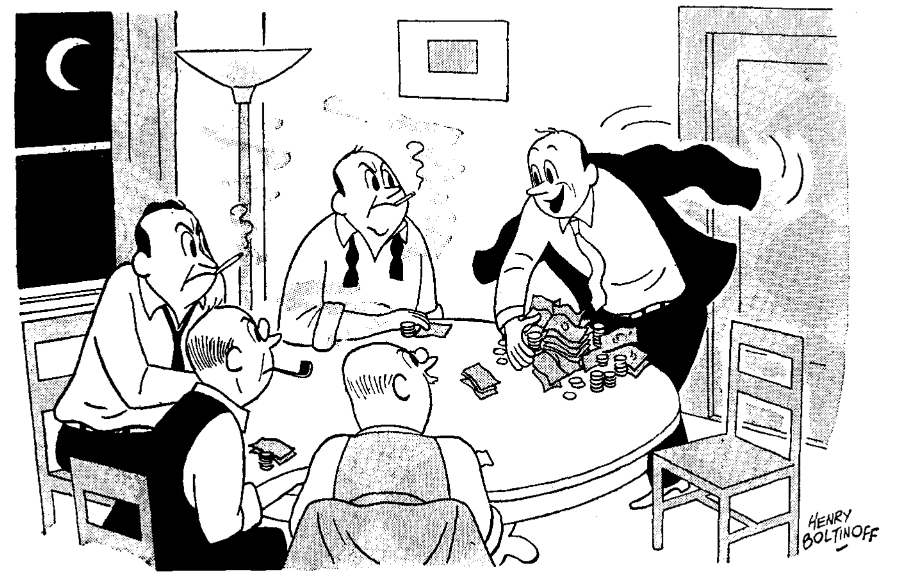
His was an obsessive compulsive state, characterized by overpowering feelings which ultimately led to his self-destruction. These drives actually originated as defensive mechanisms. They were, in effect, defensive activities undertaken to repress, to hold down, to cover up his fears. They also caused an ever-increasing attention to minutiae as the end approached, for he could thus divert his attention from the large specter of impending doom.

One general reports in detail that the Fuehrer, in the last two months of the war, worried more about the movements of a battalion here and a fighter squadron there than he did about the activities of whole armies. This desire to forget, to ignore the impending disaster which he saw, yet wouldn't see, was increasingly responsible for his division of attention and the easy distractibility that left his associates exasperated and bewildered.

A study of the comments of Hitler's physicians leads to the conclusion that the compulsions driving the man resulted in his suicide. In a person with such insatiable, overpowering drives, defeat cannot be accepted. After such a long battle to repress subconscious knowledge, pride cannot face surrender. The determination to overcome unpleasant facts is too well practiced to be discarded by facing defeat and living. Hitler, like many others when called upon to face a fact unacceptable to their personality, was trapped in the blind alley of his obsessions from which his compulsions gave him but one escape—death.

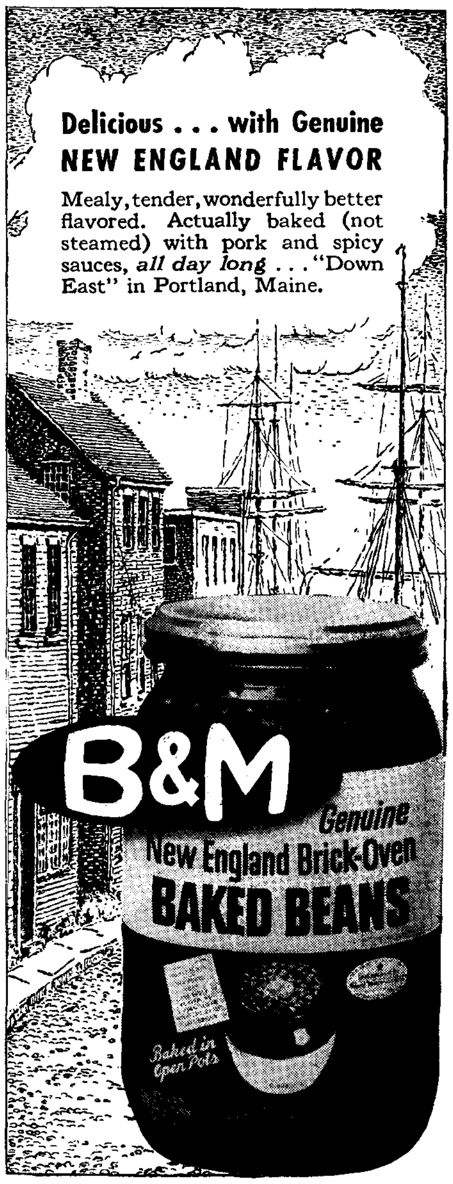
As in the case of most advanced neurotics, the outstanding facet of Hitler's personality was an overwhelming ego. Because of his basic sense of inferiority, he felt compelled to exalt this ego. It was as if he saw himself as two persons—the one he knew himself to be and the one he wanted himself to be. It became a question of defending the latter person, or in other words of defending his ego, at all costs. As his life progressed, the vulnerability to defeat of this ego increased: the higher he raised this other self within him the less it was able to withstand the impact of the collapse of the ideals it represented. As he saw himself during his years as leader of Germany, he must have mused, "All are subservient to me—all Germany is dependent upon me."

Napoleon had a similar Messianic ego which impelled him to return from Elba because he sincerely believed France needed him. However, Napoleon never thought of



"Well, as long as it's dealer's choice—I'm going home!"

COLLIER'S HENRY BOLTINOFF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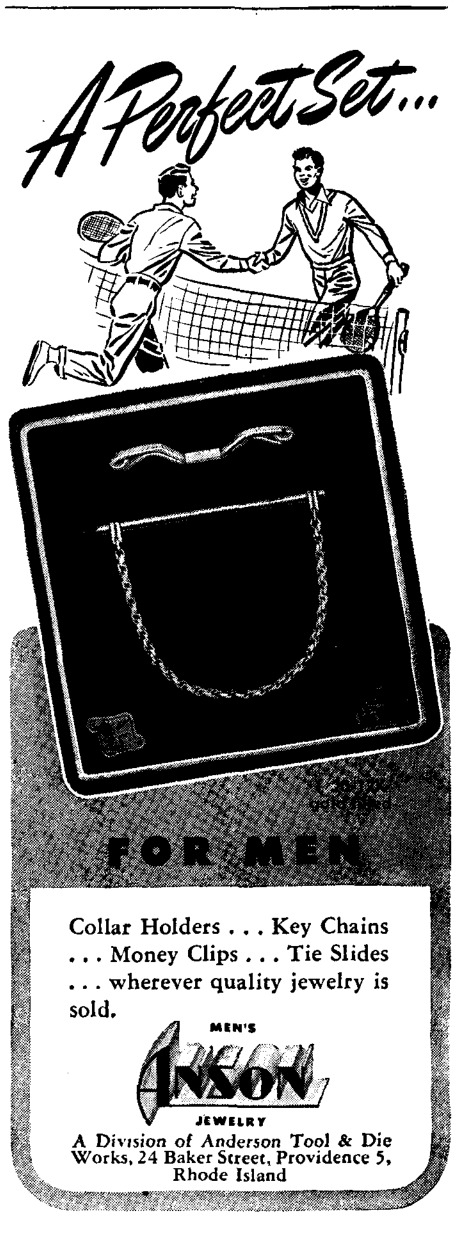
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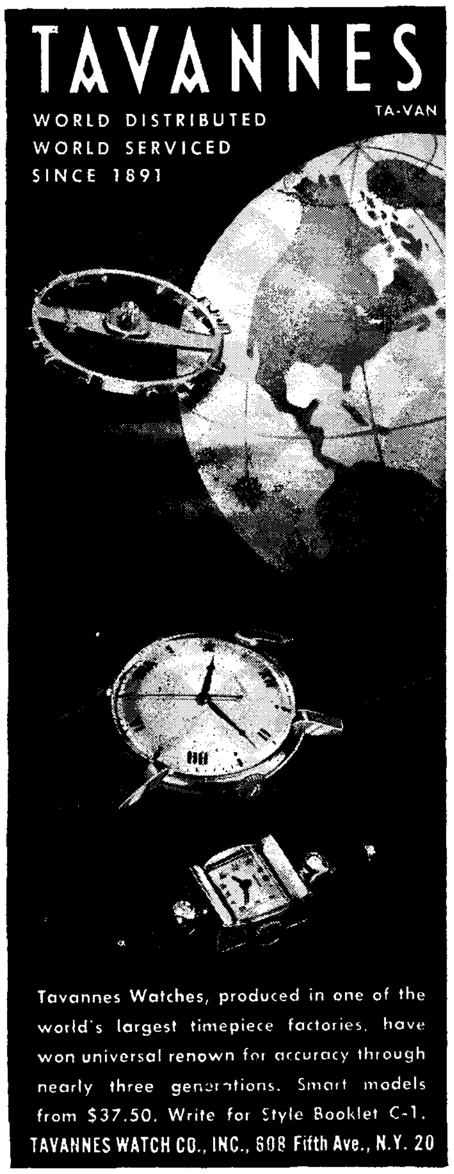
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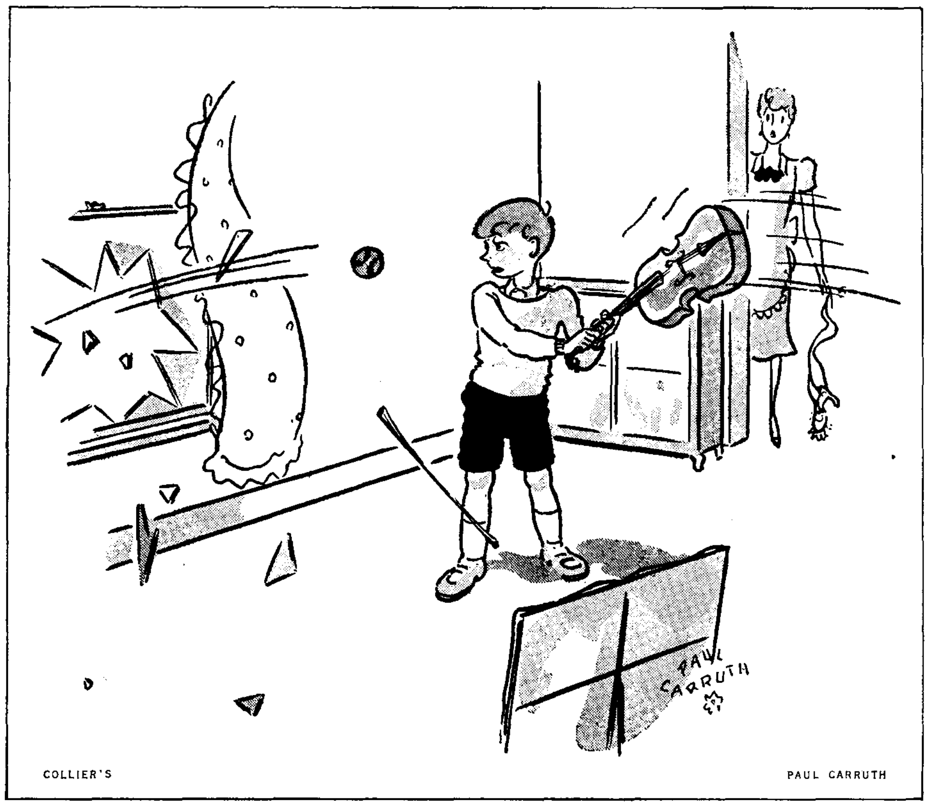

COLLIER'S PAUL CARRUTH

himself as a religious savior as did Hitler. It is not enough to say that such men do the things they do because they derive comfort and satisfaction from their accomplishments. More important, each success forces such individuals to seek greater power not just for themselves but in order to satisfy their ego, because they view themselves as the savior of their followers. They have been called "egotistical altruists."

The savior complex, which is so important to an understanding of Hitler's actions during his last year, being, as it was, the mechanism whereby he repressed his shortcomings and compensated for his meager background, would not permit of error within itself.

This facet of the Fuehrer's personality was one of extreme danger for those close to him. Hitler consistently attributed his own failures and mistakes to others. Not one physician or Nazi interviewed, and no diary of any German general, mentioned Hitler's having admitted an error or faulty judgment. Those close to Hitler sensed the peril of their position, for their interviews and journals are replete with tales of being furiously condemned and bombarded with the most humiliating insults for breakdowns in industry and the setbacks in the field which occurred as a direct consequence of the vague, hasty, and perplexing orders Hitler issued as the end of the war approached.

If on such occasions their reason prevailed, and they disagreed with the Fuehrer and told him the truth, they were railed at as defeatists. On the other hand, if they resigned themselves to agreeing to one of his propositions and it fell through, they were in for it. One Nazi general commented that in either case one had an even chance of being condemned to death. Hitler's generals must have reflected on the old proverb that he who rides a tiger cannot dismount.

These manifestations of progressive neurosis had become so frequent, six months after the assassination attempt, that a prominent Nazi noted that: "The madness of this man is almost unbearable. He will issue sweeping orders and then in a frenzied burst countermand them the next day. They are seldom explicit and rarely complete. Yet he flies into a rage if they are questioned or clarification is asked."

Field Marshal von Rundstedt, who led the Battle of the Bulge in December of 1944, told us that had Hitler planned such a counterattack two years previously it would have been an adequately and intelligently thought-out operation. In his opinion, before the summer of 1944, Hitler did demonstrate uncanny intuition and outstanding ability as a military strategist. In the latter months of the war, "as a military planner he was a second-rate architect."

In planning the Battle of the Bulge to which Von Rundstedt was opposed from the beginning, Hitler would lose himself in details. Instead of concentrating on the over-all tactics and strategy, he questioned Von Rundstedt about details such as only a captain would know. The strength of a bridge, the thickness of the walls of this blockhouse, the location of this pillbox and that gun emplacement. To further disconcert his generals, following a staff meeting, Hitler would frequently present his favorite generals, who, Von Rundstedt said, were usually those who had "yessed" him in the meeting, with three or four extra Tiger tanks.

Hitler's goal in launching the Ardennes offensive in the winter of 1944 was to take Antwerp. This, Von Rundstedt continued, would have cut off the Canadian armies of Montgomery in the Netherlands and eastern Belgium. Hitler believed that such a tremendous loss would precipitate a revolt and greatly undermine the desire of the people of the United States to continue the war. To such aberrations had the mind guiding Germany descended.

Conspirators in a Poison Plot

There is some evidence that Himmler, the Gestapo Chief, Martin Bormann, Hitler's executive officers and the ill-famed Dr. Morell conspired in a plot slowly to poison the Fuehrer. As yet, we know of no positive evidence to this effect, but it is difficult to justify the medicines Morrel gave Hitler. It is certain that the daily dose of drugs hastened the collapse of Hitler's personality.

While Giesing was waiting in an antechamber to attend Hitler a few days after the bomb plot, he noticed the Fuehrer's breakfast tray. On it were a plate of porridge, two thin slices of bread, a glass of orange juice and a small hospital dish containing several white tablets and six black pills. The tablets the doctor recognized as vitamin concentrates but the nature of the pills puzzled him. As he attended Hitler at the same time each day, he saw the breakfast tray every morning and it was always the same.

Giesing, an outsider, was wary of inquiring as to the nature of this mysterious medication consumed so regularly by the chief of the Nazi state. Finally, however, his curiosity got the best of him and he slipped one of the little black pills into his pocket and had it analyzed. The report came back that each pill contained strychnine and atropine sulfate. These drugs had been prescribed by Morell as a stimulant and for relief of obscure intestinal cramps. Upon discreet questioning of Hitler's valet, Giesing learned that at that time the Fuehrer was consuming a daily equivalent of 16 times the intoxicating dose of these potent drugs. Morell's hold upon Hitler was too firm for Giesing to put a stop to the gradual poisoning process.

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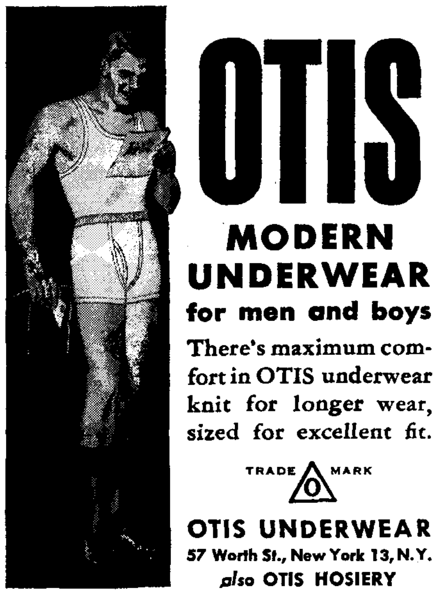
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strychnine and atropine would have a marked effect on a person's nervous system. That Morell was aware of the intoxicating effects of such prodigious quantities of strychnine and atropine, there can be no doubt. Likewise, it is hardly possible that he was ignorant of the fact that such medication would greatly exaggerate the Fuehrer's nervousness and make him more dependent upon Morell —the Rasputin of the Nazi regime.

This chronic intoxication was probably the cause of the illness Hitler suffered in 1944. The nature of the illness is not clear in all its details. He suffered repeated attacks of intestinal cramps for ten years, but we found no evidence of a positive diagnosis ever being made. In the fall of 1944 he had a severe attack, accompanied by pronounced jaundice.

Professor Karl Brandt, the personal surgeon, said the Fuehrer's power of retaining even important matters was markedly impaired, and at times he had difficulty in following the thread of a conversation. He was noticeably flighty and rambled on and on about inconsequential matters, only to slump into silence. Hitler never seemed to lose that self-insight which was one of his important characteristics. One day he said to Professor Brandt, "You know, Doctor, my memory is not so good as it used to be. There was a time when I could recall the names of thousands of people in all walks of life, but since this summer I just don't seem to be able to place people any more."

The intoxication of Morell's drugs, the gradual deterioration in health, the shocking experience of the assassination attempt and the specter of certain defeat were combining to shatter Adolf Hitler's psyche.

In October, 1944, he experienced a roughness in his throat which was finally diagnosed as a recurrent tumor of the vocal cords. Professor von Eincke, chief of the ear, nose and throat clinic of the University of Berlin, was called to Rastenburg and removed the growth. We were unable to obtain a report of the pathologist who examined the specimen removed from Hitler's throat. However, we encountered no German surgeon who placed any faith in the oft-repeated rumor that the several operations Von Eincke performed on the Fuehrer during the twelve years of his reign were for cancer of the throat.

From Giesing's last encounter with Hitler comes the picture that gives the most vivid insight into his character in the last days of his life. It was in the middle of February, 1945. Early one evening, Giesing encountered Colonel Borchmann in what remained of the Potsdammer railroad station in Berlin. Borchmann was the Fuehrer's personal adjutant, and he asked the doctor to his quarters at the Reichschancellery for a drink. They had been at the Chancellery but a short time when an alarm sounded and they had to retire to the main air-raid shelter, where they encountered Hitler. His face was ashen and drawn. He no longer walked erect or with a firm step. He seemed to shuffle along like a senile veteran. His right arm shook constantly.

The raid on Berlin that night was severe and all the party were shaken as they emerged from the shelter. Giesing and his friend were standing in the long main corridor chatting as Hitler and his two SS bodyguards came up. He stopped and in a moment recognized Giesing.

"What do you want here?" the Fuehrer demanded.

Giesing replied, "I was paying a friendly visit to your adjutant here, *mein Führer.*"

"Oh, yes, yes, excuse me. Yes, to see my adjutant." He paused. He seemed distraught and preoccupied. Then, he surprised the two men by suddenly inquiring, "Are you married, Major?"

His Questions Made Men Afraid

There was never any way of telling whether there was a point to this broken man's queries, or what that point was. In view of the suspicion with which he viewed all those about him, seemingly irrelevant questions were alarming. Giesing's answer was, therefore, a brief, "*Ja, mein Führer.*"

"Where is your wife? In Berlin?" Hitler went on.

"She is in Krefeld."

"Krefeld, Krefeld." The Nazi leader paused. "*Ja, Krefeld—ja, Krefeld,* I know the town." Although the important Rhineland industrial center had been pummeled, Hitler continued, "But it is not dangerous there. Where do you go now, Doctor?"

"I am going to Krefeld to get my family and bring them east of the Rhine to some safer place," Giesing hesitatingly answered.

"No, that is not necessary. It is defeatism. Anyway the Americans will not penetrate the (Siegfried) Wall. Krefeld is safe. They will not take another meter of German soil. These gentlemen will wonder what we have in store for them." Hitler was becoming euphoric, but as quickly as he had begun the conversation he broke it off by saying, "I have many secret weapons and more to come that will drive them from the sky," and he turned and started down the long hall.

Hitler had not taken more than two steps when he stopped and looked around at Giesing. The physician says that the expression on the Fuehrer's face had completely changed. He suddenly looked ashen and withered and broken in spirit. Finally he said haltingly, "Anyway, *Herr Doktor;* if the *Vaterland* goes down it is better that your wife should go down with it. Yes, then it is

"One thing about reading the book—I sat all the way through it!"

COLLIER'S BEN ROTH

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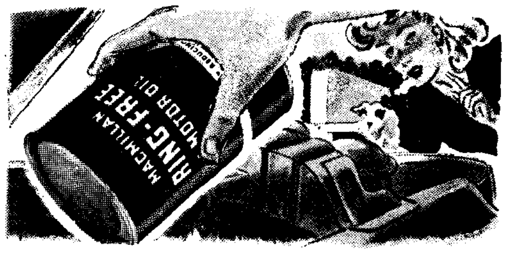

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better we all die." With that pronouncement of doom, he shuffled off.

The last physician to attend Hitler was Professor Karl Franz Gebhardt, one of the most pro-Nazi German scientists. Always on the inner councils of the Party and a general in the toughest group of all the Nazis, the Waffen SS, Gebhardt was selected as surgeon general of the SS and chief of the German Red Cross just before Germany collapsed.

Gebhardt, who reminds one of a chubby Himmler, said he managed to get into Berlin and made his way to the Reichschancellery at two in the morning of April 26th, just 48 hours before Hitler and Eva Braun killed themselves. His purpose was to determine which of the retinue would leave, as Gebhardt's was to be the last departure.

Hitler was standing in the center of a small living room in the underground shelter when Gebhardt arrived. He turned as Gebhardt entered and almost affably said, *"Ach,* it's you, *Herr Professor."* The Fuehrer seemed unnaturally calm and the doctor noticed the tremor of his right arm had lessened to a marked degree. Gebhardt said, "I have been selected by Herr Himmler to succeed Professor Gravitz as president of the Red Cross and desire your confirmation."

Hitler calmly replied, "President of the Red Cross, *ja, ja.* I am not interested any more. Don't bother me." He turned away and sat down as if in deep meditation.

But Gebhardt pursued his mission. "I have come also to offer my help to the women and children here,' he said. "I have a large Red Cross car and will probably be the last transport to get out of Berlin. May I ask my Fuehrer for orders as to who should go?"

Gebhardt says Hitler didn't change from his expression of blankness when he answered, "Thank you, we do not need help. The women want to stay, but you ask them."

The room was dimly lit and disordered. Several other people were there—all of them merely sat about as if they were waiting for the lightning to strike. Gebhardt turned and repeated his offer, but no one seemed to pay any attention. Finally Hitler announced, "The doctor is leaving Berlin. This is your last opportunity. Who will go?" Again no response. Only one woman shook her head. Whereupon Hitler turned to Gebhardt and said in a tired, monotonous voice, "You see, nobody wants to go with you."

It was one of the important duties of each of Hitler's private physicians always to have an adequate supply of capsules of potassium cyanide in his kit. Before every journey where there was danger of ambush by enemy patrols or paratroopers, Hitler had ordered, each high-ranking man, including himself, must carry a tube of the deadly poison to take in the event of capture. Before leaving the Fuehrer's apartment, Gebhardt gave a capsule to each person, including Hitler.

Gebhardt's and other accounts give us an accurate picture of the steady decline of the mind that ruled Germany. It was a mind of a megalomaniac, arrogantly cruel because it belonged to a sadist who invited enemies because of sheer masochism. It was a mind that finally found peace when, as we see it through Dr. Gebhardt's eyes, it accepted the inevitability of death. Hitler's mind was not an abnormal mind. The natural desires aroused by his libido were partly satisfied in his devotion to his cause and, as we now know, by the several women in his life. There is nothing to suggest insanity in the record of his behavior compiled from talks with German psychiatrists and other physicians who observed him for years.

The Last Phases of a Neurotic

Toward the last, his uncertain position in the stream of events of which he had once been absolute master produced in him an advanced state of neurosis. Where the psychotic or insane person exhibits hallucinations and other *qualitative* changes in his thinking, in the neurotic there are merely excessive exhibitions of normal change—the differences in reaction to stimuli such as fear, hatred, joy are *quantitative.*

The end of Hitler's career was the consequence of the pattern of his dynamic behavior. When repeated successes nurture a megalomaniacal will to power, the point is soon reached where self-esteem, the spearhead of which is emotion, eats its way into reason and judgment. The inner conflict between the emotional drive for more and more power, and the dictates of reason and judgment, is such that the spirit is consumed in its own flame. Thus does the dictator destroy himself.

The pattern of Hitler's life could have led only to suicide or assassination. As his physicians describe it, self-destruction was the goal to which everything in his mental development was directed. It was his sole escape from the inevitable. Indeed, any other end or action, in the face of the defeat of Germany, is inconceivable.

The attack on his life by Von Stauffenberg, Field Marshal von Witzleben, and all the others who were summarily executed accomplished more than they suspected. The German psychiatrists and other physicians who observed Hitler closely believe it was the straw that broke the back of his psyche, hastening the collapse of Germany and the Fuehrer's death. He was a victim of his obsessions and compulsions to the end. Nothing in his life befitted Adolf Hitler as well as the manner of his leaving it.

THE END

Any Week

Continued from page 4

"next time do so. Smack it four or five good whacks on its bottom. If it bubbles free on top, open it and listen. If the bubbles snap like you were breaking a dry twig, go ahead and drink it. Just remember that. You must have got some dead whisky." Mr. Tappen has followed her advice. Three months after receiving it, he married the lady. They have three children and have prospered. He nominates himself for whatever prize may be offered for the happiest married man.

THERE are, we are advised by Mr. Otto H. Heimnaard of Minneapolis, Minnesota, entirely too many voices crying in the wilderness. It is not the wilderness that he objects to but the voices. He wishes that they'd shut up for a while, say ten or twelve years, and let us have peace or a reasonable facsimile. Mr. Heimnaard complains that he has received a letter from the League for One Thousand Battleships, the writer declaring himself to be a voice crying in the wilderness. The League's motto is Damn the Atom Bombs, Full Steam Ahead. Mr. Heimnaard spoke to an F.B.I. friend suggesting that something investigational be done about it. But the F.B.I. man said: "Nope, we haven't the men or the time or the money to investigate all the whistle heads in America. Cheaper to let them have their thousand battleships."

AND this tidy item from a fellow who until recently was a captain in the Army. The Navy took over a hotel in Colorado as it was about to be foreclosed for a $100,000 mortgage. They spent $400,000 fitting it up as a hospital. They paid the delighted owner $213,000 in rental—more than its assessed value. And now they are about to spend $289,000 to reconvert it to a hotel and turn it back free to the owner who, by the way, just can't believe it and we don't blame him.

LOTS of hard-to-believe intelligences rolling in every day. Here's one from an ex-G.I., who is now enrolled in an Eastern university with sixty-odd other enlisted men veterans. A colonel assigned to the ROTC job addressed them thus: "By enrolling in the ROTC now, you men will have an opportunity to become officers like me in the next war. Think how proud of yourselves you will be." Strangely enough the colonel got no acceptances. But he did get a reverberating razzberry and was very, very angry. . . . W. D.

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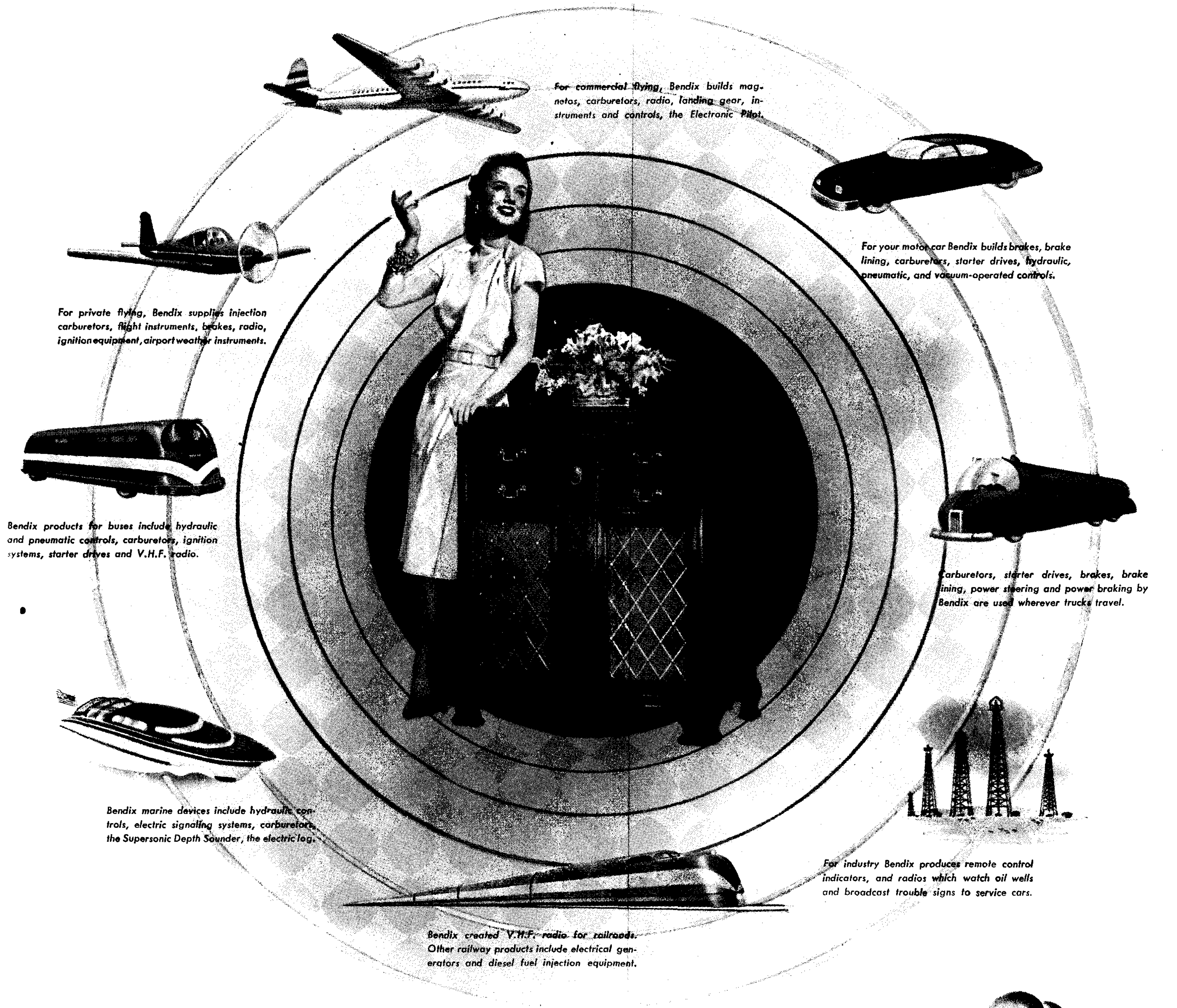

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SO YOU'RE GOING TOURING

BY JIM MARSHALL

Well, so are about thirty million other Americans, and it's going to be pretty rugged, the experts have found out

A GOOD way to make some money this summer might be to invest in graveyards, mortuaries and hospitals along U.S. Highways 10, 20, 30, 40, 50, 66 and 80, which run east and west; and along U.S. 1, 97 and 101, north and south. From all indications, about thirty million motorists will be rolling on these roads from May to November, and among them will be a considerable number who will drive at 80 miles an hour on six-year-old tires—for a while, anyway.

Not that this grim prospect will deter anyone from taking to the hills, the timber, the lakes, the mountains and the beaches. These facts are set down merely as a warning to drive carefully, aware of what is going on and where the dangers are.

As a matter of fact most motorists realize the dangers of highway travel this first year of unrestricted touring. The American Automobile Association recently asked thousands of its members whether, on vacations, they proposed traveling by short, fast routes, or in a leisurely manner. Sixty-five per cent held up their right hands and said they proposed to take it easy.

This fall, most of the take-it-easy people will be safely back home. A great many of the speedsters will be pushing up daisies—and in very few cases will they "look natural."

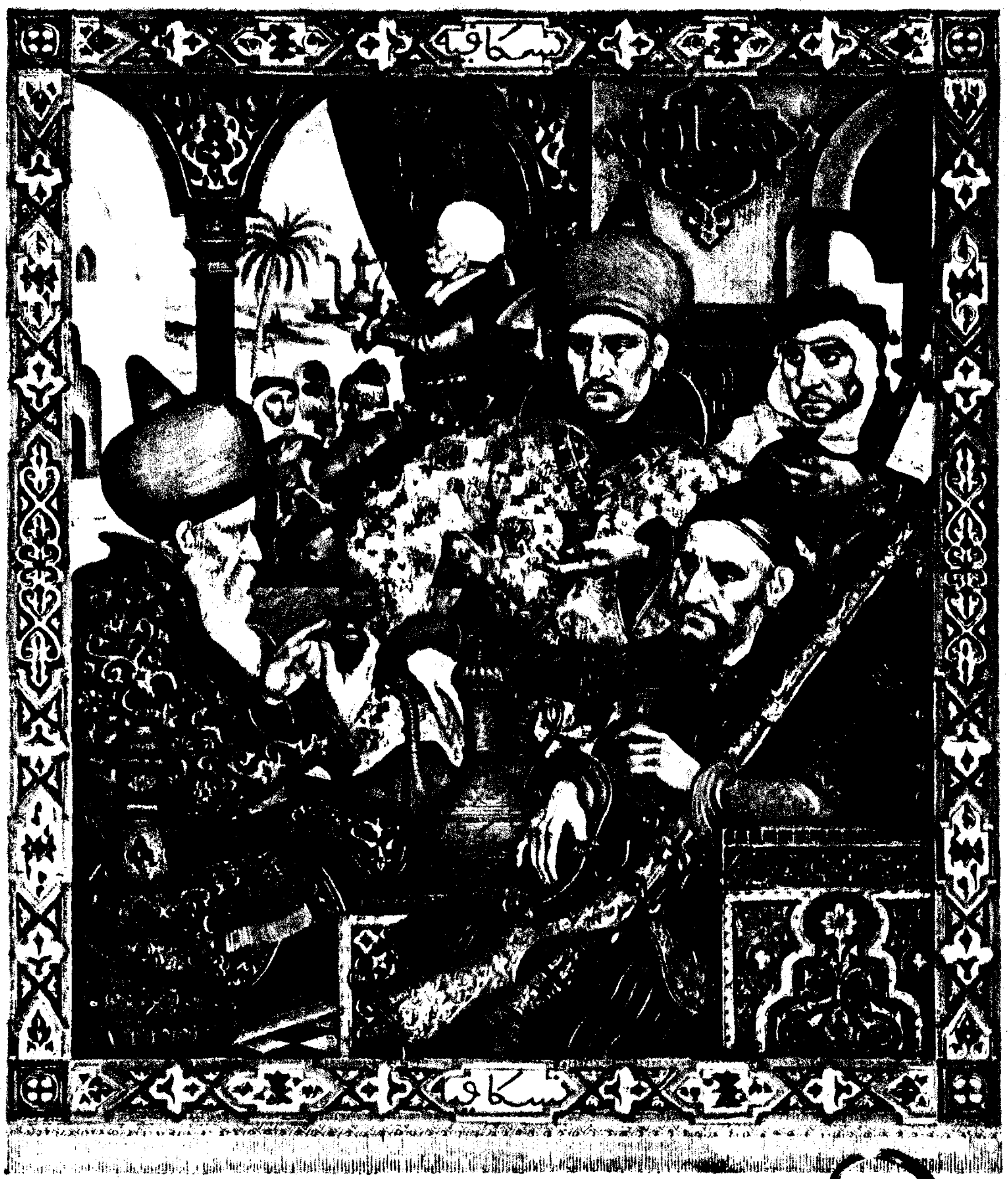
A large majority of America's foot-loose tourists this summer will travel by car—around 84 per cent of them. Of the remainder, planes have a slight edge over railroads and steamships. Very few trips seem to be planned by bus.

Where are they all going? Well, 43 per cent of those who will confine their travels to the U.S., are heading for "the Far West," meaning Colorado, Montana, Idaho, Arizona, New Mexico and the Pacific Coast states. New England, New York, Pennsylvania and New Jersey will get 28 per cent; Florida and the Gulf Coast 18 per cent; the north central states and the Appalachian highlands the rest.

Most of the cars on the road—until fall anyway—are likely to be of prewar vintage. The A.A.A. survey showed 61 per cent of the motorists planning to use their old cars; the rest thought they'd play it safe by waiting for a new model.

It may be discouraging, but most people still are going to travel just to be rolling. Only 16 per cent care about scenery—and *(Continued on page 65)*

DECORATION BY SAM BERMAN



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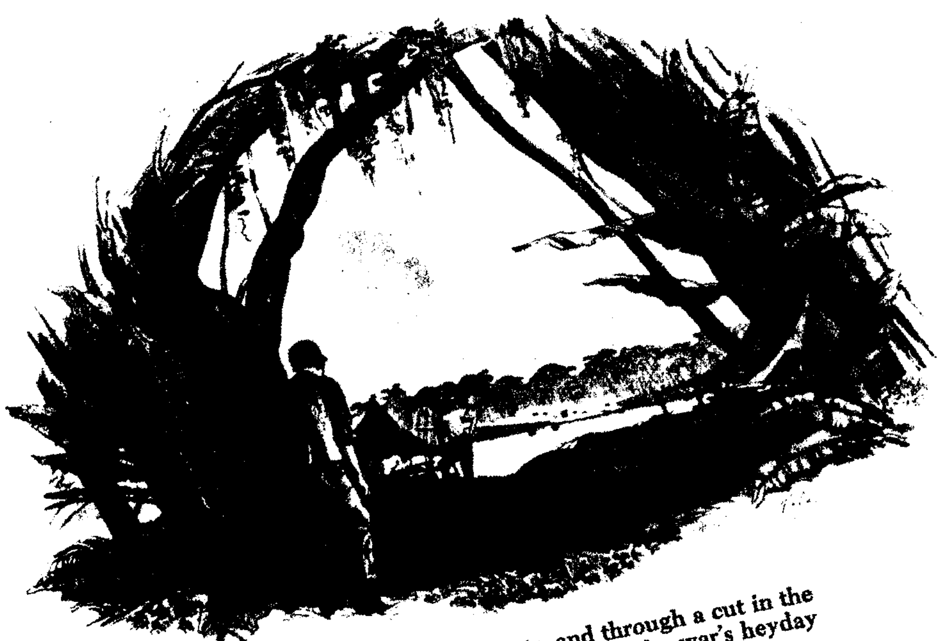
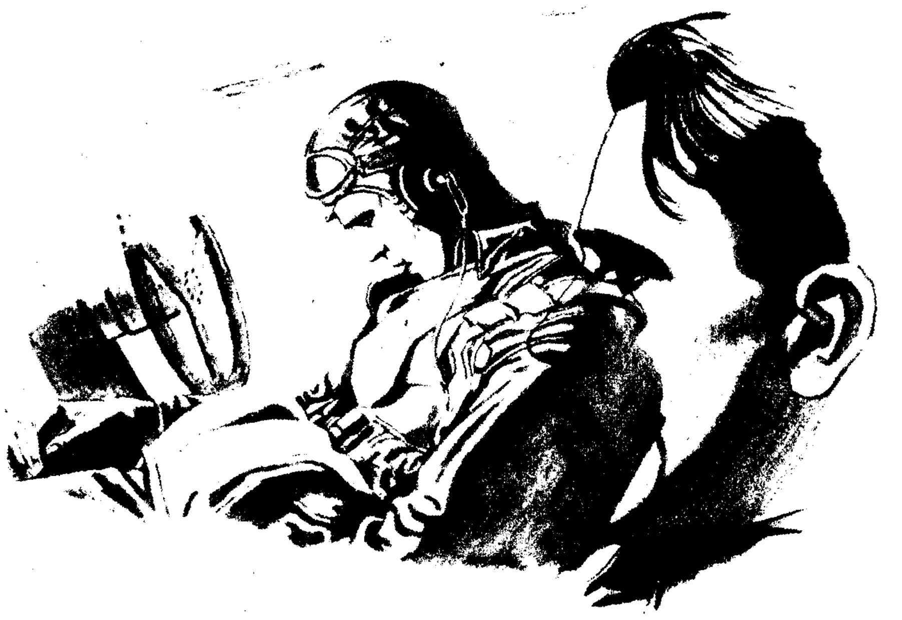


There were hoary trees around the tents, and through a cut in the trees there was an airfield, just as it had been in the war's heyday

It was a strange business, running onto people who reminded you of the dead. It was usually the line of a cheekbone or nape of neck



Last Reveille

BY KNOX BURGER

The dark before the dawn of the G.I.s' perfect day—the magic hours at the end of a long night and a longer war

HIS waking was a sudden, all-over thing, as if he had been catapulted out of sleep by an abrupt awareness of a stranger standing beside the bed. His body felt taut and alive as he stretched under the blankets. It was still dark.

And then he remembered who the stranger was. The last morning, he thought, and then he said out loud, "The last damn' morning." The words echoed inanely down the tiers of sleeping and just waking men. People stirred tentatively in their bunks, the creakings and tremors merging with the larger rattles of the barracks as it stood against the winter wind.

He wondered if anyone really slept well in a Separation Center. His mind passed with aimless certainty over all the rituals he would go through for the last time this morning. Pulling pants over chilly legs, shaving at one of a row of eight washbasins, folding blankets, walking out into the cold air to stand in line for breakfast, listening for announcements, responding when his name was called —the mechanics of all time passed in the Army. He wondered if there would be any significant difference, any revelation in the last processes of getting out. Up to now there had only been an annoying numbness, a dull, defeating adaptability to environment as it changed.

Arriving back in the country a few weeks before, he had rather expected to be overcome by some powerful emotion, some sense of fulfillment as he stepped out of the airplane into the gentle California rain. But there had only been an awareness of familiarity with the camouflaged hangars and the parked ships; and then someone had led them off the field into a room where they received instructions. Just another flight, another field, another briefing.

But today was the windup. Somebody would read his name off a roster for the last time and he would be handed the paper, official severance from the club. Then he would walk out into the sunlight, responsible not to the institution but to himself. He would walk over to a bus, alone and unaided—the phrase, succinct and meaningless from overuse in describing the various acts for which men are awarded medals, came to mind too easily. Then there would be trains and jostling, a descending curve of anticlimax, the cushioning effect of time consumed while covering space.

The man in the next bunk, the gentle rifleman from the Admiralties and the Philippines, spoke. "Hey, Werner, you awake?" His voice was heavy with the deliberateness of a man speaking while lying on his back.

"Yeah," said Werner.

"This is it, eh?" said the man, whose name was Copuolo.

This is it, conversational version. Usually it was used as a gag. Werner wondered if soldiers outside the movies ever used it in moments of great crisis. He looked over at the Italian lying in the dimness. The blur of his face with the dark brow against the pillow reminded him of someone else, a navigator on a missing crew. He couldn't even remember his name. It was a strange business, running onto people who reminded you of the dead. It was usually just a sudden guilty consciousness, a sidelong double-take as the line of a cheekbone or nape of neck evoked a fleeting shock of recognition. Sometimes it wasn't even a facial resemblance but merely a way of holding the head, or the slope of a shoulder.

"Been a long war," intoned Copuolo thoughtfully.

"Yeah," said Werner. "Go the hell back to sleep." Without moving or saying anything the Italian seemed to exude an air of troubled hurt, like a child scolded. "You got the time?" asked Werner. Atonement.

The Italian moved his arm from under the covers. "Ten after six," he said.

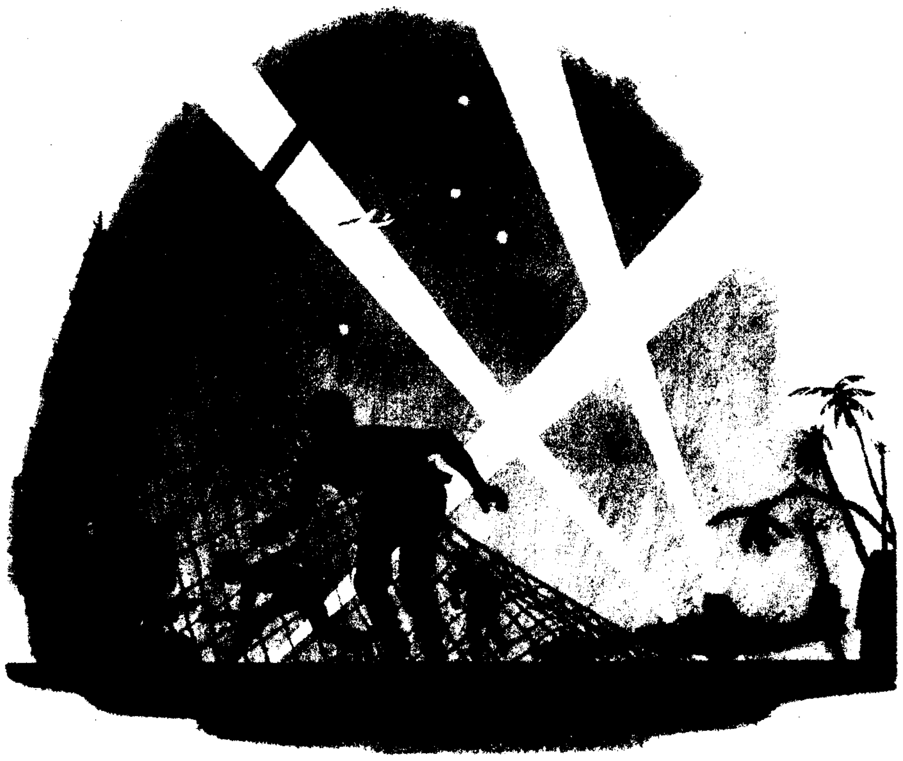
Five minutes before the lights go on. Five minutes to remember what it had been like, to think of how long a war it had been. Then the lights and the urgings to get up and the stale wisecracks; the salient swing of the legs over the bed's edge, the grind through the last rites.

He lay in the dark, not so wide-awake now, but feeling as light as a fly leaving a cobweb, and tried to remember what it had been like.

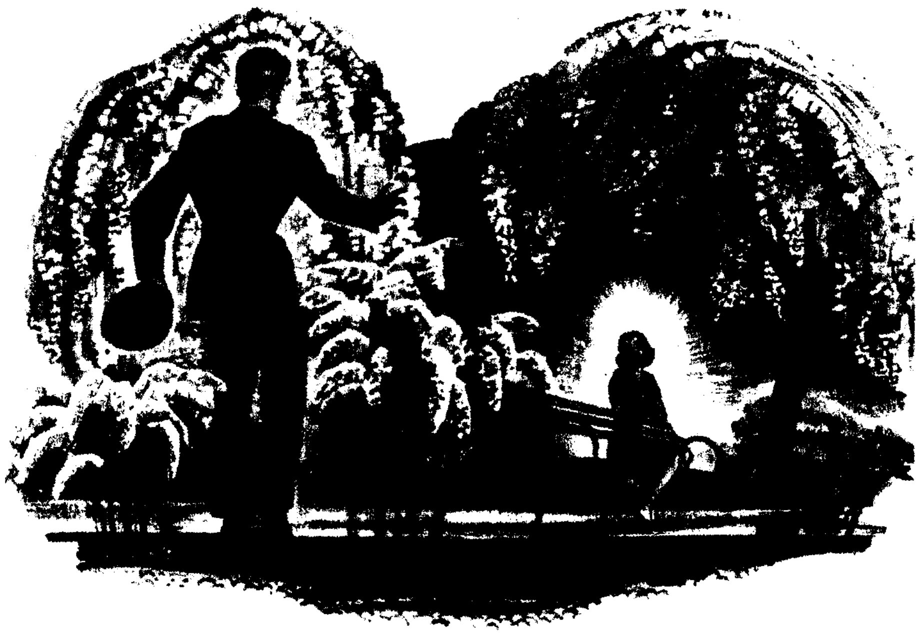
It was as if he were floating on a very salty sea, from whose depths he had just risen, trying to submerge but not being able

(Continued on page 61)

ILLUSTRATED BY DENVER GILLEN

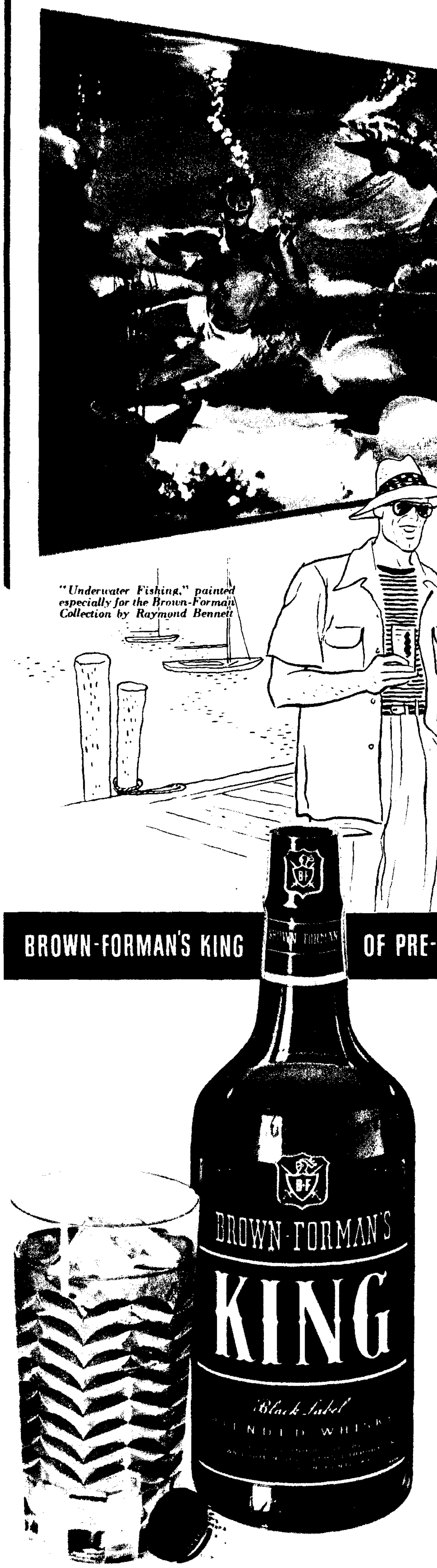


Memory recalled the air raids, with the sirens, the men on the line jumping off ladders and pounding across runways, searchlight beams sabering the sky



He had envisioned himself coming upon his wife unexpectedly at dusk. It was outdoors, out in some park with a bench, and a mist swirling around

KING MEANS BEST IN EVERYTHING



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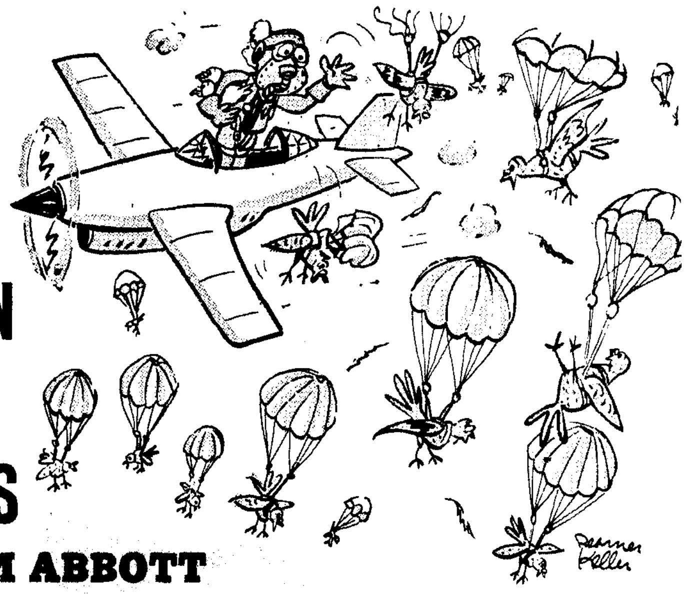


BY WILLIAM ABBOTT

If the Army keeps on finding new tricks for homing pigeons we won't need an air force

A HOMING pigeon is a smart bird. The message-carrying job he did in the war was perhaps the greatest done by any of the creatures in the fight—the thousands of horses, dogs, mules, camels, elephants, even the mousing cats. But the pigeon is still, for all that, a pigeon—not a vest-pocket Superman. Or is he?

The question isn't so goofy as it may seem. In fact, anyone who knows the answer can do the U.S. War Department quite a favor. And he is sure to make a big hit with a small group of officers and men in the Army Signal Corps. For these soldiers, instead of winding up their war communications job, are up to their necks in a piece of research the like of which no military organization has ever before fostered.

Their job is to find out how a homing pigeon gets home. Also, while they are on the subject, they've been asked to try to learn about any other things this bird can and can't do. Has he shown all his stuff? Or has he got some other surprises hidden back of that deceptively blank-looking pan of his?

It could be, the Army thinks. For the pigeon, who's been doing the same old homecoming trick and little else for the last 2,500 years, has become a different character since he got into the hands of the bird-training experts of the Signal Corps. He has consistently confounded those experts with his ability to do some very unpigeonlike things.

Some of them the War Department isn't telling about, they're considered so valuable. But those that are known are enough to give one an idea, and to impress the bejeepers out of the bird experts. That's because it's always been a basic scientific fact that most creatures, and especially birds, are very slow to change their habits.

It takes at least twenty-five generations, according to such a noted ornithologist as Ludlow Griscom, for a bird to adapt itself to a new situation. But not, apparently, if the bird is a pigeon and there are some U.S. Signal Corps men around.

He has learned, for example, to adapt himself to a home that never stays put more than a week, often no more than a day. From time immemorial, he's never liked the notion of flying over water. Now he has not only learned to ride hundreds of miles in seaplanes, boats, blimps or subs and fly back to land, but put his coop aboard a ship and he'll live in it and find his way back to it from any quarter of the compass, all this with the ship meantime moving about on its business.

From a land bird, then a sea bird, the Signal Corps' homer has become a new kind of air bird in at least two ways. In World War I, the fighting pigeons used to cover twenty-five to fifty miles under combat conditions. Now a pigeon on air-service duty can fly 500 miles at a lick, clicking it off at an average of fifty miles an hour. He jumps with the paratroopers, bails out in his own chute, goes overboard up toward the stratosphere from a plane doing 300 miles an hour, and turns up at home as unruffled as ever.

It's as a bomber passenger that he has disclosed another eerie faculty: the ability to live without extra oxygen at heights that would kill a man. All hands in a bomber crew are supposed to put on their oxygen masks at 10,000 or 12,000 feet. But the Army's homing pigeon gets along without a mask at 30,000 feet—and 50 degrees below zero. The secret of it is that he carries his own oxygen with him in air sacs and in air layers under his skin and in his hollow bones.

Another of his Jekyll-Hyde transformations is that he's now an arctic bird as well as a sea rover, and one of the world's highest fliers. He can navigate in thin air and sub-zero cold, taking off at -30 or -40 degrees Fahrenheit and zooming around merrily over 15,000-foot peaks. But he's also become a tropical creature, living in extreme heat and flying in rainstorms that would sink him if his Signal Corps creators hadn't provided him with special rain-shedding equipment. He's not been taught to carry an umbrella, he's merely been bred with water-resistant plumage.

ONCE even the best homing pigeon in the world didn't like to fly at night. So the Corps wizards invented one that will. The prize miracle to be perfected up to date, however, is a genuine triple threat. It's a homer that apparently knocks askew the whole principle of the messenger pigeon's performance by flying *away* from home as well as *toward* it. This two-way bird leaves his loft, goes to a designated point and comes back to the starting place. Well, when the boys had got this far, you couldn't blame them for putting on the final fancy touch. They produced the world's first two-way, land-and-water, night-flying pigeon.

Persuasion is the word, apparently, in the new system of training, along with supersmart breeding and a careful adjustment of jobs to a bird's likes and dislikes.

For example, a pigeon usually wants to drink as soon as he has finished eating. So simply by feeding him in one loft and keeping his water supply in another, the trainers have the makings of the two-way flier. The willingness of a bird, less than three months old to hunt for his home each time he comes back from a flight, even when his address is changed every day, has been traded on to produce the modern "mobile" messenger. The night flier, on the other hand, results from completely transferring a specially bred pigeon's day routine to the night hours, with a brilliantly lighted loft, the observance of feeding and flight periods and all the other normal activities of a day. The ship's pigeon and the tropical and arctic ones are products of breeding-acclimatizing and youth. This was very much a young pigeons' war, it seems.

So considering what they've done to date, it may be that the Signal Corps pigeon prestidigitators will get away with their big assignment—learning why the homing pigeon homes. If they do, they will solve one of the greatest riddles of the natural world. Way back in World War I there was a wheeze about crossing a homing pigeon with a parrot and letting him deliver his message verbally. Well, perhaps the research group will have to resort to that to get the new bird's secret out of him. If so, don't take any bets that they won't. ★★★

ILLUSTRATED BY REAMER KELLER

Stassen's Political Gamble

Continued from page 17

if no settlement were reached in the first ten days of negotiation, both sides were required to confer together for ten days more with the conciliator. The law provided, too, that if the dispute involved national defense—public utilities, munitions plants, for example—there should be thirty days of investigation by a fact-finding commission of three, appointed by the governor. This mission would report the facts and its recommendations to the governor who would then call the two belligerents in and publicly announce the decision.

Reading the Minnesota law will not raise your blood pressure. It is just about as unspectacular as Stassen himself and he, incidentally, is ever suspicious of the spectacular. The law imposes no penalties on anybody for anything except that if waiting periods are not respected, injunctions will apply. If an employer or a union chief is charged with unfair labor practice as defined under another law altogether, that becomes a matter for the courts to decide. The Stassen Labor Peace Plan, known as the Count Ten law, has to do only with strikes. However, since its adoption in 1939, the number of men who have gone out on strike is 70 per cent lower than that in a like period before its adoption.

It's true that his record was made in wartime when all strikes were vastly reduced, but it's still a good record. No one contends that handling the strike problem in Minnesota may not be simpler than dealing with it on a national basis. And it is quickly conceded that the job is easier in Minnesota than in, say, more highly industrialized Michigan. But the fact remains that since the adoption of the Stassen law in Minnesota nearly twelve hundred labor disputes have been settled without an hour of work stoppage or the loss of a wage dollar.

On the theory that the measure of the effectiveness of any law is the integrity of its administrator, Mr. Stassen's pluggers attribute much of this law's success to him—to him and his successor-friend Governor Thye. About this, Mr. Stassen prefers to maintain silence—and he is not a coy person either.

If, as governor, Mr. Stassen did no more than give Minnesota an intelligent and intelligible labor law, he'd have done better than most of his predecessors. When he ran for governor in 1942, both William Green, president of the American Federation of Labor, and the state C.I.O. endorsed him. And if he were foolish enough to permit it, a considerable number of Minnesota's financiers and industrialists would be glad to finance him in whatever he might elect to do—travel, lecture, write, or just sit home and think.

Cleanup at the State House

He wasn't governor a month before he began to correct a number of State House errors. Ten officeholders were packed off to jail for financial finagling and several private contractors who had been doing a nice business with the state hastened to return $277,000 to the state treasury with "or else" ringing in their ears. In four years he reduced the state's indebtedness $39,445,070, reduced real and personal property taxes 46 per cent, set up a financial control plan which outlaws departmental deficits, reduced the number of state employees by one third and organized a central purchasing bureau which reduced, for example, the purchase price of road surfacing material from eleven dollars a ton to four and five dollars.

To head the state's most important departments, he appointed a corps of youngsters of his own age. The departing officers called them The Diaper Brigade. But the people of Minnesota liked Stassen well enough to re-elect him twice, even though they knew he'd spend most of his third term in the Navy.

One year out of the University of Minnesota Law School, at the age of twenty-three, Stassen declared for county attorney in his home Dakota County, the seat of which is South Saint Paul. He was elected without making a speech, not because he wasn't willing to talk but because he had suffered a physical breakdown. His law partner, Elmer J. Ryan, did the campaigning for him and did it so well that later the Republican Stassen campaigned successfully to send the Democrat Ryan to Congress.

Stassen took the prosecutor job seriously as he takes practically everything. Personally he led a raid on a notorious gambling joint in St. Paul, putting it permanently out of business. Armed with a shotgun he led a posse that captured two murderers who had escaped from jail. And then he got his first-hand experience in handling strikes. A dairy farmer strike had come to Dakota County. Stassen was standing in the rear of the hall when an organizer from Iowa told his farmer audience that, should the sheriff or county attorney appear in person as they overturned milk trucks which were trying to run their blockades, such officials should be run down "like we're doing in Iowa." Stassen pushed his way through the crowd, walked slowly to the platform.

Acting as Strikers' Attorney

He told them that he too agreed that a dollar and twenty cents for a hundred pounds of milk was not enough. He asked them to disband, return to their farms, and said he, the county attorney, would act as their lawyer without charge. However, he added, if they insisted on violence he would be present to witness the same and that he'd prosecute. Not, he said, that he relished the idea of being run down, either. They disbanded. He got the price of milk raised to a dollar and a half. When he ran again for county attorney these same farmers were all but unanimous in voting for him.

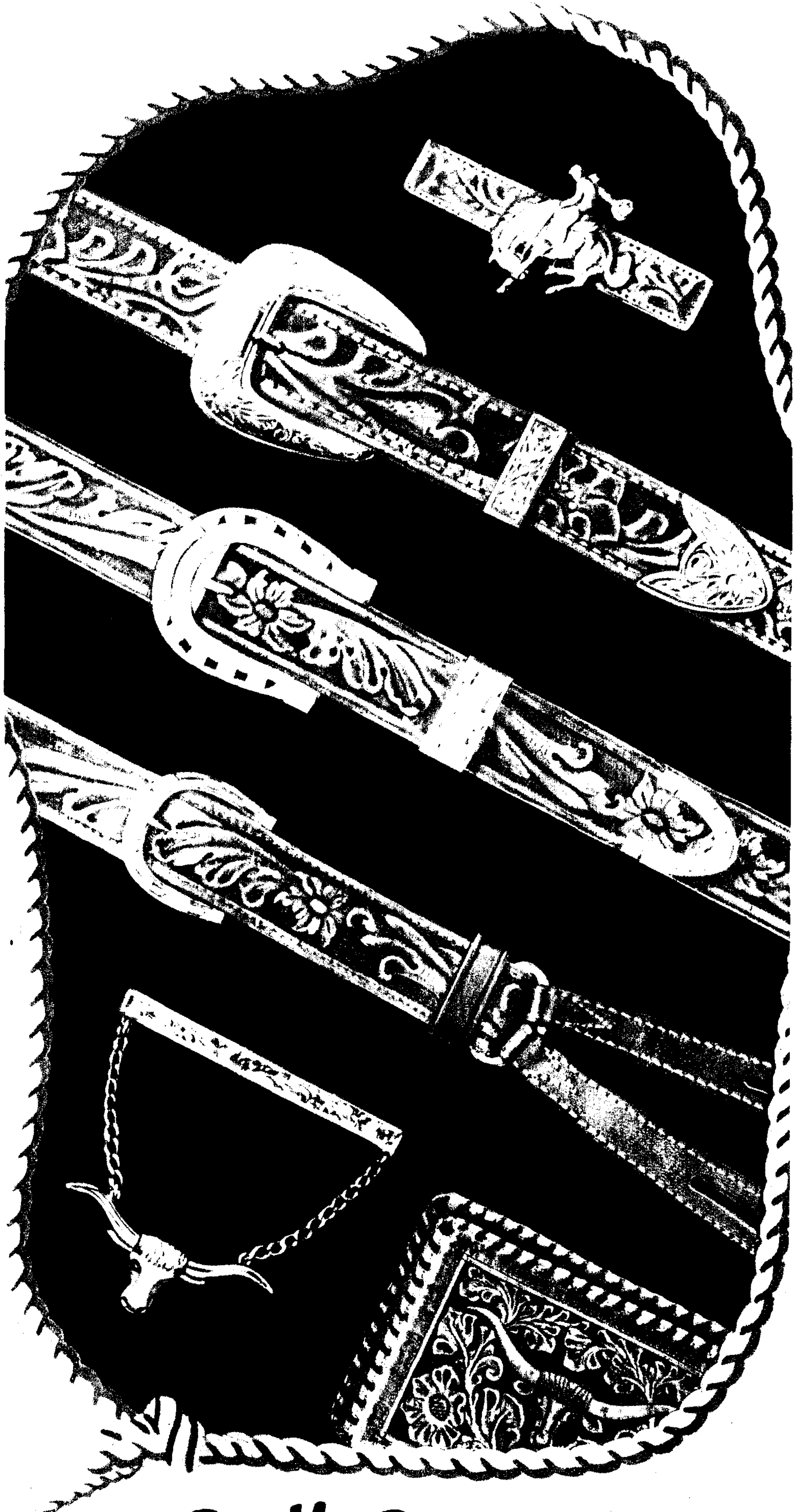
He was still county attorney in 1933 when the Armour packing plant workers in South Saint Paul struck. He arrived at the plant just as the management was about to attempt to run the strikers' street blockade with trucks manned by imported bangos. In an hour he induced the management to recall its blockade runners, and the impending battle didn't come off. Then he summoned the strike leaders in, sat them down on one side of the room facing the management's representatives, and he stood between them. There was a series of such conferences. Stassen won.

The plant was reopened, the workers returned, both sides satisfied—for the time being at least. Furthermore, Stassen appealed to the local N.R.A. board with the result that the workers blacklisted by the company were restored to their jobs. All of which gives you an idea of the Stassen character.

It wouldn't be worth anyone's while to search for a better family background than Stassen's. He was born in 1907 on his father's, Bill Stassen's, small farm near South Saint Paul. Bill Stassen has a somewhat larger truck farm in West Saint Paul now, but he still arrives in the public market before dawn each morning except Sunday to sell vegetables. Bill Stassen was born in Minnesota, the son of Czech and Norwegian emigrants. His wife, of Sudeten German parentage, arrived in America at the age of six, with her parents.

Bill Stassen has had the same firm grip on the confidence of people that Harold has. Thrice he was elected mayor of West Saint Paul, not that he let such honors interfere with his truck farming nor his predawn treks to the St. Paul market. He never bothered to campaign—didn't have time. They just elected him—the same way his fellow farmers have kept him as treasurer of their growers' association. Just naturally turned things over to Bill Stassen and knew everything would be okay. Bill's a member of the school board too. A ruggedly reliable citizen.

They tell you too about Bill's father, Harold's grandfather, a Czech. One day the Austrian army notified Grandfather Stassen to report for induction. He ignored the notice which was tantamount to telling the army to go elsewhere. Whereat they sent an officer



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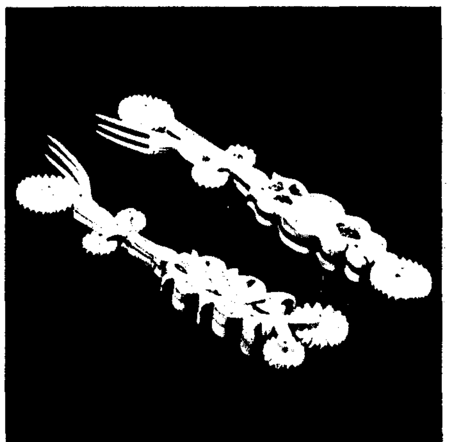

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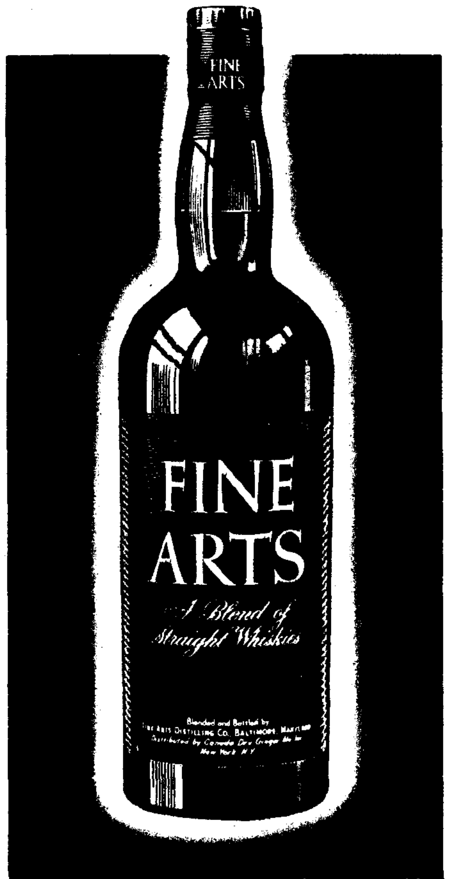

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and a few soldiers to change the fellow's mind. The officer was impatient. He split the Stassen front door with his saber, an unnecessary bit of business because Harold Stassen's grandfather was already on his way to America. On his mother's side, Harold Stassen is a not-too-distant cousin of Eduard Benes, the Czechoslovakian statesman.

Harold Stassen's first appearance in national politics was as keynoter at the Republican National Convention in 1940. When they chose him for that job the National Committee didn't suspect that at the convention he'd also be Wendell Willkie's floor manager. The Dewey and Taft factions have never quite forgiven him for that. The Old Guard doesn't quite call Mr. Stassen's activity at that convention the double cross, but it still doesn't think he was neighborly. The Republican conservatives assure you today that they will not be caught napping like that in 1948. That means, they add, that to be nominated, Mr. Stassen will have to be a powerful aspirant with an undeniable following.

Dewey's Defeat Still Rankles

Nor has the Old Guard forgiven Stassen for Franklin Roosevelt's victory over Governor Dewey in Minnesota in 1944 although that was more the responsibility of Senator Joe Ball. However the Republican conservatives protest that when Ball abandoned Dewey and announced for Mr. Roosevelt, Mr. Stassen should have reprimanded Mr. Ball even if he, Stassen, was in the Navy as aide to Admiral Halsey at the time.

"There is a wide divergence of viewpoint and of philosophy of government within the Republican Party," says Stassen. "This is not unfortunate. The Republican Party should have room within itself for divergence of viewpoint. I am re-entering active Republican Party affairs. I shall urge that the Republican Party be forthright, constructive, progressive and dynamic. . . . To avoid controversial issues may be a way for the Republican Party to win, although I doubt it. But certainly it is a way for the country to lose. . . .

"The successful functioning of democracy requires forthright leadership, frank interpretations to the people, and a willingness to be defeated at the polls rather than compromise principles . . . but democracy will deteriorate if it functions instead through clever vote-catching promises, smooth straddling and corrupt political machines."

About labor: "We must, all of us—capital and management, government and labor—support strong unions. They are an essential part of the checks and balances of a strong economic system, of private capitalism. The right of labor to strike must be maintained. The loss by labor of that right would lead in time to the loss of the rights of private capital. But the right to strike should be very rarely used. It should be like the right to shoot in self-defense. . . . If you pull down the House of Labor, you will pull down the House of America. . . . The right of business to manage its affairs must be vigorously defended. . . . Foremen and other supervisory personnel should be under the unquestioned, exclusive direction of management and not of labor."

He believes in a bipartisan political responsibility: "Both parties should share in the responsibility of major decisions of government, of that kind which require the overwhelming support of the people to make them effective. . . . I know that some politicians in my party would say that this is a political mistake. They would say, too, that it would place the Republican Party in a position of sharing in the responsibility for working out very difficult problems and that it is smarter to leave the Administration to struggle with the problems, to watch strikes flare up, permit dissension to arise between government and labor and then use all these things in future political campaigns. That is not my idea of the way the American political and economic system should operate."

But you will hear much in this vein from Harold Stassen within the next few months. Fundamentally his views won't change much, but trends will shape his words. In Minnesota they say that he's always "a little ahead of the event." Maybe that's why long ago he became a strong advocate of a permanent Fair Employment Practices Commission and why he became a contributing member of the National Committee to Aid Families of General Motors Strikers. That the GM strike should have lasted more than a couple of weeks at most is, to the creator of Minnesota's Count Ten law, a dismal commentary on the intelligence of the company, the union and the government.

THE END

Wing Talk

Continued from page 8

Fortunes of war landed Dipper in the wrong service. He should have been an Army dog. As a matter of fact, he started his war career in the Army, attached to a pretty nurse who took him when a puppy from Philadelphia to Honolulu. When she left that post, Dipper had to stay behind in the care of some friends who were Navy pilots.

Ordered to Saipan, they loaded Little Dipper with their gear and took off. Two and a half hours out of Honolulu they discovered that Dip had jumped ship. The reluctant tar was adopted by Lieutenant W. S. "Monk" Fowler, of Phillips, Texas, a Navy pilot who has been called "King of the Sub-Killers" for his work in the Atlantic patrol. As long as Fowler was "grounded" as an instructor at Pearl, Dipper followed him happily to and from the classroom, the officers' club and on swimming parties and week-end hunting trips.

The day came for Fowler to take off. Dipper faced the choice of continuing the pleasant cheery round of landlubber life without his flying friend, or leaving the solid earth and the beaches he loved for the upper air. His devotion to Fowler proved greater than his aversion to flying and he allowed himself to be hoisted aboard. From then on, resignedly, he spent more time on the wing than on the ground. On his first trip in a fighter plane, he was stowed in the rear at the take-off, but somehow maneuvered his way through a maze of radio gear, hydraulic lines and wires to join his master in the cockpit. After that he rode up front.

Fowler is a big man, and the cockpit of a fighter plane is pretty cramped, but Dipper lay quietly for hours hugging the deck, and characterfully resisting the impulse to make a pass at birds when he encountered them on their own level.

Only once did Fowler's fur-bearing copilot forget his flying manners, and that time he very nearly cracked up the ship. It was the end of a long flight, and as the plane steadily lost altitude, Dipper could not control his excitement over returning to earth. He got to his feet and gratefully stretched, lifting his master's left foot from the rudder pedal. The plane pitched forward. Frantically Fowler forced Dipper down as the ground rushed up. Another instant and the propeller would have been chewing the runway. In that split second, the urgency of Fowler's commands persuaded Dipper. He dropped to the deck, and the plane bumped to a landing at the very edge of the field.

"Monk" Fowler, out of uniform, has enrolled at the University of Tennessee to complete his education and play football. Dipper's own postwar ambition is to be the All-America mascot. Sports writers say his chances are pretty good. In Honolulu, Dip trained as mascot of the Kanahoe Klippers, a Navy team on which Fowler played halfback. The team credits the Little Dipper with winning the South Pacific championship for which they received an award from CINCPAC. Watching Dip sweat out a tough game is often a better show than the game itself. The day the Kanahoe Klippers played their championship game, Dipper chewed his way through two leashes.

Smart bookies are betting bourbon to bones that it's the Rose Bowl for Dip this year—by rail, if he's lucky. . . .

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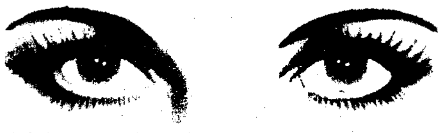

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Last Reveille

Continued from page 57

to combat his own buoyancy. He shut his eyes and thought about the oceanic welter that had been the Army. . . .

The sea was cloudy, but not far under the surface there was a city of tents frying in the sun and it was called not Atlantis but Guam. He concentrated and began to see it quite clearly. There were hoary trees around the tents, and through a cut in the trees there was an airfield, just as it had been in the war's heyday, with waves of heat shuddering up from the concrete runways, bomb and gas trucks trundling among the great silver fins of parked planes, men on ladders poking tools into engines. Sharply he recalled narrower and narrower sectors of the tent area and the runways. He went inside one of the planes and sat down beside the thin square pillow. On its dark surface, stamped in yellow, was the pillow's official quartermaster designation, a short column of relevant figures and initials. On the last line were the words: Mfd. by Fashionable Frocks, Inc. Then he looked up and saw the word ALCLAD in slanted block letters stamped on one of the aluminum sheets that went to make up the fuselage. Then he was outside the airplane, looking at the nude woman painted on the nose, with the plane's name, Kiss and Tell, lettered underneath. Then all sorts of signs sprang to mind; "Bombs Loaded" in red on a little white standard; "Stumble Inn" lettered in black on a piece of packing case nailed over a tent flap; "Officers Only"; "Operations"; "Intelligence"; "Don't throw butts in the plumbing"; and the names of other planes, Happy Flapper, Sweet Georgia Bronkoski. . . .

A MAN in an upper bunk started to cough in sharp, gagging crescendo. He stopped, drew breath and cursed.

"Hey, Copuolo," Werner said suddenly. "You know we had an airplane in my outfit named Sweet Georgia Bronkoski?"

"Yeah?" said Copuolo. "What made you think of that?"

"I don't know," said Werner.

The names and the signs were probably an easy way to remember the war, thought Werner, like the wording of the citations. Everything was supposed to have a name. The Army put it all down on paper.

"Funny," said Copuolo, "I was just thinking about retreat, you know? You got retreat in the Air Corps? Well, we were in a big flat-roof building on Leyte and we had a Jap cannon on the roof, and the retreat came at that peaceful time of day, dyinglike, you know, with the bugle call and then the cannon and the puff of smoke blowing away as the flag came down," he paused. "It was nice."

The wording and the rituals, thought Werner. He remembered looking out the blister as the ship wheeled slowly up to the take-off line one pink and purple evening, the time of day Copuolo was talking about. A chaplain was parked in a jeep beside the ship. The chaplain had made the sign of the cross as they passed, and Werner had ducked his head respectfully. "I wonder if it gives him pain," the copilot had said over the interphone, "blessing a ship when all he can see is a naked woman painted on the nose. . . ."

WERNER thought about the take-off. It was blurred in with all the other take-offs, circling, watching other ships, seeing the lights of Guam fuse and grow smaller and smaller until finally it was just a glow fading into nothing.

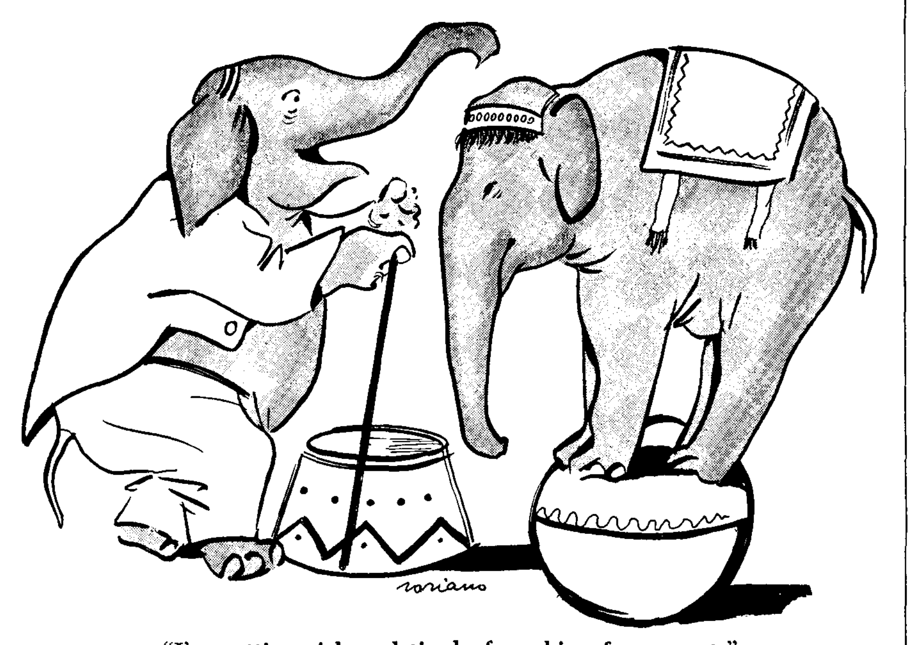
Then another island appeared in the salt sea, off by itself, an island all dirty browns and grays heaved up inside a thin white edge of surf. He thought of the last time he had seen Iwo Jima, spending a night there a few weeks before he had come home. The war had been over, and Iwo missed it, missed the 29s droning over at night on their way up to Japan, missed the cripples staggering down on their way back, sweeping the runways with landing lights and bumping in with feathered props and gas leaks and freshly come-by flak holes.

He knew there were still men out there wading around in the coffee-ground ash, waiting to come home. Werner shivered in his bed and thought of them dutifully. The men in the barracks had discussed the demonstrations by the soldiers in Manila yesterday with the tolerant, detached sympathy of people discussing starving Europe. Manila was another world now, at the bottom of the sea, like a part of somebody else's war.

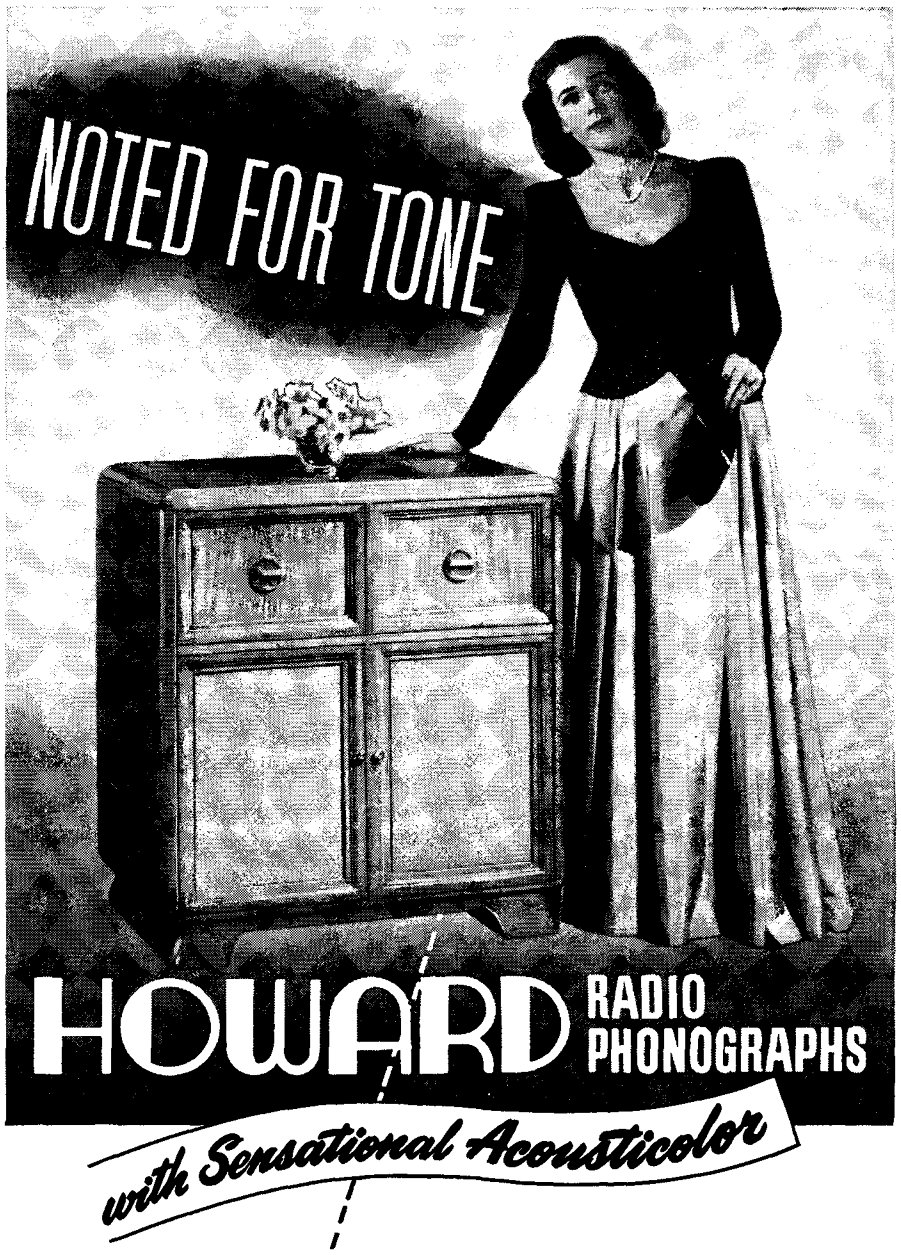
"Hell!" said Copuolo. "I'll go nuts when they hand me my discharge. I can see myself stumbling around outside, trying to find the busses by myself. I wonder if they got guys to tell us where the busses are, or signs? Guess I like to slug the first officer I see. . . . Or if I don't slug him, I'll salute him," he added, the words coming out in a rush of self-revelation.

"Relax," said Werner. The framework of rules and rituals, of being told where to stand in line to eat and what to wear and where to go to sleep, the skeleton of Army life was being pulled from their bodies this morning. They gave you a white paper and they took back your bones. All that was left were ectoplasmic memories.

Outside the barracks someone tried to start a jeep. The grinding of the starter carried sharply across the cold air. Werner recalled, as from a great distance, the pregnant, choppy coughing of airplanes warming up, the orchestrated background noises around airfields at night; the motors of jeeps and gas trucks, the businesslike shouting, a ladder scraping against macadam. . . . And the air raids, with the sirens, the men on the line jumping off ladders and pounding across runways into shelters, the lights suddenly off, dropping the tents away into darkness, the searchlight beams sabering the sky, the slam-



COLLIER'S "I'm getting sick and tired of working for peanuts" SORIANO



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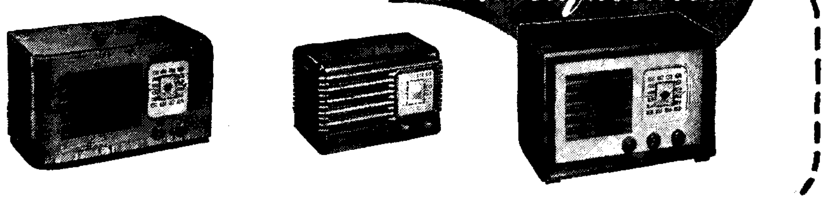

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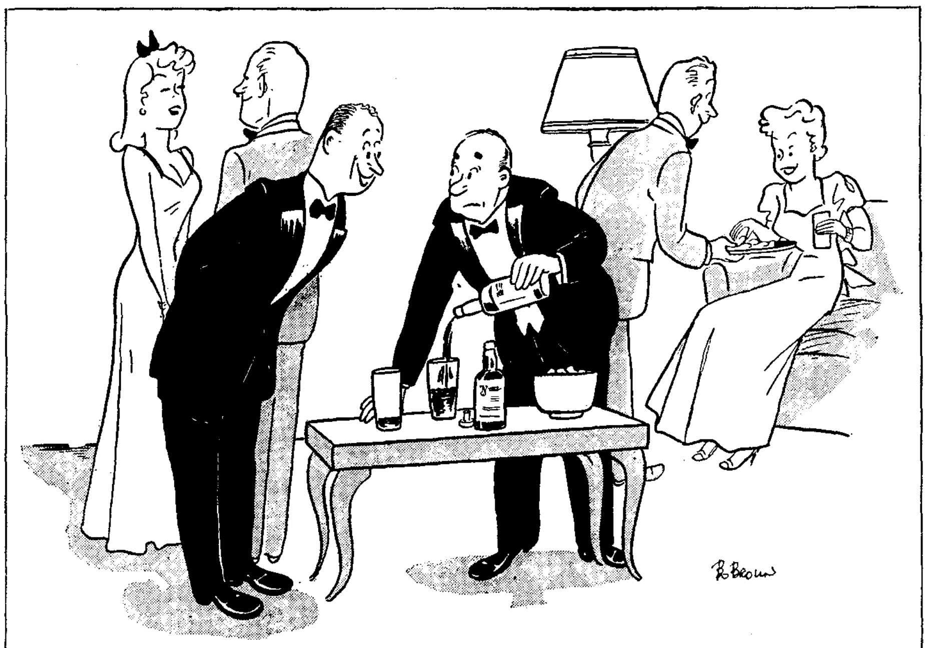

COLLIER'S "Let mine run till it gets good and cold!" BO BROWN

ming of the big guns, the shoals of tracers drifting off into the night.

He remembered how much he had liked to use guns. During the long, stupefying periods of doing nothing he used to crave the violence he knew he could release by pushing buttons, squeezing triggers to see tracers go splashing into something, breaking it, burning it, making it fall. It frightened him a little bit, to think about it now. And here in the States they talked about a crime wave. Maybe, thought Werner, and maybe there'll be a wave of G-men. Or skeet shooters.

HE SMILED to himself and stretched until his feet touched the bedboard. He shifted his legs to new angles, one acute and one obtuse. Resting on cool places of the sheet, he decided that sheets were a very fine thing and stretched again, arching his back and legs and then slowly buckling back onto the mattress. A fighter plane fell across his mind in a languid swoop into the salt sea and out of sight. Dropping gracefully, looking more natural than it would look flying level, as if falling were its only native motion. There was grace in the fall, and remembering it gave him pleasure . . . but what if it were one of ours, and what of any man crashing to earth? If it's ours you watch for a parachute, he recalled automatically. But his imaginary ocean grew conveniently dark, concealing the reservoir of bitterness and fear that had seemed to make up most of war and the Army while he had been a part of them. He was almost asleep when Copuolo's voice said:

"Boy, I can see myself walkin' through that old door now." He had spoken abruptly. "First thing I'm gonna do is take about a pint of Scotch whisky and then get into a good hot bath. Then I'm gonna put on my sports coat, if my kid brother didn't wear it out, and call up and get reservations . . ." He went on, savoring each phase of the program as he unfolded it. Werner wondered idly if the Italian would really do all those things, in the order planned. The evening before, the men in the barracks had been predigesting their homecomings, organizing meticulous programs, comparing notes. It had reminded Werner of so many Army training schedules. And Copuolo, who wasn't very original and probably wasn't going home to any yachts or million-dollar inheritances, might have picked up some of the trimmings from the others.

"Lousy weather to get discharged in today," Copuolo was saying. "The sun's late now, and there's wind, and it'll be like yesterday."

With the compulsive sense of extending an invitation to relatives to whom he was under obligation, Werner summoned up the familiar and by now formalized vision of his own homecoming. He had worked it out months ago, when he was deep in the salt sea, and everything above the surface wore an aureole of uncontrollable brilliance. He had envisioned himself coming upon his wife unexpectedly at dusk. It was outdoors, out in some park with a bench, and a fine, ghostly mist swirled close to the ground. He used to think up opening lines for himself, and then he would try to imagine her rejoinders. Then he thought of his next line, hinging a different one on each of the answers he had conceived for her. But the vision had staled. Lying here on the surface, between these sheets, it was hard not to be a little embarrassed by the heady dreams which had flowered on that unyielding cot. Lavender and old canvas. He no longer dared to enchant himself with these elaborate dress rehearsals. When he walked in the door, he thought to himself, his wife would probably be bending over the sink, washing her hair.

The mess-hall lights shone across the snow and illumined the window beside his bed. Above him the sagging bulk of the top bunk creaked; the bulge in the mattress took another shape. He noticed a sliver of light lancing out from under the door at the end room of the barracks, where the orderly—or chief—lived. Barracks orderly or barracks chief. It was all in how you looked at it. The man had introduced himself as the latter but had been carrying out the duties of the former during the group's three-day stay in the building. Sounds of stirring came from the room.

"Guess old Blood and Guts is getting up to turn on the lights," said Copuolo. He was using the nickname someone else had coined the day they'd arrived after the orderly had explained his own position in an earnest, welcoming speech.

"I been in longer than a lot of you guys prob'ly," the orderly had said. He went on to explain how he had a disability which had kept him from going overseas and thus accumulating points. ". . . Now I hope we can all get along during the few days that you're gonna be here," he had said. "All I ask for my part is that you sweep around your bed in the morning, use the butt cans (that's what they're there for) and kindly keep out of the latrines between seven-fifteen and eight. . . ." He had asked some other things, too, and he had wished them good luck. It had all sounded very familiar. They were being taken care of. This was the host, the flipper of light switches, the guardian of the latrine, the answerer of questions. The little talk, doubtless rendered verbatim to each new barracksful of separatees, was full of the defensive self-pity that some stateside soldiers feel they have to assume in the presence of the others. Everyone had been embarrassed and when the orderly had left the room, there had been an awkward silence until someone had said, "Old Blood and Guts," breaking the spell.

Like most good Army taglines, it didn't quite fit, but it somehow complemented the generally accepted realization that here was a man not of the coterie, a man dangling on the edge of the outside, between the outside and a war he had never seen.

"Wonder what they got for breakfast this morning," asked Copuolo.

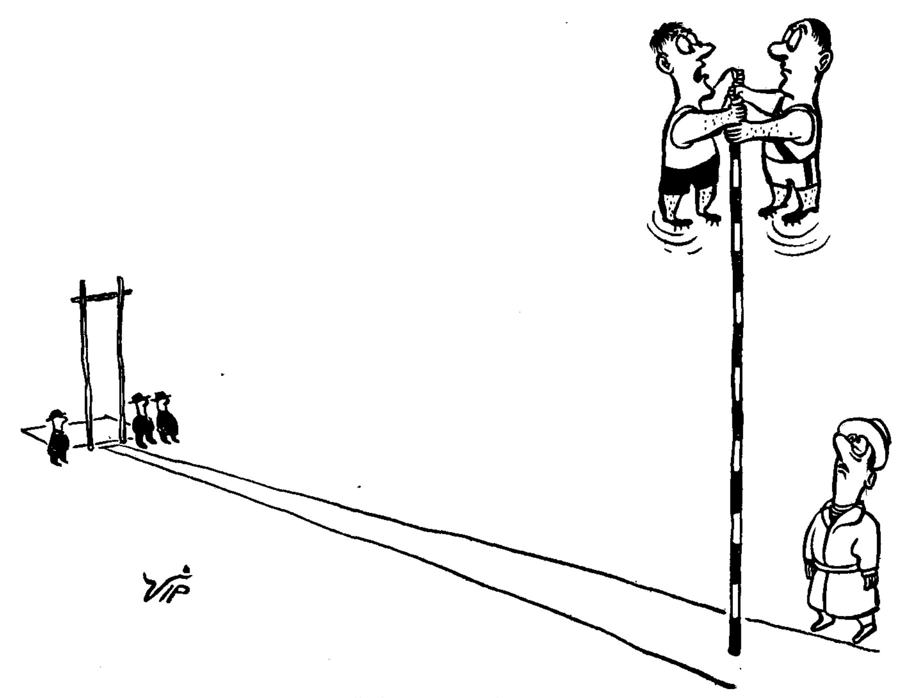
TRANSIENTS always feel the need to make talk on the way from one place to another, thought Werner. For three days these men had talked almost as if they were being processed to go to new stations. The Army, of course, was made up of transients, and this last day was bringing the transiency to a head; the transiency and all the rituals that he had been accomplishing, living by, that had made the Army seem to hang together. This was where he got off.

Unaccountably he thought of the ugly piece of Jap 20-mm. shell that lay in his jacket pocket, his only souvenir. He wondered if his grandchildren would be interested in it.

The orderly's door opened and a soft swatch of light dropped on the floor. The orderly walked through it down between the rows of beds, tramping resolutely toward the light switch. The footsteps put Werner suddenly in mind of the sodden, flat-heeled clumping of another man in another barracks, and now it didn't matter that he had hated the sound of those footsteps, that he had hated the man. He wanted to hear them again. He never would. He knew that the three-year-old grudge he had borne at being caught up in the system was dying, way down at the bottom of the salt sea. Just for a moment the fact of getting out was almost too true to be good, just for a moment he missed the Army. Then there was a click and a brilliant pressure against his eyeballs. Werner was aware of his nakedness under the covers.

The lights were on.

THE END


COLLIER'S "Okay, I go first" VIRGIL PARTCH

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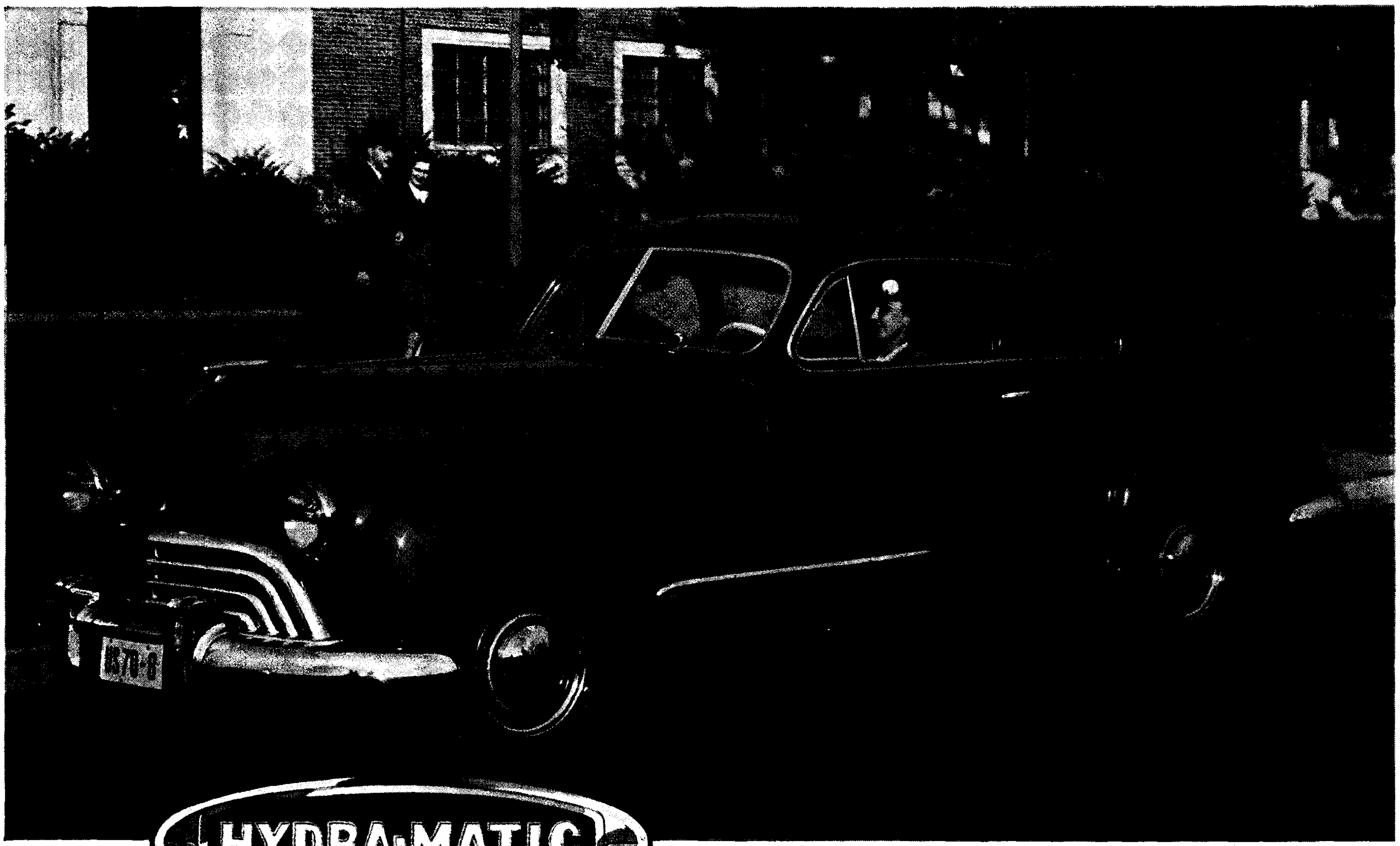

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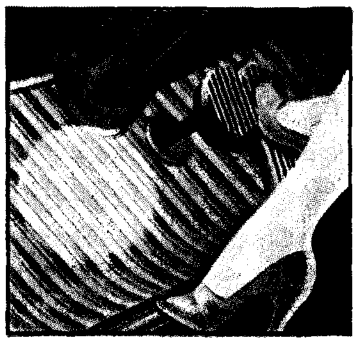

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THE NATIONAL AND INTERNATIONAL ROUTE OF THE FLAGSHIPS

So You're Going Touring

Continued from page 55

only 4 per cent about history. Give the rest a four-lane highway and a good hotel room at night—that's all they want.

Is the America of 1946 going to be different from the one you remember back in 1940 and 1941? Not much. There hasn't been time or material to do very much. Highways have held up pretty well, although in some parts near Army camps, they're not in too good shape. Secondary roads have suffered more, but are being repaired and resurfaced by counties and states. But there still will be plenty, back in the hills, where 10 miles an hour will be fast going.

Back Roads Are Better Now

For the most part, the postwar highway program means little more to the traveler than an abnormally large number of detours. In the earlier days of motoring, a detour usually meant being shunted over a dusty or muddy back road which was often so poorly marked that the motorist was lucky to find his way back to the main route again. But now that we have surfacing of one kind or another on nearly half of our 3,000,000 miles of rural highways, detours can be set up that provide travel lanes almost as good as the main route.

For night-rests, more people like hotels than motels. There will be some new motels; very few new hotels this summer. Hotels in cities will be jammed to the fire escapes and it probably will be better to drive on a few miles and try for a motel.

Even then, some tourist experts are predicting, motorists will have to sleep and drive in shifts; many of them driving by night and sleeping by day.

Scores of thousands of trailers were made into temporary homes during the war. Some of these will be rewheeled and taken out on the road, but most of them will be needed for housing until the home-shortage is softened up a lot. New trailers are hard to get.

Tourist experts who have studied the situation report that there will be a better chance of getting night accommodations in small cities, towns and villages than in the big metropolises—even though the hotels may not be as plushy. Many areas in the West today have fewer people than before the war.

During the war a great many resort hotels were taken over for Army or Navy rest-places or hospitals. Most of these have been turned back, and by midsummer nearly all the better-known ones will be open for travelers on the old basis. That is, for travelers who can get into them.

Train travelers will find that most of the military traffic which has congested the roads will be eliminated by summer. But they will have to get along with the present Pullmans and diners until fall, when the new streamliners will start rolling.

Plane riders will find fleets of new, shiny ships to carry them around. Thousands of people will fly their own planes to vacation spots, many of which are readying landing fields. All this spring the private-plane market has been active, many ex-Air Force boys buying discarded trainers for their own use.

Some of the air enthusiasts say you'll be safer in a private plane this summer than on the road. Almost anyone can drive a car, they point out, but it's tough getting a license to fly a plane. Plane passengers are not at the mercy of drunken and incompetent drivers, as road rollers are. Planes, generally, have to pass much more rigid safety and efficiency tests, and so are less likely to kill their passengers through mechanical failure.

Are national parks and playgrounds much the same as before the war? Yes. The effect of the war on the Rockies, Old Faithful, Yosemite Falls, Mammoth Cave, the Maine woods and the Great Smokies was practically negligible. The redwoods are still there, a trifle older; so is Glacier Park, and Grand Canyon seems to have ignored the whole thing.

Greatest increase in tourist interest is in Alaska, which 16 per cent of motorists say they intend to visit. This is borne out by steamship companies operating out of Seattle and Vancouver, B. C. In mid-January these lines already had applications for three times as much space as they will have available all summer.

Although travel agencies expected a surge of interest in the travel to war zones, this hasn't shown up. Hardly anyone wants to visit France, Germany, Italy, Russia or the British Isles, the reason being the tough scale of living in these places; and very few want to visit the Pacific islands, Australia or the Far East.

Motoring in Europe this year will be almost impossible. For tourists who wish to "go foreign," this leaves Canada and Mexico. Thousands of vacationists are inquiring about the possibility of making a trip to Alaska via the wartime-built highway from Edmonton.

This highway was taken over April 1st by the Canadian government. The Edmonton Chamber of Commerce warns tourists that: "The road is in excellent condition, but there are no stopping places and no gas or oil facilities available to civilians. Before one can travel over the highway it is necessary to obtain permission from the Traffic Control Board."

Travel through other parts of the Dominion, according to reports, will be much like that on our side: Too many travelers trying to share too few eating and sleeping places.

The American Automobile Association made a thorough survey of tourist conditions in Mexico recently and reports, "We cannot recommend a trip to Mexico to motorists expecting to find the same bargain playground of prewar years."

The report goes on: "Accommodations are exceedingly scarce. Prices are about the same as on this side of the border. Tires are hard to obtain, although they can be had through black markets for about $100 each. Gasoline is scarce; motorists should carry extra supplies in five- and ten-gallon cans."

Short Cuts Often Take Longer

The old tourist-luring game is being played again full blast. There are scores of gaudy new billboards at road forks west of The River, erected by villages along each fork, claiming their fork is the fastest or shortest to somewhere West. It is well to remember that "fastest" and "shortest" don't always mean the same thing; many cutoffs are slower than the longer route. And the gas station man at the fork isn't always a reliable guide.

Typical of what motorists will find on long trips is the experience of O. D. Herbert, a road reporter for the Automobile Association, who recently drove from the West Coast to Washington, D. C. His report said:

"Though hotel and motor-court proprietors all along the way were old friends, I frequently was faced with the threat of having to spend the night in my car.

"Got into Yuma at four o'clock in the afternoon. There was no vacancy at the hotel I tried. The clerk 'phoned everywhere in town, but there was absolutely nothing doing. I pushed on and finally found a room in Wellton but it wasn't what you would call a good accommodation. In normal times, I wouldn't have thought of staying there.

"Tucson, you know, has scores of motor courts, most of them very good. I reached there at noon, and every one of them was sold out. At Lordsburg there is one hotel and one motor court. At the hotel there were cots in all the corridors and in the reception room off the lobby; the desk was piled with letters and telegrams from people seeking reservations and scores of people were being turned away. It was just about the same all the way across, although in the East, travel was more dispersed and the crowding wasn't so bad away from cities. But during the winter when transcontinental travel moved over the southern routes, it took plenty of hunting and plenty of luck to find overnight lodgings.

"The hotel proprietors in many places still don't understand the reason for the tremendous influx. 'I don't know where they come from or where they're going,' one of them told me; 'all I know is that they are on their way and a good many of them have never stayed in hotels before in their lives.' "

When they do locate rooms, postwar travelers will find that, on the average, the accommodations are not as clean as they were in prewar years, service is below par and in some instances is frankly terrible. But apparently motorists are so glad to find accommodations of any nature that they make allowances for the wartime deterioration in lodgings of almost all types. Complaints coming into A.A.A. headquarters about accommodations listed in official directories have increased in recent months, but involved only about five per cent of the thousands of accommodations listed.

The hotel and motor-court industries are making efforts to get back to prewar standards, and in the months ahead there will be continual and steady improvement in cleanliness and courtesy at overnight stops. The principal problem is finding any place at all to stay.

How to Make the Best of Things

Al Brown, a seasoned motorist who's now in charge of A.A.A. road and accommodations reporting activities, has a few pointers for highway travelers during this period of overcrowding. "As a general rule," he says, "I wouldn't recommend a set schedule for an automobile journey because a large part of the fun of motoring is in the freedom and flexibility it allows.

"But to travel without advance reservations at the present time is to risk sleeping out in your car. When reservations have been made, schedules should be adhered to and accommodations relinquished promptly. When a change in program becomes necessary, reservations should be canceled at the earliest possible moment; wartime travelers abused the reservation privilege so often that many hotels and motor courts accept a reservation only if accompanied by a cash deposit, and some have stopped making reservations at all.

"Here's my system when I have to travel without having made advance reservations: I take one of the less popular routes which may involve more miles but which promises less crowded accommodations; I plan my trip so that my nights will be spent as far as possible from urban and industrial areas; and I start my trip early in the morning around sunup so I can begin hunting for lodgings around three or four o'clock in the afternoon. It's not an infallible system, but it certainly improves your chances for finding a place to sleep."

Early this spring the Chicago Motor Club surveyed the situation—before the road rush had got into high gear. Its secretary, Bert Vanderwarf, reported:

"Some of the stories that we have got direct from transcontinental motorists as far as overnight accommodations are concerned are almost unbelievable. Small-town hotels and motor courts are as crowded as the large cities such as New York, Washington and Chicago. The demand for summer resort accommodations will be as great as it was during the war years. Price doesn't seem to be too much of a factor. During the war the average individual was willing to pay almost anything just to get accommodations. Vacations are going to cost considerably more than they did before the war."

Most tourists this year are *not* going to spend wartime savings on travel. The A.A.A. survey showed only about one fourth of prospective tourists planning to cash in their bonds. The rest will dip into savings accounts, but fairly modestly. An enormous number of people are hanging onto their War Bonds as a nest egg against a feared depression.

You may not believe it, but more people tour in autumn or winter than in spring. Percentages for the four seasons are: spring 17 per cent; summer 70 per cent; autumn 35 per cent and winter 27 per cent. That adds up to 149 per cent, explained by the fact that many tourists expressed preferences for two seasons. Spring obviously is the best time to travel if you wish to avoid crowds.

THE END

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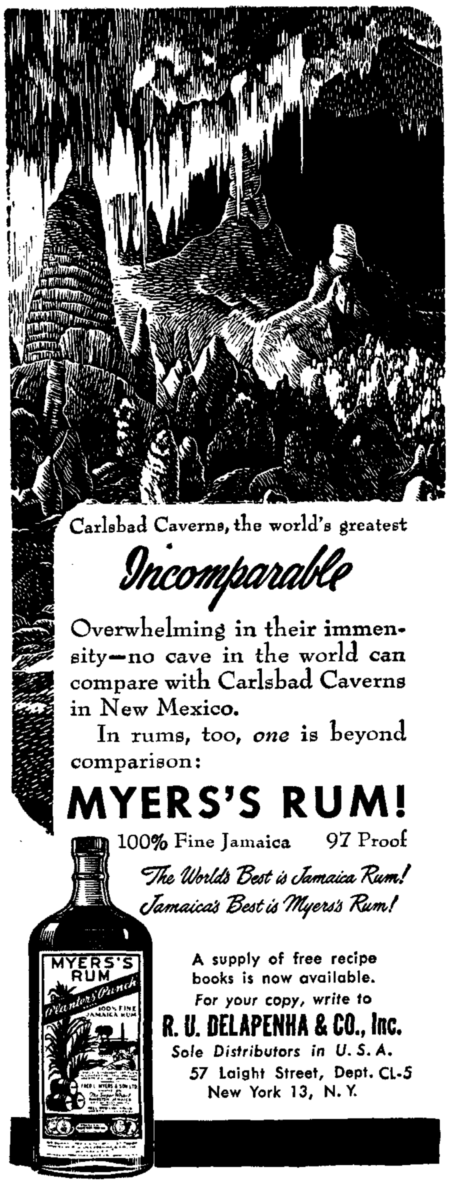
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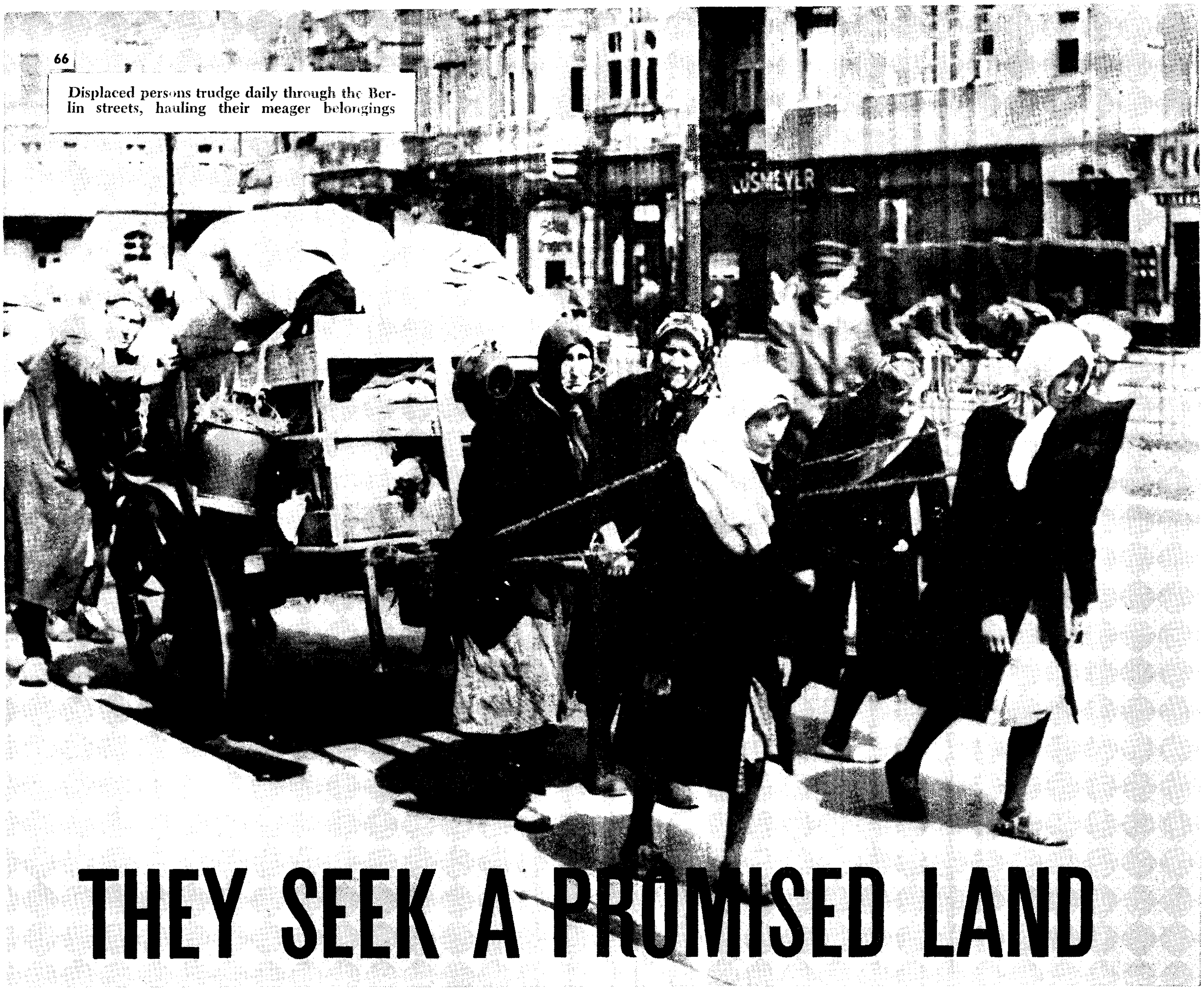


Displaced persons trudge daily through the Berlin streets, hauling their meager belongings

THEY SEEK A PROMISED LAND

BY EDWARD P. MORGAN

Out of Poland and Central Europe moves a steady stream of Jewish refugees. Whether they are part of an organized exodus or merely acting instinctively, they want one thing: to get out of Europe

•

RADIOED FROM BERLIN

A LITTLE heat eddied timidly from the radiator, but it was cold in the room and we kept our overcoats on. Outside, the snow that had fallen during the night was melting to slush. Heavy clouds, the color of wet cement, sagged low in the Berlin sky. Through the window, I watched a man and a woman walking toward the camp assembly hall, black, anonymous shadows against the white ground.

The story that Smul was telling was soaked in sadness and seemed to blend with the very dreariness of the world that afternoon. Now and then as we talked, his voice would tighten and behind his thick spectacles his green eyes would burn with bitter memories. In this quiet little man you somehow sensed a sinewy resolution to change the weather of his life to something brighter.

Doctor Smul Borouski—we shall call him that because to use his real name might be embarrassing just now—was born in Warsaw 39 years ago. He is a Polish Jew. He is one drop in the thin but steady stream of Jews moving out of Poland and Central Europe today, like the Children of Israel who fled Egypt centuries before them. Many of them are heading for what they hope will be their promised land—Palestine. Others just want to get out and leave Europe as far behind as possible.

"What is there left for us here," Smul was saying, "but the lingering smell of concentration camps, the blunt reality of broken homes and the threat of more persecution?"

These are some of the people Lieutenant General Sir Frederick E. Morgan, chief of United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration operations in Germany, meant in January when he said something had to be done about their future. Some suggestions of plans should come very soon now from the official report to Washington and London of a 12-man Anglo-American committee of inquiry which in May finishes a four-month study of the plight of Jews in Europe.

"These people are 'hot cargo.' " a welfare officer remarked the other day. "Strictly speaking, they have no authorization to be here, no travel permits, no nothing. Legally, we cannot encourage their movement because nobody has decided officially where they should be moved to. They show up from nowhere and then melt off into the night."

What about General Morgan's storm-provoking hint that there was some organized plan to this exodus? As you talk to these refugees, the men and women who care for them in transit and Counterintelligence agents on the alert for Nazis, fugitives and criminals in disguise, it becomes obvious that the truth is neither black nor white but gray.

The Zionists are working like beavers to break down the British immigration bars to Palestine—now, while the world political situation is still extremely fluid. They are trying to make the Jews' desires appear as unanimous as possible. According to every available check, more of the wandering Jews want to go to the "homeland" than anywhere else, but with varying ardor, and there is no way of telling how many finally choose to stay behind.

However, there is no proof that the emigration is a coordinated, planned operation, and none either that particular figures, Zionist or otherwise, are involved in "recruiting." It is more as if somebody had kicked an anthill, and the inhabitants instinctively, by silent agreement, had decided to move.

After a series of long visits with him in the old wooden barracks which the UNRRA unit had converted into a transient center for these "infiltrees," as the Army has clinically catalogued them, the doctor and I had become good friends and he talked freely.

Our conversations were being constantly interrupted by individuals and committees bursting into the administration office to see Smul or the UNRRA director about something or other. Besides being camp physician, the doctor was head of the people's committee, which involved chores ranging from kosher supplies to weddings and made him the right-hand man of the director. The latter was a bald, tireless, pleasant-faced man named Harold J. Fishbein, brother of Doctor Morris Fishbein, editor of the Journal of the American Medical Association.

In five minutes on one occasion the parade into Fishbein's office included a swarthy one-armed fellow leading a pretty little girl of six who needed a pair of shoes (he had lost his arm as a Partisan fighter against the Germans, he said); a delegation of 12 German Jewish women from downtown Berlin who had volunteered to help in the camp kitchen, and a UNRRA staff assistant, who announced radiantly that he had just "scrounged" a truckload of toilet tissue and a sewing machine which worked.

When the hubbub had subsided, I asked Smul what made him leave Poland in the dead of winter on such a hard, uncertain journey. After all, Hitler, that modern Pharaoh, had been crushed, hadn't he? And wasn't there a new Poland in the making which desperately needed the help of industrious Poles, promising opportunity in return? Even if the nation were dominated by Soviet Russia, racial prejudice had not been an issue with the Russians since the revolution. And finally wasn't there a danger that even if he did succeed in getting to the Holy Land, his particular destination, the Arabs would give him an angry welcome?

"I am first a Jew and not a Pole," the doctor replied simply. "One of the things that kept me going all through the war was the hope of something better for my people.

"When the Germans attacked Russia, I was working as a medical inspector on the state railway in Kaunas in Lithuania. I hurried to my sister's home in Vilna. I knew we had to flee or the Germans would kill us, but my sister refused to leave because her husband was ill with typhus. Only a week before, the Russians had deported two of my brothers and my mother, who was sixty-seven, to Siberia; another brother was taken to the Urals. Not because they were Jews, but because they were bourgeois.

"Now with the Germans at their backs, people were rushing eastward voluntarily. I managed to wedge myself onto a train that left for Moscow the afternoon before Nazi troops entered Vilna. At the old Polish-Lithuanian frontier, the train was halted and everybody had to get off except soldiers and their families. When they came to me, I pointed to a sign I had noticed in one of the coaches saying 'Railroad workers are the brothers of the Red Army!' and showed them my card from Kaunas. They let me stay on board. We didn't go to Moscow at all but after two and a half weeks landed in Kuibyshev. I was finally sent on to the Soviet Republic of Uzbekistan in Middle Asia."

Smul paused and plucked at the frayed edge of his old blue necktie, which was splashed with huge white polka dots, his hands were strong and clean and competent-looking. Then he went on:

"There in a town some distance from Tashkent I worked for three years as a doctor in a railroad hospital. Meanwhile, by letters and through friends I located my three brothers. They had been released and were allowed to come and join me. My mother had died in Siberia. (His father, a leather merchant, died of a heart attack in 1940 hastened by a Luftwaffe raid in which he had nearly been killed the year before. A fourth brother had gone to Palestine before the war and a fifth, of whom he had had no word since 1939, to France as an engineer.)

"In July, 1944, I was permitted to return to Vilna. There I found that a few days after I went away, the Germans had rounded up a great crowd of Jews, herded them all out into a field and shot them down. My sister and her child of seven were among them. Then a doctor whom I had known told me how the Germans had murdered all the Jews in a Lithuanian village between Vilna and Kaunas. My fiancée was among them."

He had never mentioned his sweetheart before and he did not mention her again. He continued speaking as if he were reciting the events of a bad dream.

Anti-Semitism As Old As the Hills

"With such memories, I did not want to stay there. Nor long in Poland, either. Anti-Semitism in Poland is as old as the plains. Already we were hearing about trouble our people were having as they drifted back from concentration camps looking for their homes. Many times the Nazis had turned over their property and businesses to 'Aryan Poles.' The Warsaw government tries to help a man reclaim his holdings, but often he is confronted with a discouraging series of obstacles and delays. Or if he succeeds, then his neighbor may urgently propose to buy his property from him. Hearing of murders at night in the villages and acts of terror in the larger towns, the Jew will sell and go away. He is tired of trouble.

"We do not want to be a minority any more. We want a place where our own numbers count for something. Worse than hunger, worse than need, is to be told 'You are a Jew. You are worse than nothing.' "

When you remind Smul and his companions of possibly grave complications with the Arabs over immigration and land, they become impatient, even though they may admit that they have no firsthand knowledge of what they may face in Palestine. "The British have exaggerated these problems," they will say. "We know we may see difficult times in the beginning but that does not matter."

Nobody knows precisely how many Jews have survived the war and the Nazi extermination camps. According to the most frequently quoted figures, Poland's Jewish population, which before the war was 3,000,000, is now something like 80,000. There is only a handful of German Jews left, but U.S. Military Government figures indicate there are some 70,000 non-German Jews living in displaced-persons centers, run mostly by UNRRA under Army supervision in the three western zones of the Reich. Most of them came from concentration camps in Germany and have never been repatriated. Russian officials say there is no important number of Jews in the Soviet zone.

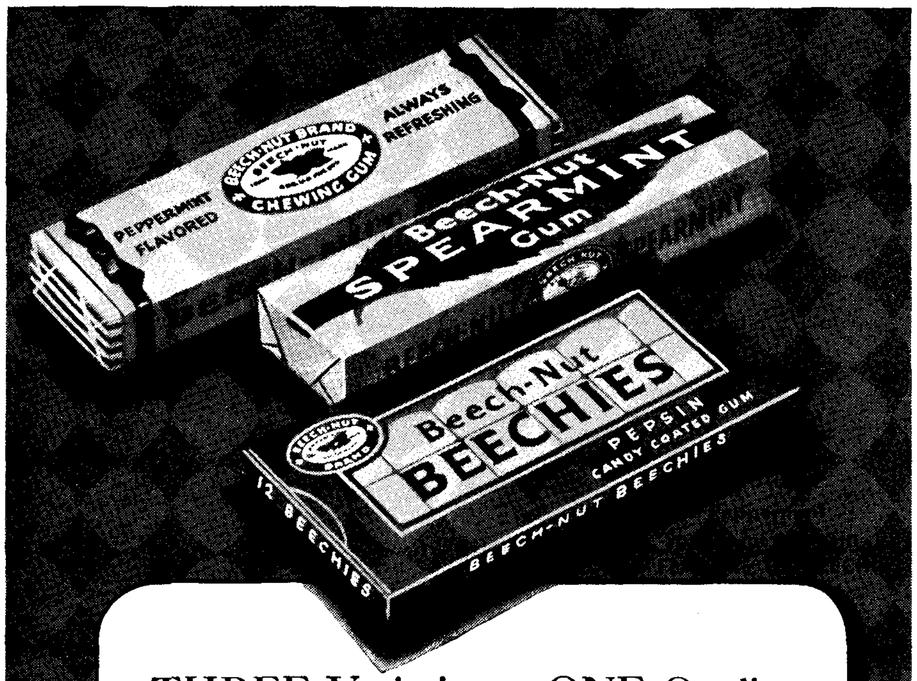
Figures on how many Jewish "infiltrees" have reached Germany are even less reliable. (Many of these same people were repatriated by the Allies last summer but now they are coming out again because of fears of persecution, hopes of getting something better somewhere else, or a combination of both.) "Maybe 20,000 of these people have come in," said a colonel in the displaced-persons division of American Military Government. (*Continued on page 83*)

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HANS KNOPF—PIX

These youngsters waiting for a train outside Anhalter Station in Berlin know little else save wandering. Yet their elders refuse to send them to safety, for they are the "builders of Palestine"

Bedding, pots and pans are loaded into baby carriages and makeshift wagons for quick transport. Here they are collected inside the station, to await trains taking their owners to points outside Berlin

Sometimes they sit for days on end in the same spot, waiting patiently for space on trains. Most of them have sold everything they owned in order to escape. They're a problem for UNRRA and the world



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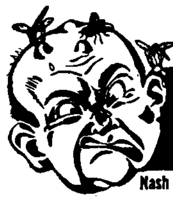

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ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

The Outraged Heart

Continued from page 12

tired—horribly tired—but happy and at peace. It was nice, she thought, to be a human being again, and not that other thing—the creative thing. Nice to have stopped feeling restless and miserable and driven. Was Nausicaa any good? She didn't know yet. She was too close to it. She walked, frowning, up to the end of the studio, and stopped in front of her figure of The Worshiper.

That was all right—a lovely bit of pearwood, graining just right. She'd saved it up for ages, hoarding it.

She looked at it critically. Yes, it was good. No doubt about that. The best thing she had done for a long time—it was for the International Group.

She'd *got* it all right; the humility, the strength in the neck muscles, the bowed shoulders, the slightly upraised face—a featureless face, since worship drives out personality.

Yes, submission, adoration, and that final devotion that is beyond, not this side, idolatry.

Henrietta sighed. If only, she thought, John had not been so angry. . . .

It had startled her, that anger. It had told her something about him that he did not, she thought, know about himself.

JOHN CHRISTOW sat in his consulting room seeing his last patient but one for that morning. His eyes were sympathetic and encouraging. Now and then he nodded his head understandingly. A gentle glow pervaded the sufferer. Dr. Christow was really wonderful! Even talking to him made one feel stronger.

John Christow drew a sheet of paper toward him and began to write. Better give her a laxative, he supposed. There was nothing he could do for her. Poor physique and nothing to be done about it. Not like old Mother Crabtree. . . .

A boring morning. Profitable financially—but nothing else. Sometimes he wondered if it was worth it. . . . But always then he remembered St. Christopher's, and the long row of beds in the Margaret Russell Ward, and Mrs. Crabtree grinning up at him.

He and she understood each other. She was a fighter. She was on his side, she wanted to live—though God knew why, with a husband who drank and a brood of unruly children, and she herself obliged to work day in day out, scrubbing endless floors of endless offices. Hard, unremitting drudgery and few pleasures. But she wanted to live—she enjoyed life—just as he, John Christow, enjoyed life. It wasn't the circumstances of life they enjoyed, it was life itself—the zest of existence. Curious—a thing one couldn't explain.

He got up to accompany his patient to the door. His hand took hers in a warm clasp, friendly, encouraging. His voice was encouraging, too, full of interest and sympathy. She went away revived, almost happy. Dr. Christow took such an interest!

As the door closed behind her, John Christow forgot her, he had really been hardly aware of her existence even when she had been there. He had just done his stuff. It was all automatic. Yet, though it had hardly ruffled the surface of his mind, he had given out strength. His had been the automatic response of the healer and he felt the sag of depleted energy.

God, he thought, I'm tired. . . .

It had been growing on him lately, this tiredness. It was at the root of the constantly increasing irritability which he was aware of but could not check. Poor Gerda, he thought, she has a lot to put up with. . . . If only she was not so submissive—so ready to admit herself in the wrong, when half the time, it was *he* who was to blame. . . . There were days when everything that Gerda said or did conspired to irritate him, and mainly, he thought ruefully, it was her virtues that irritated him. It was her patience, her unselfishness, her subordination of her wishes to his, that aroused his ill humor. And she never resented his quick bursts of temper, never stuck to her own opinion in preference to his.

Well, he thought, that's why you married her, isn't it? What are you complaining about? After that summer at San Miguel . . .

Suddenly, clearly, before his mind's eye, he saw the deep blue of the Mediterranean Sea, and remembered the cool feeling of the water after lying on the beach in the sun.

He was startled—a little disturbed. He hadn't thought of San Miguel for years. He certainly didn't want to go back there. All that belonged to a past chapter in his life.

That was twelve—fourteen—fifteen years ago. And he'd done the right thing. His judgment had been absolutely right, he'd been madly in love with Veronica but it wouldn't have done. Veronica would have swallowed him body and soul. He'd escaped. He had, he supposed, treated her badly from the conventional point of view. In plain words, he had jilted her. But the truth was that he intended to live his own life, and that was a thing that Veronica would not have allowed him to do. She intended to live *her* life and carry John along as an extra.

She had been astonished when he had refused to come with her to Hollywood.

She had said disdainfully, "If you really want to be a doctor you can take a degree over there, I suppose, but it's quite unnecessary. You've got enough to live on, and *I* shall be making heaps of money."

And he had replied vehemently, "But I'm *keen* on my profession. I'm going to work with *Radley*." His voice—a young enthusiastic voice—was quite awed.

"That funny, stuffy old man?"

"That funny, stuffy old man," John had said angrily, "has done some of the most valuable research work on hormone secretion—"

She had interrupted. California, she said, was an enchanting climate. She added, "I shall hate it without you. I want you, John—I *need* you."

And then he had put forward the—to Veronica—amazing suggestion that she should turn down the Hollywood offer and marry him and settle down in London.

She was amused and quite firm: She was going to Hollywood, and she loved John, and John must marry her and come, too. She had had no doubts of her beauty and of her power.

He had seen that there was only one thing to be done and he had done it. He had written to her breaking off the engagement. . . .

He had suffered a good deal, but he had had no doubts as to the wisdom of the course he had taken. He'd come back to London and started work with Radley and a year later he had married Gerda who was as unlike Veronica as it was possible to be.

THE door opened, and his secretary, Beryl Collier, came in. "You've still got Mrs. Forrester to see."

He said shortly, "I know."

"I thought you might have forgotten."

She crossed the room and went out at the farther door. Christow's eyes followed her. A plain girl, Beryl, but damned efficient. He had wanted a plain secretary with no nonsense about her, and he had got a plain secretary with no nonsense about her, but sometimes, illogically, John Christow felt aggrieved. By all the rules of stage and fiction, Beryl should have been hopelessly devoted to her employer. But he had always known that he cut no ice with Beryl. She remained unimpressed by his charm.

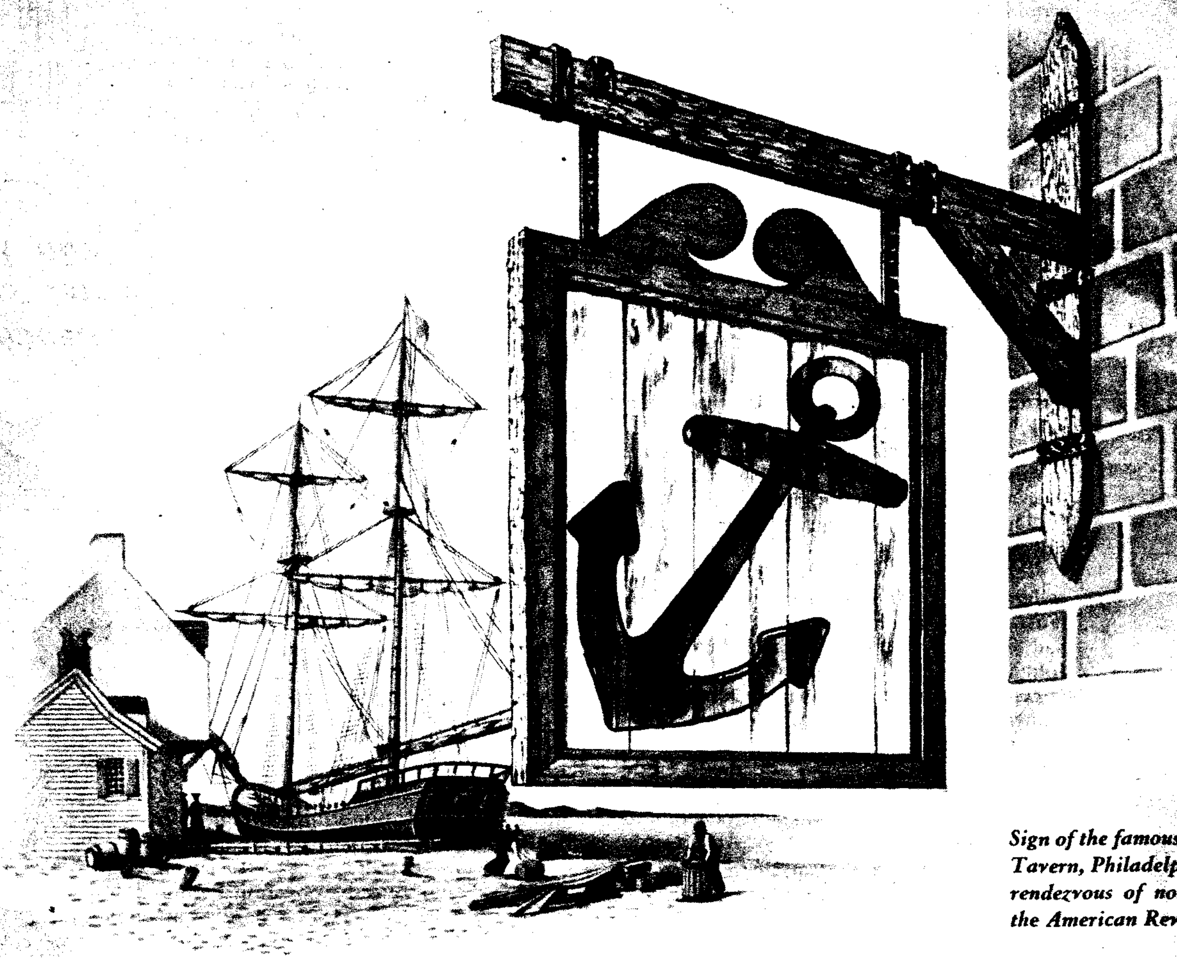
Although Gerda's indiscriminate enthusiasm irritated him, Beryl's cool appraisal irritated him, too. In fact, he thought, nearly everything irritates me. . . .

Something wrong there. Overwork? No, that was the excuse. This growing impatience, this irritable tiredness, it had some deeper significance. He thought: This won't do. I can't go on this way. What's the matter with me? If I could go home . . .

There it was again—

Damn it all, 404 Harley Street *was* his home!

And Mrs. Forrester was sitting in the waiting room. A tiresome woman, a woman with too much money and too much spare time to think about her ailments. Oh, but he was



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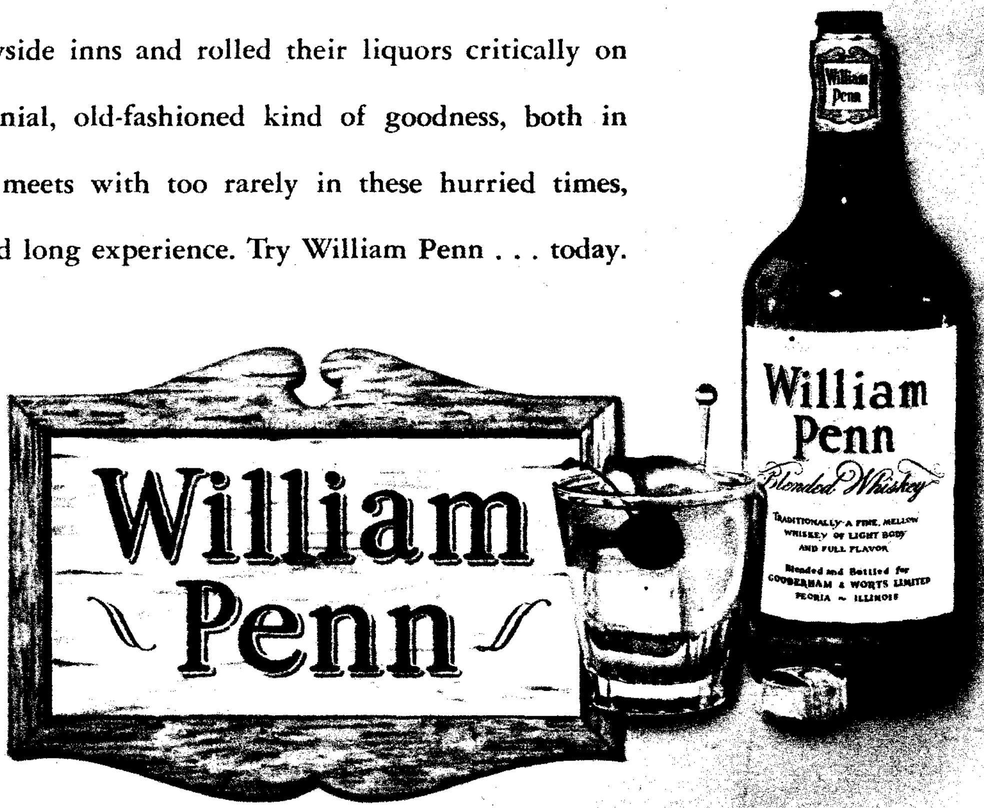
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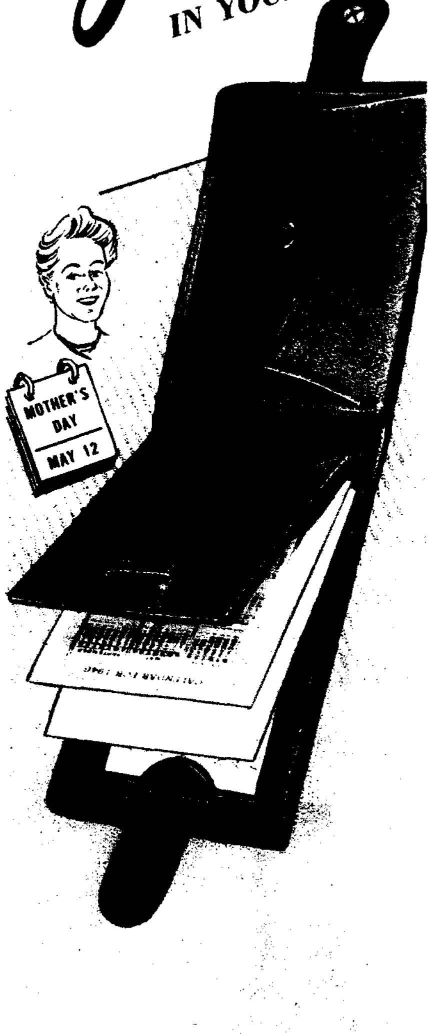

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tired of the whole business. Angrily he pressed the buzzer on his desk. He would deal with Mrs. Forrester. . . .

In the dining room above the consulting room, Gerda Christow was staring at a joint of mutton. Should she or should she not send it back to the kitchen to be kept warm?

If John were going to be much longer it would be cold—congealed, and that would be dreadful—it was the first roast she had been able to get in weeks.

But on the other hand the last patient had gone, John would be up in a moment, if she sent it back there would be delay—John was so impatient. Besides, it would get dried up—John hated overcooked meat.

But on the other hand he disliked cold food very much indeed.

Her mind oscillated to and fro and her sense of misery and anxiety deepened. The whole world had shrunk to a leg of mutton getting cold on a dish.

On the other side of the table her son Terence, aged twelve, said, "Boracic salts burn with a green flame, sodium salts are yellow."

Gerda looked distractedly across the table at his square, freckled face. She had no idea what he was talking about.

"Did you know that, Mother? About salts?"

Gerda's eye flew distractedly to the salt cellar. . . . Yes, salt and pepper were on the table. That was all right. Last week, Lewis had forgotten them and that had annoyed John.

Zena, aged nine, whimpered, "I want my dinner. Can't we start, Mother?"

Gerda shook her head.

Carve the mutton? But she never could remember which was the right side to plunge the knife in, and John was always annoyed if it was done the wrong way. And, Gerda reflected desperately, it always *was* the wrong way when she did it. Oh dear, how cold the gravy was getting—a skin was forming on the top of it—she must send it back—but then if John were just coming—

Her mind went round and round unhappily . . . like a trapped animal.

SITTING back in his consulting-room chair, tapping with one hand on the table in front of him, conscious that upstairs lunch must be ready, John Christow was nevertheless unable to force himself to get up. . . .

San Miguel . . . blue sea . . . smell of mimosa . . . the hot sun . . . the dust . . . that desperation of love and suffering. . . .

He thought, Oh, God, not that! Never that again! That's over. . . .

He wished suddenly that he had never known Veronica, never married Gerda, never met Henrietta.

Mrs. Crabtree, he thought, was worth the lot of them. . . . That had been a bad afternoon last week. He'd been so pleased with the reactions. And then had come that alarming rise in toxicity and the D.L. reaction had been negative instead of positive.

The old bean had lain there, blue, gasping for breath—peering up at him with malicious, indomitable eyes. "Making a bit of a guinea pig out of me, ain't you, dearie? Experimenting—that kinder thing."

"We want to get you well," he had said, smiling down at her.

"Up to your tricks, yer mean!" She had grinned suddenly. "I don't mind, bless yer. You carry on, Doctor! You can 'ave yer fun with me. *I* can stand it."

"Feel pretty bad, don't you?" His hand was on her pulse. Vitality passed from him to the panting old woman on the bed.

"Orful, I feel. . . . You're about right! 'Asn't gone according to plan—that's it, isn't it? Never you mind. Don't you lose 'eart. I can stand a lot, I can!"

"You're fine. I wish all my patients were like you."

"I wanter get well. . . . That's why! I wanter get well. . . . Mum, she lived to be eighty-eight—and old Grandma was ninety when she popped off. We're long livers in our family, we are."

He had come away miserable. He'd been so sure he was on the right track.

And it was then, on the steps of St. Christopher's, that a sudden desperate weariness had overcome him—a hatred of all this, and he'd thought of Henrietta, of her beauty and her radiant vitality—and the faint smell of primroses that clung about her hair.

And he had gone to Henrietta straight away, sending a curt telephone message home about being called away. He had strode into the studio and taken Henrietta in his arms, holding her to him with a fierceness that was new in their relationship.

There had been a quick, startled wonder in her eyes. She had freed herself from his arms and had made him coffee. And as she moved about the studio she had thrown out desultory questions. Had he come, she asked, straight from the hospital?

HE DIDN'T want to talk about the hospital. He wanted to make love to Henrietta and forget the hospital and Mrs. Crabtree and Ridgeway's Disease.

But, at first unwillingly, then more fluently, he answered her questions. And presently he was striding up and down, pouring out a spate of technical explanations and surmises. Once or twice he paused, trying to simplify—to explain.

"You see, you have to get a reaction—"

"Yes, yes, the D.L. reaction has to be positive. I understand that. Go on."

He said sharply, "How do *you* know about the D.L. reaction?"

"I got a book—by Scobell."

"Scobell? Scobell's no good. He's fundamentally unsound. Look here, if you want to read—don't—"

She interrupted him:

"I only want to understand some of the terms you use—enough so as to understand you without making you stop to explain everything the whole time. Go on. I'm following you all right."

"Well," he said doubtfully, "remember Scobell's unsound." He went on talking. He talked for two hours and a half. Reviewing the setbacks, analyzing the possibilities, outlining possible theories. He was hardly conscious of Henrietta's presence. And yet, more than once, as he hesitated, her quick intelligence took him a step on the way, seeing, almost before he did, what he was hesitating to advance. He was interested now, and his belief in himself was creeping back. He had been right—the main theory was correct—and there were ways, more ways than one, of combating the toxic symptoms. . . .

And then, suddenly, he was tired out. He'd got it all clear now. He'd get on to it tomorrow morning. He'd ring up Neill, tell him to combine the two solutions and try that. Yes—try that. He'd be damned if he was going to be beaten! "I'm tired," he said abruptly. "My God, I'm tired."

And he had flung himself down and slept—slept like the dead. . . .

He had waked to find Henrietta smiling at him in the morning light and making tea and he had smiled back at her.

"Not at all according to plan," he said.

"Does it matter?"

"No. No. You are rather a nice person, Henrietta." His eye went to the bookcase. "But you can't read Scobell. The man's a charlatan."

And she had laughed. He could not understand why.

He wasn't used to it. Gerda took him in deadly earnest. And Veronica had never thought about anything but herself. But Henrietta had a trick of throwing her head back, of looking at him through half-closed eyes, with a sudden tender half-mocking little smile, as though she were saying: "Let me have a good look at this funny person. Let me get a long way away and look at him."

It was, he thought, very much the same as the way she screwed up her eyes to look at her work—or a picture. It was—damn it all—it was *detached*. He knew that her work was good. He admired—and hated it—at the same time. The most furious quarrel he had had with her had arisen over that.

Gerda had said to him one day, "Henrietta has asked me to sit for her."

She had looked pleased about it. He suspected Henrietta of one of those insincere kindnesses of hers— Gerda, perhaps, had hinted that she would like to be modeled.

About ten days later, Gerda had shown him triumphantly a small plaster statuette. It was a pretty thing—technically skillful.

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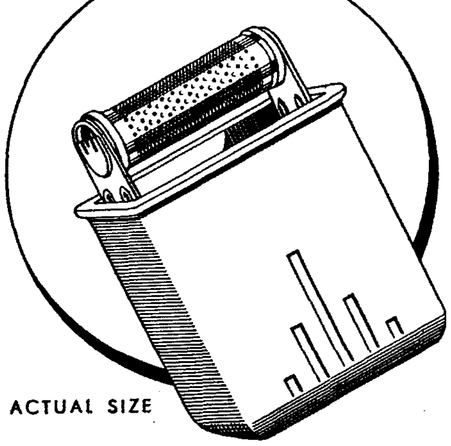

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It idealized Gerda—and Gerda herself was clearly pleased about it.

He didn't want to spoil Gerda's pleasure, but he tackled Henrietta about it at the first opportunity. "What did you want to make that silly thing of Gerda for?"

Henrietta said slowly, "I didn't think it was bad. Gerda seemed quite pleased."

"Gerda was delighted. She would be."

"It wasn't bad art, John. It was just a portrait statuette—not at all pretentious."

"You don't usually waste your time doing that kind of stuff—"

He broke off, staring at a wooden figure about five feet high. "Hullo, what's this?"

"It's for the International Group. Pearwood. The Worshiper."

She watched him. He stared and then—suddenly, his neck swelled and he turned on her furiously. "So that's what you wanted Gerda for? How dare you?"

"I wondered if you'd see—"

"See it? Of course I see it. It's here." He placed a finger on the broad heavy neck muscles.

"Yes, it's the neck and shoulders I wanted—and that heavy forward slant—the submission—that bowed look. It's wonderful!"

"Wonderful? Look here, Henrietta, I won't have it. You're to leave Gerda alone."

"Gerda won't know. Nobody will know. You know Gerda would never recognize herself here—nobody else would either. And it *isn't* Gerda. It isn't *anybody*."

"*I* recognized it, didn't I?"

"You're different, John. You—see things."

"It's the damned cheek of it! I won't have it, Henrietta! Can't you see that it was an indefensible thing to do? Can't you *feel* it was? Where's your usual sensitiveness?"

"You don't understand, John. . . . You don't know what it is to want something—to look at it day after day—that line of the neck—the angle where the head goes forward—that heaviness round the jaw. I've been looking at them, wanting them—every time I saw Gerda. . . . In the end I just had to have them!"

"You mean you don't care a damn about anybody else. You don't care about Gerda—"

"Don't be stupid, John. That's why I made that statuette thing. To please Gerda and make her happy. I'm not inhuman!"

"Inhuman is exactly what you are."

"Do you think—honestly—that Gerda would ever recognize herself in this?"

John looked at it unwillingly. For the first time his anger and resentment became subordinated to his interest. A strange, submissive figure, a figure offering up worship to an unseen deity—the face raised—blind, dumb, devoted—terribly strong, terribly fanatical. . . .

He said, "That's rather a terrifying thing that you have made, Henrietta!"

Henrietta shivered slightly.

She said: "Yes—*I* thought that. . . ."

John said sharply, "What's she looking at—who is it?—there in front of her?"

Henrietta hesitated. She said, and her voice had a queer note in it, "I don't know. But I *think*—she might be looking at *you*, John."

IN THE dining room his family still waited for Dr. Christow. Dimly through her preoccupation with the problem of the mutton, Gerda heard her son Terry make another scientific statement about the properties of lead salts. "Did you know that, Mother?"

"I don't know anything about chemistry, dear."

"You could read about it in a book," said Terence.

It was a simple statement of fact but there was a certain wistfulness behind it.

Gerda did not hear the wistfulness. She was caught in the trap of her anxious misery. She had been miserable ever since she woke up this morning and realized that at last this long-dreaded week end with the Angkatells was upon her. For Gerda it was two days of sheer martyrdom—to be endured for John's sake.

John, that morning as he stretched himself, had remarked in tones of unmitigated pleasure, "Splendid to think we'll be getting into the country this week end. It will do you good, Gerda, just what you need."

She had smiled mechanically and had said with unselfish fortitude, "It will be delightful."

Her unhappy eyes had wandered round the bedroom with all its dear familiar things that she would not see again until Monday. Tomorrow a housemaid who rustled would come into the strange bedroom and pull up the blinds and would then rearrange and fold Gerda's clothes—a thing which made Gerda feel hot and uncomfortable all over. She would endure these things, trying to comfort herself by thinking: Only one morning more. . . . Like being at school and counting the days.

GERDA had not been happy at school. But their home had not been very good either. For her family had all been quicker and cleverer than she was. Their comments, quick, impatient, not quite unkind, had whistled about her ears like a hailstorm: "Oh, do be quick, Gerda." "Butterfingers, give it to me!" "Oh, don't let Gerda do it, she'll be *ages*."

Hadn't they seen, all of them, that that was the way to make her slower and stupider still? She'd got worse and worse, clumsier, more slow-witted, more inclined to stare vacantly at what was said to her.

Until, suddenly, she had reached the point where she had found a way out. . . . Accidentally, she found her weapon of defense.

She had grown slower still, her puzzled stare had become even blanker. But now, when they said impatiently, "Oh, Gerda, how stupid you are, don't you understand *that?*" she had been able, behind her blank expression, to hug herself a little in her secret knowledge. . . . For she wasn't quite as stupid as they thought. . . . Yes, it was amusing to know more than they thought you knew. To be able to do a thing, but not let anybody know that you could do it.

In the end, if people got into the habit of doing things for you, you didn't have to do them at all, and then people didn't know that you did them badly. And so, slowly, you came round again almost to where you started. To feeling that you could hold your own on equal terms with the world at large.

(But that wouldn't, Gerda feared, hold good with the Angkatells. Still, John liked it there.)

Dear John! she thought. John was wonderful. Such a clever doctor, so terribly kind. She had always known, from the very first, that John was brilliant. And he had chosen her, when he might have married somebody really clever. He had not minded her being slow and rather stupid and not very pretty. "I'll look after you," he had said. Nicely, rather masterfully. "Don't worry about things, Gerda, I'll take care of you. . . ."

Then he had said with that sudden, very attractive, half-pleading smile of his, "I like my own way, you know, Gerda."

Well, that was all right. She had always tried to give in to him in everything. Even lately when he had been so difficult and nervous—when nothing seemed to please him. When, somehow, nothing she did was right.

Oh, dear, that mutton! She ought to have sent it back? . . . *The mutton!*

Terence looked across the table at his mother and then at the joint.

Aloud he said in a careful voice, "Charles Nicholson and I are going to make nitroglycerin in his father's shrubbery."

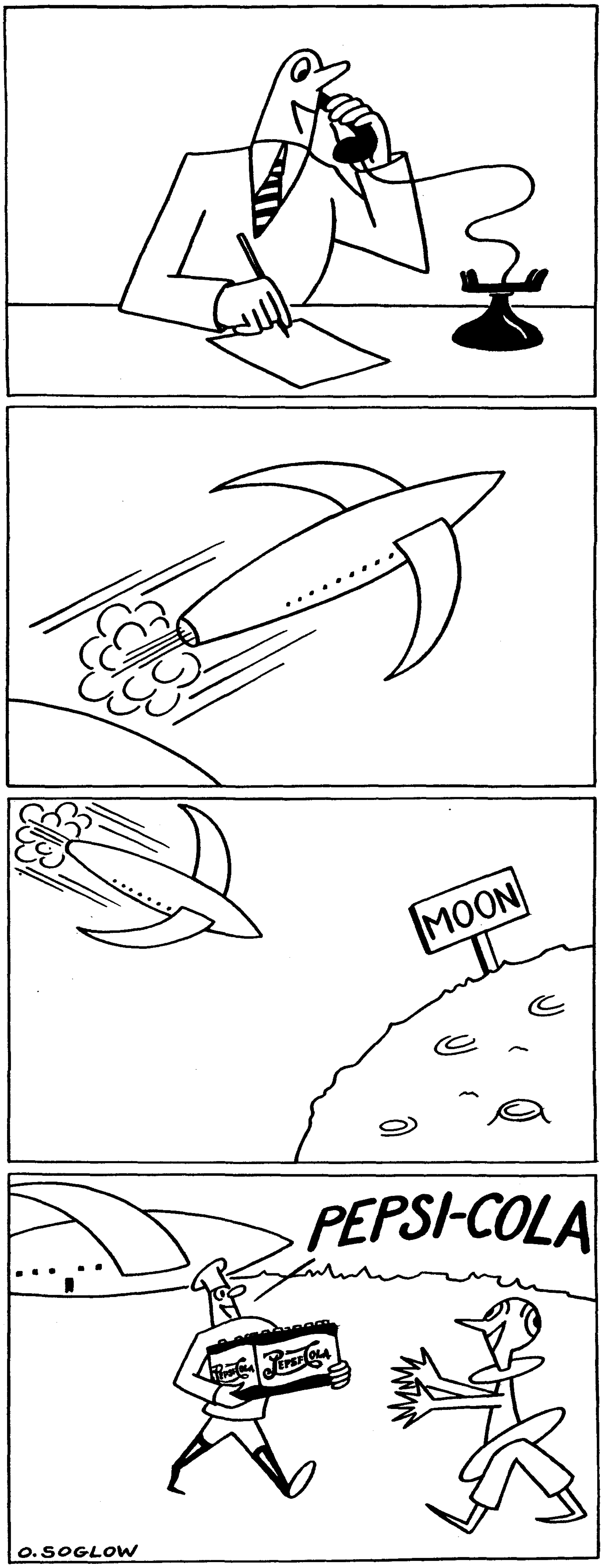
"Are you, dear? That will be very nice," said Gerda.

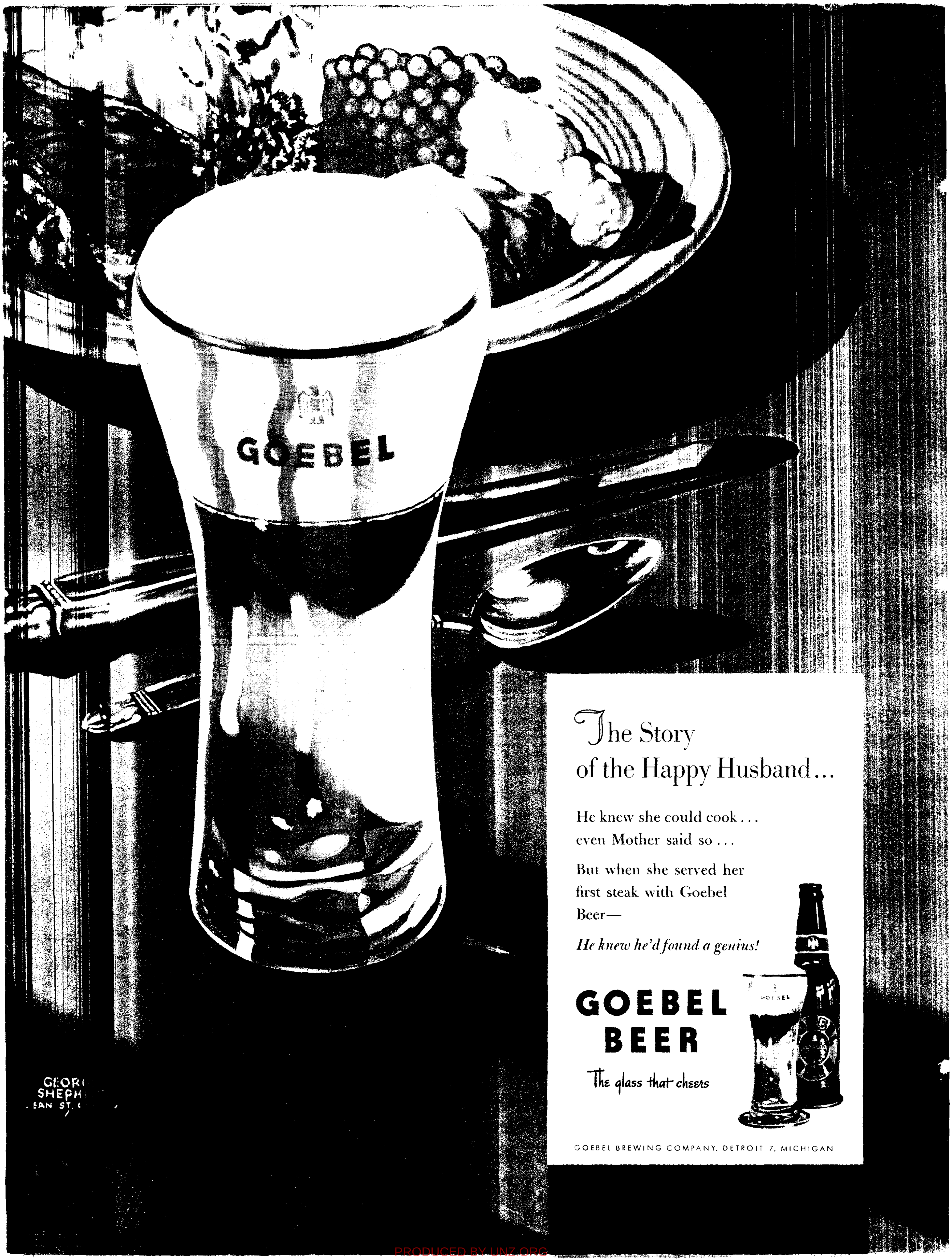
There was still time. If she rang the bell and told Lewis to take the joint back to the kitchen now—

Terence looked at her with faint curiosity. He had felt instinctively that the manufacture of nitroglycerin was not the kind of experiment that would be encouraged by parents. With base opportunism he had selected a moment when he felt tolerably certain that he had a good chance of getting away with his statement. And his judgment had been justified. If, by any chance, there should be a fuss—he would be able to say in an injured voice, "I *told* Mother . . ."

All the same, he felt vaguely disappointed. Even *Mother*, he thought, ought to know about nitroglycerin.

He sighed. There swept over him that intense sense of loneliness that only childhood can feel. His father was too impatient to

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GOEBEL BEER

The glass that cheers

GOEBEL BREWING COMPANY, DETROIT 7, MICHIGAN listen, his mother was too inattentive. Zena was only a silly kid. . . .

Bang! . . . Gerda started. It was the door of John's consulting room. It was John running upstairs.

John Christow burst into the room bringing with him his own particular atmosphere of intense energy. He was good-humored, hungry, impatient. . . .

"Good Lord," he exclaimed as he sat down and energetically sharpened the carving knife against the steel. "How I hate sick people!"

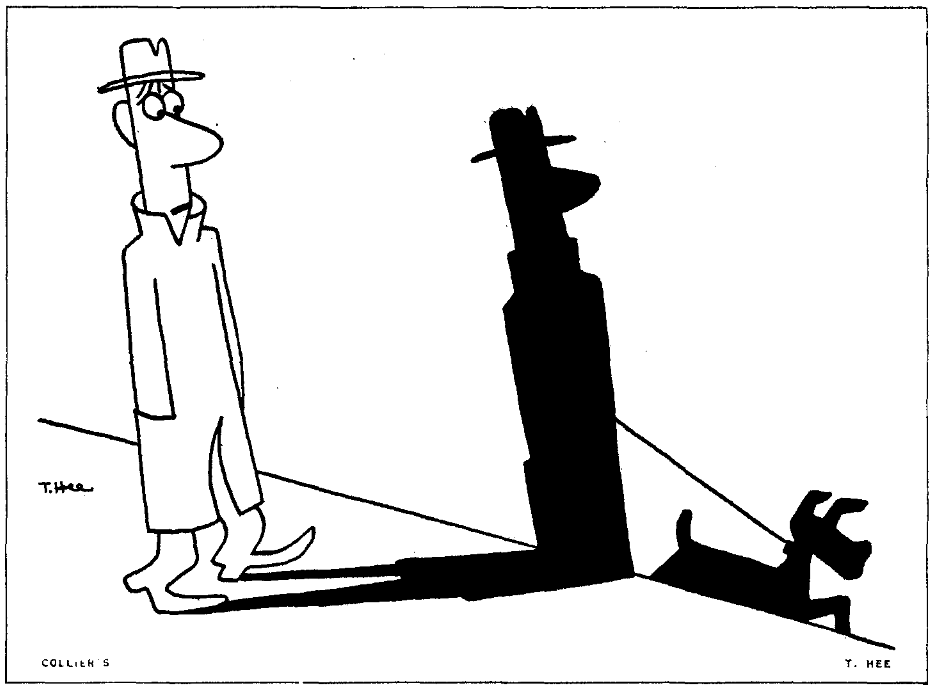
"Oh, John." Gerda was quickly reproachful. "Don't say things like that. If you hated sick people, you wouldn't be a doctor."

"That's exactly the reason," said John Christow. "No doctors like sickness. . . . Gerda, this meat's stone cold. I *should* think you might be more careful with something that's such a rare treat. . . . Why on earth *didn't you have it sent back to keep hot?*"

"Well, dear, I didn't know. You see, I thought you were just coming—"

JOHN CHRISTOW pressed the bell, a long, irritated push. Soon, he thought, they would be driving out of London through the autumn countryside—trees golden red—woodland below one everywhere—the soft woody smell to The Hollow . . . and Henrietta.

He hadn't seen Henrietta for four days. When he had last seen her, she'd had that look in her eyes . . . that look of *seeing* something—something that wasn't there—something (and that was the crux of it) something that wasn't John Christow.



He had said, his voice sharp, "Would you give all this up if I asked you to?"

"All—what?" Her warm voice held surprise.

"All—this." He waved a comprehensive hand round the studio.

She had said slowly, "I suppose so. If it were *necessary*. . . ."

"Necessary? What do you mean by necessary?"

"I don't really know what I mean by it, John. Necessary, as an amputation might be necessary. . . ."

"Nothing short of a surgical operation, in fact!"

"You are angry. What did you want me to say?"

"You know well enough. One word would have done. *Yes.* Why couldn't you say it? You say enough things to people to please them, without caring whether they're true or not. Why not to me?"

"I don't know . . . really, I don't know, John. I can't—that's all. I can't."

He had walked up and down for a minute or two. Then he said, "You will drive me mad, Henrietta. I never feel that I have any influence over you. I want to come first."

"You do, John."

"No. If I were dead, the first thing you'd do, with the tears streaming down your face, would be to start modeling some damned mourning woman or some figure of grief."

"I wonder. I believe—yes, perhaps I would. It's rather horrible. . . ." She had sat there looking at him with dismayed eyes. . . .

Driving in her car from London along the high ridge of Shovel Down, Henrietta had one of those moments of intense happiness that sometimes came to her—a sense of the loveliness of the world—of her own intense enjoyment of that world.

All around and below her were trees whose leaves were turning from gold to brown. It was a world incredibly golden and splendid in the strong autumn sunlight.

Henrietta thought: I shall never be as happy again as I am now . . . never. . . .

When she drove in at the gate of The Hollow, Midge was sitting on the low wall of the terrace, and waved to her cheerfully.

Lady Angkatell came out of the house, and said, "Oh, there you are, Henrietta! When you've taken your car into the stables and given it a bran mash, lunch will be ready."

"What a penetrating remark of Lucy's," said Henrietta as she drove round the house, Midge accompanying her on the running board. "You know, I always prided myself on having completely escaped the horsy taint of my Irish forebears. When you've been brought up amongst people who talk nothing but horse, you go all superior about not caring for them. And now Lucy has just shown me that I treat my car exactly like a horse. It's quite true. I do."

"I know," said Midge. "Lucy is quite devastating. She told me this morning I was to be as rude as I liked while I was here."

Henrietta considered this for a moment. "Of course," she said. "The *shop!*"

"Yes. When one has to spend every day of one's life in a damnable little box being polite to rude women, calling them Madam, pulling frocks over their heads, smiling and swallowing their damned cheek whatever they like to say to one—well, one does want to cuss! You know, Henrietta, I always wonder why people think it's so humiliating to go 'into service' and that it's grand and independent to be in a shop. One puts up with far more insolence in a shop than Gudgeon or Simmons or any decent domestic does!" Then her voice altered a little: "Here's Edward."

DEAR Edward, thought Henrietta with a rush of affection that almost startled her. She had forgotten how fond she was of Edward. That gentle smile of his, and all those nice knobbly bones.

Edward Angkatell was a tall distinguished-looking man with a touch of gray at the temples and the slightly stooping shoulders of the scholar. He said, "Hullo, Henrietta."

"Hullo, Edward, how's Ainswick?"

Ainswick, thought Midge. Ainswick! Her heart felt a sick pang. Visits looked forward to for months! "I'm going to Ainswick. . . ." Lying awake for nights beforehand thinking about it . . . The drive—the final turn in through the gate and up through the woods till you came out into the open and there the

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FOR RELIABLE WRITING CHOOSE WEAREVER REFILL LEADS

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house was—big and white and welcoming. Old Uncle Geoffrey. . . . "Now then, youngsters—enjoy yourselves." . . . Henrietta, over from Ireland. Edward, home from Eton. She herself, from the North Country grimness of a manufacturing town. How like heaven it had been!

But always centering about Edward. Edward, tall and gentle and diffident and always kind. But never, of course, noticing her very much because Henrietta was there. . . .

And now Edward lived at Ainswick. Midge wondered, sometimes, if Lucy minded. Ainswick had been Lucy's home, and Edward was only her first cousin once removed and over twenty years younger than she was. Her father, old Geoffrey Angkatell, had had considerable wealth, most of which had come to Lucy, so that Edward was a comparatively poor man, with enough to keep the place up, but not much over when that was done.

He was of a bookish turn of mind and occasionally wrote rather hesitating ironical little articles for obscure reviews. He had asked his second cousin, Henrietta Savernake, three times to marry him.

AFTER lunch Edward said, "Come for a walk, Henrietta," and it was Edward's kind of walk—a stroll. They went up behind the house, taking a path that zigzagged up through the trees. Like the woods at Ainswick, thought Henrietta. . . . Dear Ainswick, what fun they had had there! She began to talk to Edward about Ainswick. They revived old memories. "Do you remember our squirrel?" he asked. "And how it escaped up the chimney?"

"Is it all the same, Edward? Or is it changed? I always imagine it just the same."

"Why don't you come and see, Henrietta? It's a long, long time since you've been there. You know you're always welcome."

She said dreamily, "Ainswick is the loveliest place in the world. . . ."

A long-legged girl, with no idea at all of the things that life was going to do to her. . . . To have been so happy and not to have known it! *If I could go back,* she thought. . . .

And aloud she said suddenly, "Is Yggdrasill still there?"

"It was struck by lightning."

"Oh, no, not *Yggdrasill!"*

She was distressed. Yggdrasill—her own special name for the big oak tree. If the gods could strike down Yggdrasill, then nothing was safe! Better not go back. . . .

"Do you remember your special sign, the Yggdrasill sign?" Edward said.

"The funny tree like no tree that ever was, I used to draw on bits of paper? I still do, Edward! On blotters, and on telephone books, and on bridge scores. I doodle it all the time. Give me a pencil and a bit of paper."

Laughing, she drew the ridiculous tree.

"Yes," he said, "that's Yggdrasill. . . ."

They had come almost to the top of the path. Henrietta sat on a fallen tree trunk. Edward sat down beside her.

She looked down through the trees. "It's a little like Ainswick here—a kind of pocket Ainswick. I've sometimes wondered—Edward, do you think that that is why Lucy and Henry came here?"

"It's possible."

"What have you been doing with yourself, Edward, since I saw you last?"

"Nothing, Henrietta. I've never been very good at—doing things."

She threw him a quick glance. There had been something in his tone. . . .

"Perhaps," she said, "you are wise."

"Wise?"

"Not to do things."

Edward said slowly, "That's an odd thing for you to say, Henrietta. You, who've been so successful."

"You don't understand the first thing about it, Edward. Sculpture isn't a thing you set out to do and succeed in. It's a thing that gets *at* you, that nags at you—and haunts you—so that you've got, sooner or later, to make terms with it. And then, for a bit, you get some peace—until the whole thing starts over again."

"Do you want to be peaceful, Henrietta?"

"Sometimes I think I want to be peaceful more than anything in the world, Edward!"

"You could be peaceful at Ainswick. . . . I think you could be happy there. Even—even if you had to put up with *me.* What about it, Henrietta? Won't you come to Ainswick and make it your home? It's always been there, you know, waiting for you."

Henrietta turned her head slowly. She said in a low voice, "I wish I wasn't so dreadfully fond of you, Edward. It makes it so very much harder to go on saying no."

"It *is* no, then?"

"I'm sorry."

"You've said no before—but this time—well, I thought it might be different. You've been happy this afternoon, Henrietta. You can't deny that."

"I've been very happy."

"We've been happy together, talking about Ainswick, thinking about Ainswick. Don't you see what that means, Henrietta?"

"It's *you* who don't see what it means, Edward! We've been living all this afternoon in the past."

"The past is sometimes a very good place to live."

"One can't go back. That's the one thing one can't do—go back."

He was silent for a minute or two. Then he said in a pleasant, quite unemotional voice, "What you really mean is that you won't marry me because of John Christow?"

Henrietta did not answer, and Edward went on, "That's it, isn't it? If there were no John Christow in the world you would marry me."

Henrietta said harshly, "I can't imagine a world in which there was no John Christow! That's what *you've* got to understand."

"If it's like that, why on earth doesn't the fellow get a divorce from his wife so that you can marry?"

"John doesn't want to get a divorce from his wife. And I don't know that I should want to marry John if he did. It isn't—it isn't in the least the way you think."

Edward said in a thoughtful, considering way, "John Christow. . . . There are too many John Christows in this world. . . ."

AS THE Christows got into the car and the front door of the Harley Street house shut behind them, Gerda felt the pang of exile go through her. She got into the driving seat, still bowed down by misery, and nervously pressed the starter. She pressed it again and again. John said, "The car will start better, Gerda, if you switch on the engine."

"Oh dear, how stupid of me." She shot a quick alarmed glance at him. If John was going to become annoyed straight away—But to her relief he was smiling.

That's because, thought Gerda, with one of her flashes of acumen, he's so pleased to be going to the Angkatells'.

Poor John, he worked so hard! Her mind harking back to the conversation at lunch, she said, as she let in the clutch rather too suddenly so that the car leaped forward from the curb, "You know, John, you really shouldn't make jokes about hating sick people. It's wonderful of you to make light of all you do, and I understand. But the children don't. I think it's good for children to realize the unselfishness of a doctor's life."

"Oh, my God!" said Christow.

"You see," Gerda stuck to her point, "I've always impressed on the children just what a doctor's life is. It's such a noble life; and I'm so proud of the way you give your time and energy and never spare yourself—"

John Christow interrupted her.

"Hasn't it ever occurred to you that I *like* doctoring—that it's a pleasure, not a sacrifice? Don't you realize that the damned thing's *interesting?"*

But no, he thought, Gerda would never realize a thing like that. If he told her about Mrs. Crabtree and the Margaret Russell Ward she would only see him as a kind of angelic helper of the Poor with a capital P.

"Drowning in treacle," he said under his breath.

"What?" Gerda leaned toward him.

He shook his head.

Gerda was relieved at John's silence. If John was absorbed in thought, he was not so likely to notice that jarring noise of her occasional forced changes of gear. . . .

On the whole, thought Gerda, as she began the ascent of Mersham Hill, this drive wasn't going too badly. John was still absorbed in thought—and he hadn't noticed rather a bad crashing of gears in Croydon. Not very much farther now. Not that she wanted to get there. No, indeed, she'd much rather drive on for hours and hours, even if John *did* lose his temper with her!

Now they were driving along Shovel Down—flaming autumn woods all around them.

"Wonderful to get out of London into this," exclaimed John. "Think of it, Gerda—most afternoons we're stuck in that dingy drawing room having tea—sometimes with the light on."

The image of the dark drawing room of the flat rose up before Gerda's eyes with the tantalizing delight of a mirage. Oh, if only she could be sitting there now! "The country looks lovely," she said heroically.

Down the steep hill—no escape now. . . . That vague hope that something, she didn't know what, might intervene to save her from the nightmare was unrealized. They were there.

As THEY got out of the car, they heard the sound of shots from behind the house. John remarked, "Sounds as though the massacre of the Angkatells has begun! Let's see what it's about."

Sir Henry Angkatell's hobby was firearms, of which he had a large collection. Rounding the corner of the house, John and Gerda found him and Edward firing revolvers at a target while Midge watched.

"Hullo, Christow, have a good run down?" Sir Henry said. "Now, Mrs. Christow, do you want to try if you could hit a burglar?"

"Oh, no, Sir Henry, I don't think I could possibly—"

"Come on, Mrs. Christow. It's simple."

Gerda took the revolver gingerly and fired it, flinching and shutting her eyes.

"Missed him," said Sir Henry cheerfully.

Lucy came out from the house. With her came a tall, sulky young man with a large Adam's apple. "Here's David," she announced. "Gerda, dear, how *nice* to see you!"

She took the revolver from Gerda and without a word put three holes close to the center of the target.

IT DOESN'T MAKE CENTS

I think that I shall never see
Myself with stacks of do-re-mi;
But if by chance I ever did
I'd tell the world, "Some funds, eh, kid?"

—ROD MacLEAN

"Well done, Lucy!" John cried. "I didn't know that shooting was one of your accomplishments."

"Lucy," said Sir Henry gravely, "always kills her man!"

Then he added reminiscently: "Came in useful once. Do you remember, my dear, those thugs that set upon us that day on the Asian side of the Bosporus. I was rolling about with two of them on top of me feeling for my throat."

"And what did Lucy do?" asked Midge.

"Fired two shots into the melee. I didn't even know she had the pistol with her. She got one bad man through the leg and the other in the shoulder. Nearest escape in the world *I've* ever had. I can't think how she didn't hit me."

Lady Angkatell smiled at him.

"I think one always has to take some risk," she said gently. "And one should do it quickly and not think too much about it."

"An admirable sentiment, my dear," said Sir Henry. "But I have always felt slightly aggrieved that *I* was the risk you took!"

After tea, John said to Henrietta, "Come for a walk," and Lady Angkatell said that she *must* show Gerda the rock garden though of course it was *quite* the wrong time of year. . . .

Walking with John, thought Henrietta, was as unlike walking with Edward as anything could be.

With Edward one seldom did more than potter. Walking with John it was all she could do to keep up, and by the time they got up to Shovel Down she said breathlessly, "We haven't got a train to catch. Why do you have this ferocious energy? Are you running away from yourself?"

He stopped dead. "Why do you say that?" he asked.

Henrietta looked at him curiously. "I didn't mean anything particular by it," she told him.

John went on again, but walking more slowly. "As a matter of fact," he said, "I'm tired. I'm very tired. . . ."

"How's the Crabtree?"

"It's early days to say, but I think, Henrietta, that I've got the hang of things. If I'm right"—his footsteps began to quicken—"we'll have to reconsider the whole question of hormone secretion—"

"You mean that there will be a cure for Ridgeway's Disease? That people won't die?"

"That, incidentally."

What odd people doctors were, thought Henrietta. Incidentally!

He drew a deep breath. "But it's good to get down here—good to get some air into your lungs—good to see you." He gave her one of his sudden quick smiles. "And it will do Gerda good."

"Gerda, of course, simply loves coming to The Hollow!"

"Of course, she does. By the way, have I met Edward Angkatell before?"

"You've met him twice," said Henrietta dryly. "Edward's a dear."

"Well, don't let's waste time on Edward! None of those people count."

Henrietta said in a low voice, "Sometimes, John—I'm afraid for you!"

"Afraid for me—what do you mean?" He turned an astonished face upon her.

"You are so oblivious—so—yes, *blind*. You don't know—you don't see—you don't know what other people are feeling and thinking."

"I should have said just the opposite."

"You see what you're looking *at*, yes. You're—you're like a searchlight. A powerful beam turned onto the one spot where your interest is, and behind it and each side of it, darkness!"

"Henrietta, my dear, what is all this?"

"It's *dangerous*, John. You assume that everyone likes you, that they mean well to you. People like Lucy, for instance."

"Doesn't Lucy like me?" he said, surprised. "I've always been extremely fond of her."

"And so you assume that she likes you. But I'm not sure. . . . And Gerda and Edward—oh, and Midge and Henry. How do you know what they feel toward you?"

"And Henrietta? Do I know how she feels?" He caught her hand for a moment. "At least—I'm sure of you."

She took her hand away. "You can be sure of no one in this world, John."

"No, I won't believe that. I'm sure of you and I'm sure of myself—" His face changed.

"What is it, John?"

"Do you know what I found myself saying today? Something ridiculous. *'I want to go home.'* I hadn't any idea what I meant by it."

Henrietta said slowly, "You must have had some picture in your mind. . . ."

He said sharply, "Nothing. Nothing at all!"

DINNER was over. Sir Henry had brought his best diplomatic talents into play to keep the ball rolling with Gerda. Henrietta had loyally done her best with the glowering David.

David had come to The Hollow in a spirit of considerable unwillingness. Until now he had never met either Sir Henry or Lady Angkatell, and was fully prepared to disapprove of them as relatives. Edward whom he did know, he already disapproved of as a dilettante. The fact that, if Edward did not marry, David himself would probably succeed to Ainswick was a matter of complete indifference to him. Relations, he thought, were pretty awful. Of the others, Midge and Henrietta he discounted as empty-headed women, this Dr. Christow was just one of those Harley Street charlatans, and his wife one of those domestic bores who don't count.

David shifted his neck in his collar and wished fervently that all these people could know how little he thought of them! They were really all quite negligible. When he had

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repeated that three times to himself he felt rather better. He was even able to set Henrietta right on various points. She accepted correction quite intelligently, he found.

"Thank you, darling," murmured Lady Angkatell as she slipped an arm through Henrietta's on their way to the drawing room.

"Are—are they going to play games?" asked Gerda of Henrietta in a tortured voice, as she watched Lady Angkatell fussing with some pencils and sheets of paper.

Shooting a quick glance at her, Henrietta said, "You'd rather play bridge, I'm sure."

"I'm not at all a good player, you know. John gets dreadfully impatient with me. I'm sure you're all very good."

"Oh, no, we're not. You and I will take two of the others on."

Gerda brightened, and moved by a sudden impulse, Henrietta said, "Why do you come here? You know you hate it."

Gerda floundered nervously. "Oh—oh, no. John has been looking forward—"

"Oh, John, yes. But you could let him come by himself. Why should you be let in for the odious Angkatells?"

"Oh, indeed, Lady Angkatell is always so very kind—"

"Lucy? She's not a bit kind. She has good manners and she can be gracious. But she is really rather a cruel person—I think because she isn't really quite human. She doesn't know what it is like to feel and think like ordinary people—" She broke off as Lucy, waving her pencils and paper, approached them. "Gerda and I are going to take on Midge and Edward at bridge," she said.

"Oh, darling, do you think—" Lucy began.

Henrietta said firmly that she did think, and in the end they sat down to two tables. Gerda and Henrietta had Midge and David as adversaries. Sir Henry and Lady Angkatell, John and Edward played for slightly higher stakes at another table.

With John's attention safely engaged elsewhere, Gerda almost enjoyed her evening and played not too badly. She quite ceased to regret her leathercraft which she had brought down in an embroidered bag, all shapes and colors of leather which she was assembling together for tea cozies. When their rubbers ended, she told Henrietta about it and Henrietta said she thought it sounded lovely.

Gerda did not notice the faint abstraction of Henrietta's tone, but Midge did and glanced at her sharply. Henrietta was standing by the mantelpiece watching the second table. John and Edward were partners against the Angkatells. John was a good, slightly overconfident player, Edward was a very good player indeed. But tonight Henrietta was sensitively aware that Edward, for some reason, did not want to win. It was as though, she thought, Edward could not, tonight, endure any more success for John Christow. . . . And suddenly, without analyzing the reason, she felt a little shiver of fear.

THERE was a sharp rush of air into the room, the French windows, pushed to but not closed, for the evening was warm, swung open, and with all the dramatic éclat of a successful stage entrance Veronica Cray stood in the open window, framed against the night outside.

She stood there, smiling, a little rueful, wholly charming, waiting just that infinitesimal moment before speaking, so that she might be sure of her audience.

"You must forgive me—bursting in upon you this way. I'm your neighbor, Lady Angkatell—from that ridiculous cottage Dovecotes—and the most frightful catastrophe has occurred! Not a single match in the house! And Saturday evening. So I came along here to beg help from my only neighbor within miles."

Nobody spoke for a moment, for Veronica had rather that effect. She was lovely—not quietly lovely, not even dazzlingly lovely—but so efficiently lovely that it made you gasp. The waves of pale shimmering hair, the curving mouth—the platinum foxes that swathed her shoulders. . . .

"And I smoke," she said, "like a chimney! And my lighter won't work! And besides, there's breakfast—gas stoves—" She thrust out her hands. "I do feel such a complete fool."

Then her face changed, she was looking at John Christow. An expression of amazement, of incredulous delight, spread over it. She took a step toward him, hands outstretched.

"Why, surely—*John!* It's John Christow! Now isn't that too extraordinary? I haven't seen you for years and years and years! And suddenly—to find you here!"

She had his hands in hers by now. She was all warmth and simple eagerness. She half turned her head to Lady Angkatell.

"This is just the most wonderful surprise. John's an old, old friend of mine. John's the first man I ever loved!"

She was half laughing now. "I always thought John was just wonderful!"

Sir Henry, courteous and polished, had moved forward to her, saying that she must have a drink. He maneuvered glasses. Lady Angkatell said, "Midge, dear, ring the bell."

WHEN Gudgeon came, Lucy said, "A box of matches, Gudgeon—at least if cook has plenty bring in half a dozen."

"Oh, no, Lady Angkatell—just one!" Veronica protested, laughing. She had her drink and was smiling around at everyone.

John Christow said, "This is my wife, Veronica."

"Oh, but how lovely to meet you." Veronica beamed upon Gerda's bewilderment.

Gudgeon brought in the matches, stacked on a silver salver.

"Oh, dear Lady Angkatell, not all these!" Veronica exclaimed.

Lucy's gesture was negligently royal. "It's so tiresome only having one of a thing. We can spare them quite easily."

Veronica drew the platinum foxes a little closer around her. She smiled on them all.

"Thank you so much! You've been so kind—" The words floated between Sir Henry, Lady Angkatell, and for some reason, Edward. "I shall now carry home the spoils. John"—she gave him an artless, friendly smile—"you must see me safely back, because I want dreadfully to hear all you've been doing in the years and years since I've seen you. It makes me feel, of course, dreadfully *old*. . . ."

She moved to the window and John Christow followed her. She flung a last brilliant smile at them all. "I'm so dreadfully sorry to have bothered you in this stupid way. . . . Thank you, *so* much, Lady Angkatell."

She went out with John.

Lady Angkatell yawned. "Oh, dear," she murmured, "we must go to bed. Henry, we must go and see one of her pictures. I'm sure, from tonight, she must give a lovely performance."

They all went upstairs. Midge, stopping at her door, asked Lucy, "A lovely performance, did you say?"

"Didn't you think so, darling?"

"I gather, Lucy, that you think it's just possible she may have had some matches in Dovecotes all the time."

"Dozens of boxes, I expect, darling. But we mustn't be uncharitable. And it *was* a lovely performance!" . . .

Doors were shutting all down the corridor. Sir Henry said, "I've left the window unlocked for Christow." His own door shut.

Henrietta said to Gerda, "What fun actresses are. They make such marvelous entrances and exits!" She yawned and added, "I'm frightfully sleepy."

VERONICA CRAY moved swiftly along the narrow path through the chestnut woods, John Christow following her.

She came out from the woods to the open space by the swimming pool. There was a small pavilion here.

Veronica Cray stood still. She turned and faced John Christow.

Then she laughed. With her hand she gestured toward the leaf-strewn surface of the swimming pool. "Not quite like the Mediterranean, is it, John?" she said.

He knew then what he had been waiting for—knew that in all those fifteen years of separation from Veronica, she had still been with him. *The blue sea, the scent of mimosa, the hot dust*—pushed down, thrust out of sight, but never really forgotten. . . . They all meant one thing—Veronica. Once again he was a young man of twenty-four, desperately and agonizingly in love and this time he was not going to run away. . . .

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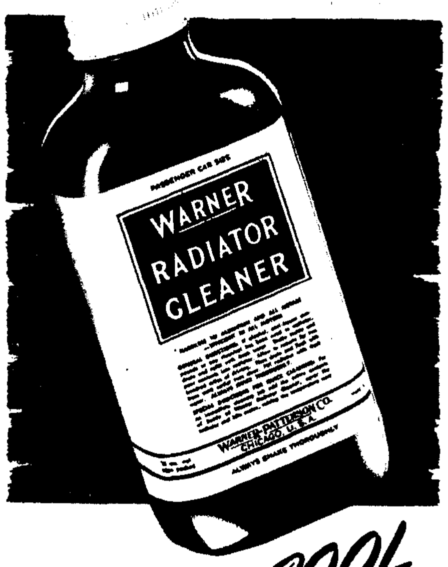

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John Christow came out from the chestnut woods. There was a moon and the house basked in the moonlight with a strange innocence. He looked down at the wrist watch he wore.

It was three o'clock. He drew a deep breath and his face was anxious. He was no longer, even remotely, a young man of twenty-four in love. He was a shrewd practical man of almost forty and his mind was clear.

He'd been a fool, of course, a complete damned fool, but he didn't regret that. For he was, he now realized, completely master of himself. It was as though, for years, he had dragged a weight upon his leg—and now the weight was gone. He was free.

He was free and himself, John Christow—and he knew that to John Christow, successful Harley Street specialist, Veronica Cray meant nothing whatsoever. All that had been in the past—and because that conflict had never been resolved, because he had always suffered humiliatingly from the fear that he had, in plain language, run away, so Veronica's image had never completely left him. She had come to him tonight out of a dream, and he had accepted the dream, and now, thank God, he was delivered from it forever. He was back in the present—and it was 3 A.M., and it was just possible that he had mucked up things rather badly.

What, for instance, would Gerda think?

And Henrietta? (But he didn't care quite so much about Henrietta. He could, he felt, at a pinch explain to Henrietta. He could never explain to Gerda.)

And he didn't, definitely he didn't, want to lose anything. . . .

If Gerda guessed—if Gerda had the least suspicion—

But would she have? How much did he really know about Gerda? Normally, Gerda would believe white was black if he told her so. But over a thing like this . . .

He was afraid—afraid for the ease and order and safety of his life. He'd been mad—quite mad, he thought with exasperation—and then took comfort in that very thought; nobody would believe, surely, he could have been as mad as that.

The French window of the drawing room stood half open, left for his return. He looked up again at the innocent sleeping house. It looked, somehow, too innocent.

Suddenly he started. He had heard, or he had imagined he heard, the faint closing of a door.

He turned his head sharply. Suppose someone had come down to the pool, following him there. If someone had waited and followed him back, that someone could have taken a higher path and so gained entrance to the house again by the side garden door and the soft closing of the garden door would have made just the sound that he had heard.

He looked up sharply at the windows. Was that curtain moving, had it been pushed aside for someone to look out, and then allowed to fall? Henrietta's room . . .

Henrietta! His heart cried in a sudden panic: I can't lose Henrietta!

He wanted suddenly to fling up a handful of pebbles at her window, to cry out to her, "Come out, my dear love. Come out to me now and walk with me up through the woods to Shovel Down and there listen—listen to everything that I now know about myself and that you must know too if you do not know it already. . . ."

He wanted to say to Henrietta, "I am starting again. A new life begins from today. The things that crippled and hindered me from living have fallen away. You were right this afternoon when you asked me if I was running away from myself. That is what I have been doing for years. Because I never knew whether it was strength or weakness that took me away from Veronica, I have been afraid of myself, afraid of life, afraid of you."

IF HE were to wake Henrietta and make her come with him now—up through the woods to where they could watch, together, the sun come up over the rim of the world . . .

"You're mad," he said to himself. He shivered. "What the devil is the matter with you?" he asked himself. "You've behaved quite insanely enough for one night. If you get away with it as it is, you're damned lucky!" What on earth would Gerda think if he stayed out all night and came home with the milk?

Supposing it had been Gerda who had followed him tonight—

No good saying people didn't do such things. As a doctor, he knew only too well what people—high-minded, sensitive, fastidious, honorable people—constantly did. They listened at doors, and opened letters and spied and snooped, not because for one moment they approved of such conduct, but because before the sheer necessity of human anguish, they were rendered desperate.

Poor devils, he thought, poor suffering human devils. . . . If Gerda knew—

"Nonsense," he said to himself. "Why should she? She's gone up to bed and she's fast asleep."

He went in through the French windows and on upstairs. He stood for a moment by the bedroom door, his hand on the doorknob, then he turned it and went in.

The room was dark and he could hear Gerda's even breathing. Her voice came to him, blurred with sleep:

"Is that you, John? Aren't you very late? What time is it?"

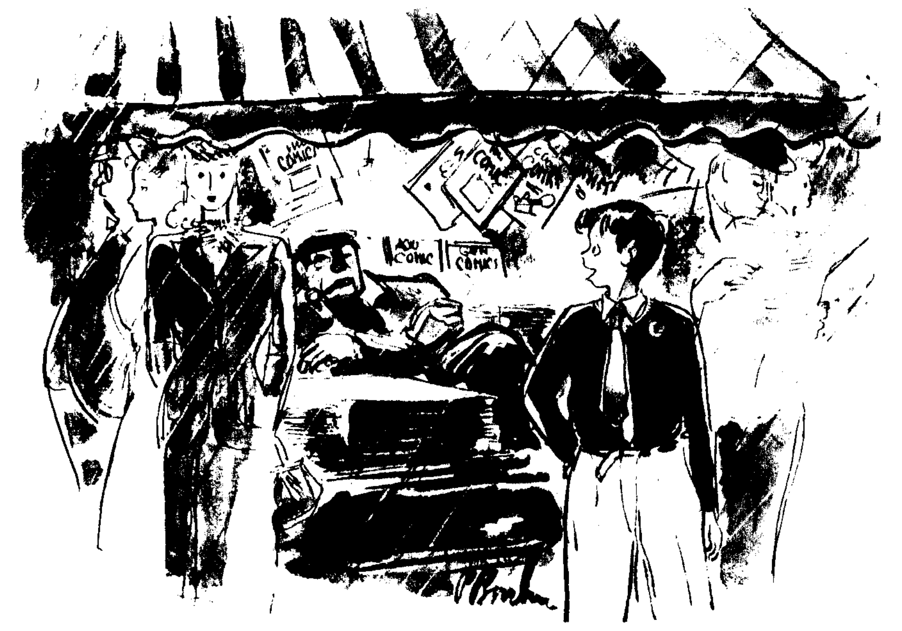
He said, "Sorry I woke you up. I had to go in with the woman and have a drink."

He made his voice sound bored and sleepy.

Gerda murmured, "Oh? Good night, John."

There was a rustle as she turned over in bed.

It was all right! As usual, he'd been lucky. As *usual*—just for a moment it sobered him, the thought of how often his luck had held. Time and again there had been a



COLLIER'S "Gee, all those comics and you just sit there!" PERRY BARLOW

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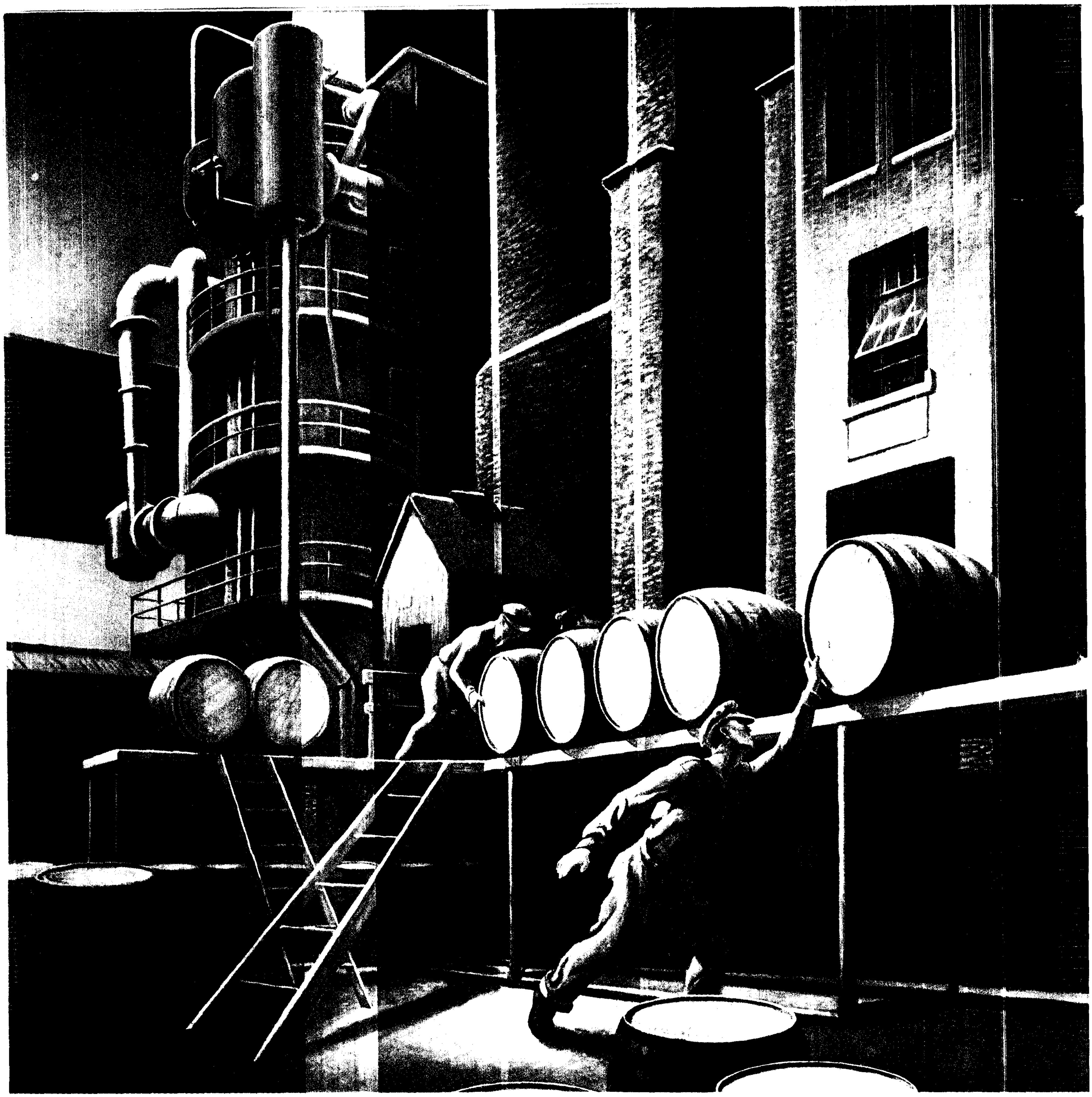

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moment when he'd held his breath and said, "If *this* goes wrong . . ." And it hadn't gone wrong! But someday, surely, his luck would change. . .

It was ten o'clock the next morning when John came down. Breakfast was on the sideboard.

Sir Henry and Edward had gone out shooting, Lady Angkatell told him. She herself was busy with a gardening basket and gardening gloves. He stayed talking to her for a while until Gudgeon approached him with a letter on a salver.

"This has just come by hand, sir."

He took it with slightly raised eyebrows.

He strolled into the library, tearing it open:

Please come over this morning. I must see you. *Veronica*

Imperious as ever! he thought. He'd a good mind not to go. Then he thought he might as well and get it over.

VERONICA was waiting for him. She spoke from the window of the pretentious half-timbered cottage: "Come inside, John. It's cold this morning."

There was a fire lit in the sitting room, which was furnished in off-white with pale cyclamen cushions.

Looking at her this morning with an appraising eye, he saw the differences there were from the girl he remembered, as he had not been able to see them last night.

Strictly speaking, he thought, she was more beautiful now than then. She understood her beauty better, and she cared for it and enhanced it in every way. Her hair which had been deep golden was now a silvery platinum color. Her eyebrows were different, giving much more poignancy to her expression.

He was struck now with what had only been dimly apparent to him in the past—that she was a woman whose egoism was quite abnormal. Veronica was accustomed to getting her own way and beneath the smooth, beautiful contours of flesh he seemed to sense an ugly iron determination.

"I sent for you," said Veronica as she handed him a box of cigarettes, "because we've got to talk. We've got to make arrangements. For our future, I mean."

He took a cigarette and lighted it. Then he said quite pleasantly, "But have we a future?"

She gave him a sharp glance.

"What do you mean, John? Of course we have a future. We've wasted fifteen years. There's no need to waste any more."

He sat down.

"I'm sorry, Veronica. But I'm afraid you've got all this wrong. I've—enjoyed meeting you again very much. But your life and mine don't touch anywhere. They are quite divergent."

"Nonsense, John. I love you and you love me. We've always loved each other."

"My dear girl, I'm married. I've got children."

"I'm married myself at the moment," said Veronica. "But all these things are easily arranged. A good lawyer can fix up everything." She smiled at him dazzlingly. "I always did mean to marry you, darling. I can't think why I have this terrible passion for you, but there it is!"

"I'm sorry, Veronica, but no good lawyer is going to fix up anything. Your life and mine have nothing to do with each other."

"Not after last night?"

"You're not a child, Veronica. You've had a couple of husbands, and by all accounts several lovers. What does last night mean, actually? Nothing at all, and you know it."

"Oh, my dear John—" She was still amused, indulgent. "If you'd seen your face—there in that stuffy drawing room! You might have been in San Miguel again!"

"I *was* in San Miguel. . . . Try to understand, Veronica. You came to me out of the past. Last night I, too, was in the past, but today—today's different. I'm a man fifteen years older. A man you don't even know—and whom I dare say you wouldn't like much if you did know."

"You prefer your wife and children to me?" She was genuinely amazed.

"Odd as it may seem to you, I do."

She said incredulously, "You don't love me?"

"It's better to be quite clear about these things," he told her. "You are an extraordinarily beautiful woman, Veronica, but I don't love you."

She sat so still that she might have been a waxwork. That stillness of hers made him just a little uneasy.

When she spoke it was with such venom that he recoiled.

"Who is she?"

"She? Who do you mean?"

"That woman by the mantelpiece last night."

Henrietta! he thought. How the devil did she get onto Henrietta?

"It's because of *her* that you're turning me down! Oh, don't pretend to be so moral about your wife and children. It's that other woman."

She got up and came toward him.

"Don't you understand, John, that ever since I came back to England, eighteen months ago, I've been thinking about you? Why do you imagine I took this idiotic place here? Simply because I found out that you often came down for week ends with the Angkatells!"

"So last night was all planned, Veronica?"

"You *belong* to me, John. You always have!"

"I don't belong to anyone, Veronica! Hasn't life taught you even now that you can't own other human beings, body and soul? I loved you when I was a young man. I wanted you to share my life. You wouldn't do it."

"*My* life and career were much more important than *yours!* Anyone can be a doctor."

He lost his temper a little.

"Are you *quite* as wonderful as you think you are?"

"You turned me down fifteen years ago. . . . You've turned me down again today. I'll make you sorry for this."

John got up and went to the door.

"I'm sorry, Veronica, if I've hurt you. You're very lovely, my dear, and I once loved you very much. Can't we leave it at that?"

"Goodby, John. We're not leaving it at that. I think—I think I hate you more than I believed I could hate anyone."

He shrugged his shoulders.

"I'm sorry. Goodby."

JOHN walked back slowly through the wood. When he got to the swimming pool he sat down on the bench there. He had no regrets for his treatment of Veronica. Veronica, he thought dispassionately, was a nasty bit of work. She always had been a nasty bit of work and the best thing he had ever done was to get clear of her in time. God alone knew what would have happened to him by now if he hadn't!

As it was, he had that extraordinary sensation of starting a new life, unfettered and unhampered by the past. He must have been extremely difficult to live with for the last year or two. Poor Gerda, he thought, with her unselfishness and her continual anxiety to please him. He would be kinder in the future.

And Henrietta?

He thought: I shall go to Henrietta and tell her—

He looked up sharply, disturbed by some small unexpected sound. There had been shots in the woods higher up, and there had been the usual small noises of woodlands—birds, and the faint melancholy dropping of leaves. But this was another noise—a very faint, businesslike click.

And suddenly, John was acutely conscious of danger. How long had he been sitting here? Half an hour? An hour? There was someone watching him. Someone—

And that click was—of course it was—

He turned sharply, a man very quick in his reactions. But he was not quick enough. His eyes widened in surprise, but there was no time for him to make a sound.

The shot rang out and he fell, awkwardly, sprawled out by the edge of the swimming pool. . . .

A dark stain welled up slowly on his left side and trickled slowly onto the concrete of the pool edge and from there dripped red into the blue water.

(To be continued next week)

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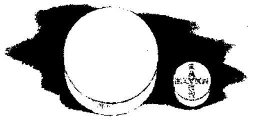

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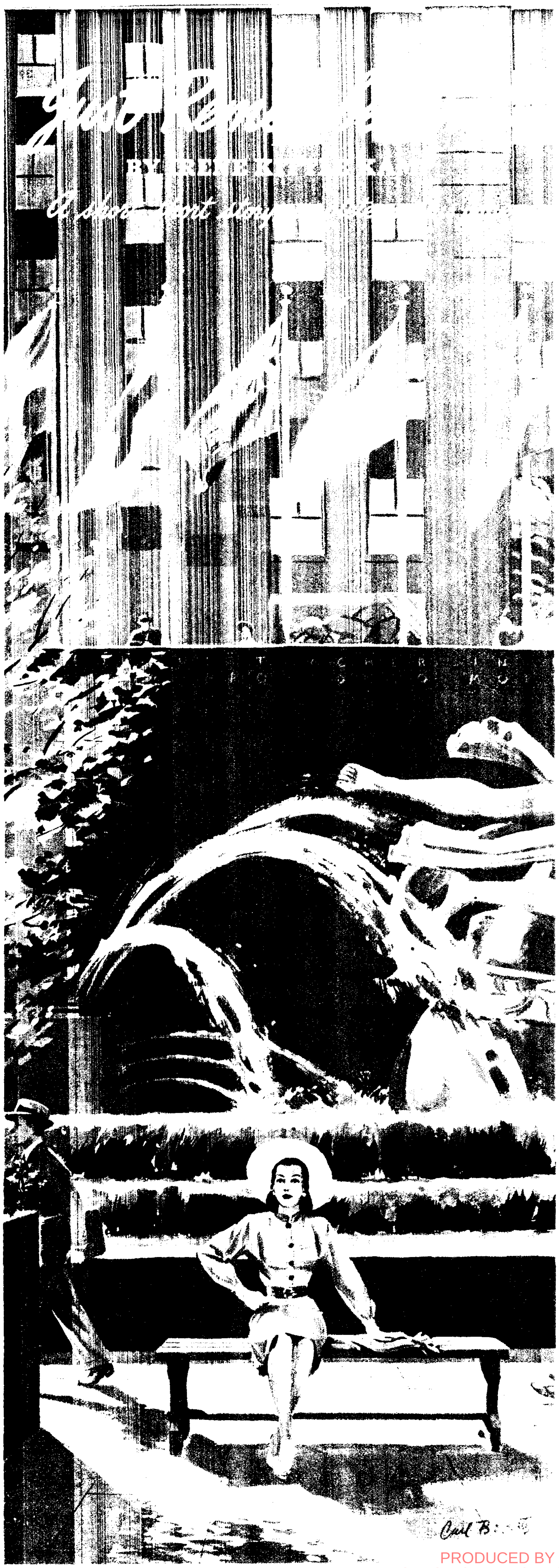


THE red geraniums in the lower plaza at Rockefeller Center flamed dry and hot against the late-afternoon sun. Only a few minutes ago the sound of the fountain below had seemed cool and soothing; now it joined in a kind of inexorable pounding against Hallie's reason, saying "go home, go home, go home," as she sat erect, looking calm, waiting for someone who was already very late.

A man, idling along the walk, took in the slim, tall, dark girl in mauve linen, the pale, wide straw hat set well back from the candid brow, the violet shadows faintly accenting the large dark eyes. And in acknowledgment of what he saw, he gave her an invitation of inquiry, direct and friendly. Watching him hurry away, Hallie smiled, relaxed a little, thinking she must *look* mad, seeing how her look had answered the man's like a blow.

But the man's frank approval had helped. Some of her assurance returned and she could examine the possibility that she was being *stood up* with better grace. After all, she told herself, you can get up and walk up those steps on your own two feet and take a bus to Beekman Place and home, and nobody to stop you. Any time you feel like it you can do just that. There in her own small, cool apartment was the telephone and its infinite possibilities for other dates; so waiting became a decision and not a necessity.

The sun now, was actually sliding behind buildings; a little breeze sent a mild relief out over the hot city, and Hallie wondered why she continued to wait for a man she had known such a short time. A man who, chances were, wouldn't expect her to wait this long, wouldn't even bother to come this late, to see if she had waited. But still she sat there, and in her search for the reason which held her, she went over the conversation of the night before in the little air-cooled bar.

"Listen," he had said, staring at her over his long drink. "Listen, whenever I see you something happens inside me. Something pleasant. I guess my stomach turns over, but in a pleasant way." He spoke casually, with no apparent effort to be casual. "As long as that lasts," he went on, "it's fine. But that's *all* it is."

HALLIE had been a little surprised. In the past year this had been *her* line; to have a man spring it first was a small shock. She had learned in dealing with men to get the drop on them quickly, to say, "Believe me, Mister Smith (or whatever his name happened to be at the time), believe me, I have no intentions toward you. This is fun . . . but nothing more. Just remember that." It had started as a vaguely protective method, but she had seen men jump back at its shock, and had gone on using it, liking the sense of freedom and independence it gave her.

Recalling last night, she remembered she had giggled when he had said that. "Me too," she told him.

"Look here," he had said, grinning, "you think it's a line with me. It isn't. I'm serious. I like my life the way it is."

"Oh, shut up," she had told him, laughing, giving him a sidelong glance. "Shut up, or I'll take you like Grant took Richmond."

He had laughed rudely at that, and the laughter in their eyes had met and held and made a whirling, breathless atmosphere around them for one moment. . . .

Now, seeing the people seep out of the plaza homeward, she rose on a moment of decision and started to move with them. But she was remembering other things now, and before she even reached the stone steps going up toward the street, she turned and drifted back to the bench, the remembered conversations flowing backward toward the first time she had been alone with him. Even then, she thought, settling herself on the bench again, even then they had been like wary amateur boxers, evenly matched, quick to gauge each other accurately.

"What I like about you," he had said on a very early occasion, "is that you're natural. Damn it, you're not full of affectations put on just for a man. It's a big relief, let me tell you. Most women have some special trick act. And believe me," he said, pointing his finger at her, "the dialogue in the act is like something out of a bad play. And a man either has to string along with it, or act like he's tongue-tied. With you," he told her, "I feel like I'm wearing very comfortable old clothes. I want to thank you, miss," he said, grinning, "for not putting on an act."

"Oh, don't thank me," she had said, malice curling at her mouth, "*my* act is the biggest and most effective of all. I'll tell you a secret," she told him, leaning forward, staring straight into his watchful eyes, "I'm natural because I discovered that people *like* you to be natural. And you know," she said, dropping her voice to a confidential murmur, "you know, it works better than any act I've ever seen."

He had roared at that. When he stopped laughing he said, "I like you. I like you. An honest woman."

"And what's more," she had gone on, surprised at the ease with which she admitted things to him. "I'm very selfish. I'm really interested in myself first and the way *I* want things to be."

"Who isn't?" he had said seriously. "Only most people won't admit it to themselves even, much less to anyone else."

"Most men," she said, musing aloud, "talk about selfishness as though it were a major crime, going on being healthily selfish themselves all the time. That's why I gave up talking to men a long time ago."

"Me too," he said in a kind of absent-minded agreement. "I gave up talking seriously to anybody a long time ago." He put his hand out across the table, then, palm up, and she put hers into it, and they had sat quietly that way, neither thinking much, or talking at all.

AND Hallie, beginning to feel very alone now in the deserted plaza, wondered if that wasn't why she waited. Balancing lightly the choice between leaving and staying, the delicate moment of indecision seemed to play the sound of his voice, and of hers answering; a curious chorus, like a fact, eluding, evading her grasp.

All light seemed to be leaving the sky, and as she looked upward toward the street behind her, she saw the saffron summer twilight which seems to suspend itself between buildings in New York; suddenly in panic, she rose and hurried up the steps toward the bus waiting there. But it was the very finality of getting *on* the bus at which she balked . . . Seeing it, she turned and fled down the steps and back toward the bench.

And then it was, looking up toward Fifth Avenue, that she saw him walking swiftly toward her and she had a moment of the most absurd pride in the way his clothes fitted him, the way his long legs flew down the steps toward the plaza. *His* legs, she thought, deeply shocked, *his* clothes . . . I'm thinking of *him*, not myself. Something stirred in her, a fact, a conclusion, something sweet and secret.

He sat beside her on the bench and gave her a quick hug. "You waited," he said, "you waited. I couldn't get away. . . . I'll explain. But you waited! I knew you would. I don't know how I knew it. I kept thinking how foolish it was to expect you to wait so long. No girl would. But I knew. . . . I . . . why *did* you wait?" he asked now, holding her by the shoulders, turning her face toward his.

"I almost didn't," she said, holding her breath.

"I know," he said, "I saw you running up the steps. I was afraid I wouldn't catch you. And then you came back. Why?" he wanted to know. "Why?"

"I knew you'd come," she said quietly. And now she knew that that was why she had come back. "I don't know how. I just knew."

"Yes," he said, "that was the way it was with me, too. I kept telling myself that no girl, especially an independent number like you. . . . no girl would wait this long. Yet somehow, I was sure too that you would be here waiting. Listen," he said, his voice casual, matter-of-fact, "you know what else?"

"What?" she asked weakly, as though she already knew.

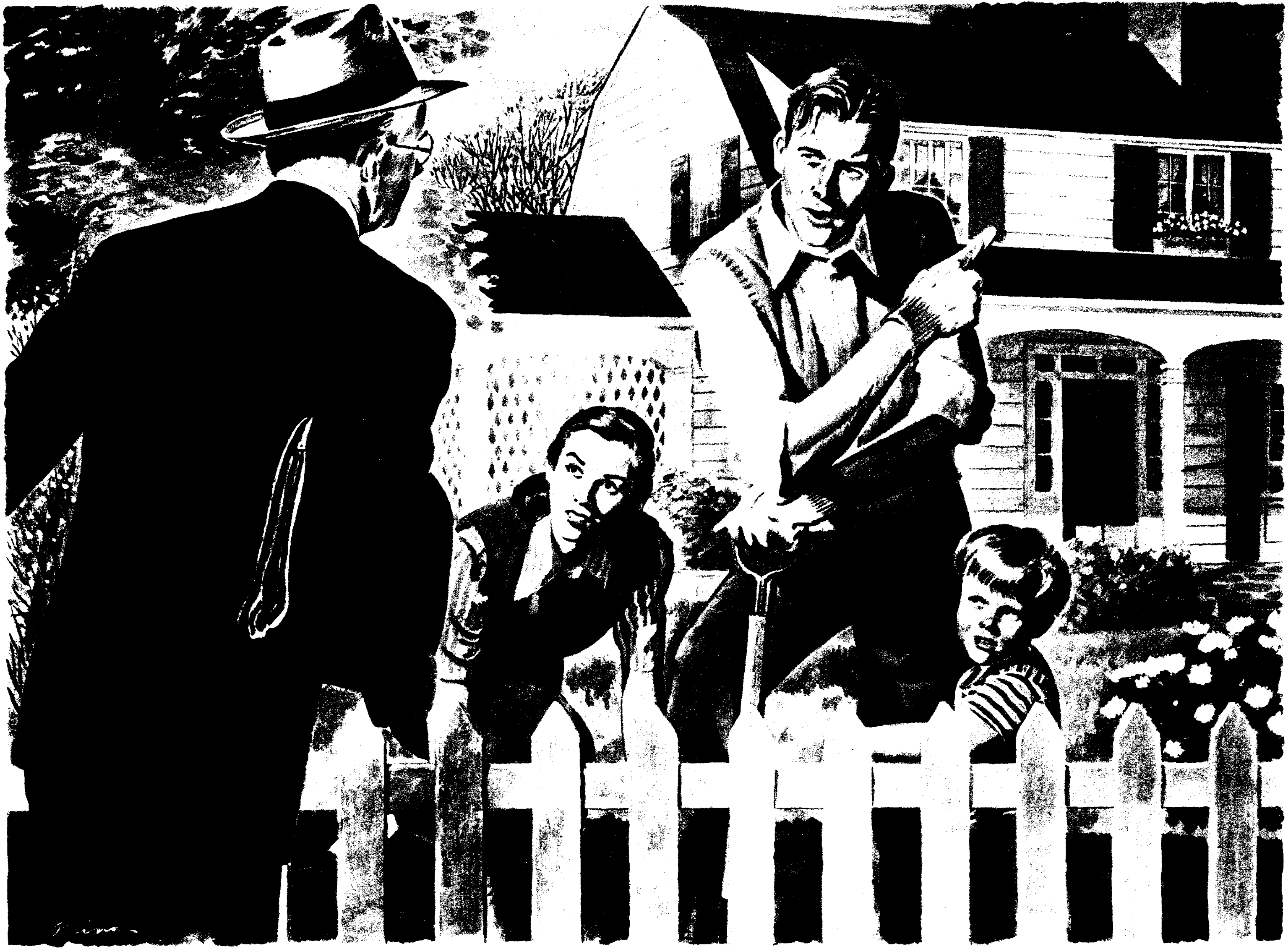
"I think we're in love," he told her simply.

"Yes," she said, "I know. We are."

The fountain seemed to join in a kind of inexorable pounding against Hallie's reason, saying, "go home, go home"

ILLUSTRATED BY CARL BOBERTZ

"Sell all this for $6,000—You think I'm crazy . . .



. . . why, my house alone is worth $10,000 !"

The man with the brief case had a ready answer for that one. "That's just the point I want to make," he said. "Sure, your house is worth $10,000 but it's insured for only $6,000. And as your insurance Agent I want you to realize this—$6,000 is *all you'd get* if the place burned down tonight."

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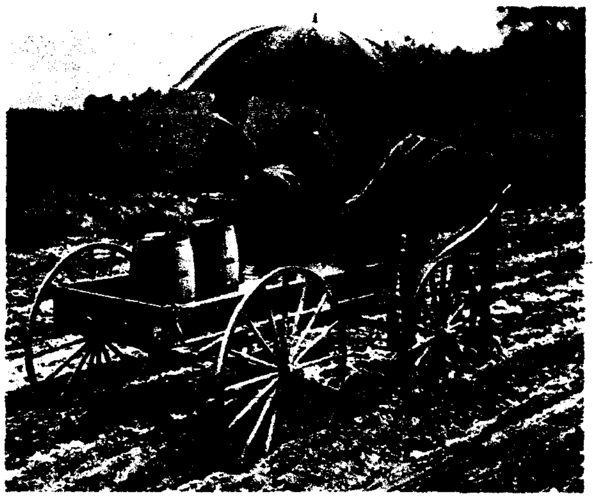
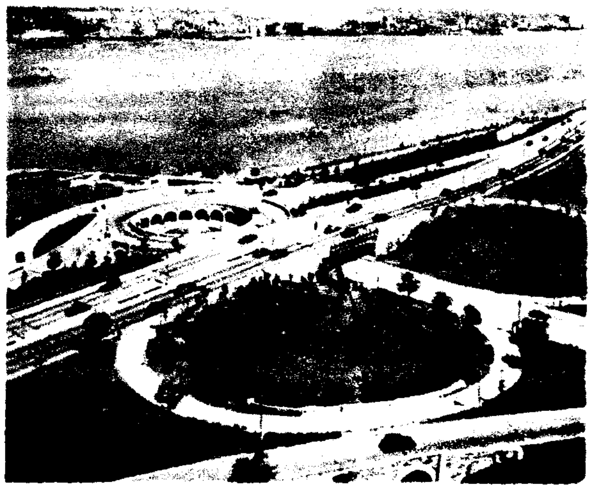
Say goodbye to traffic jams!

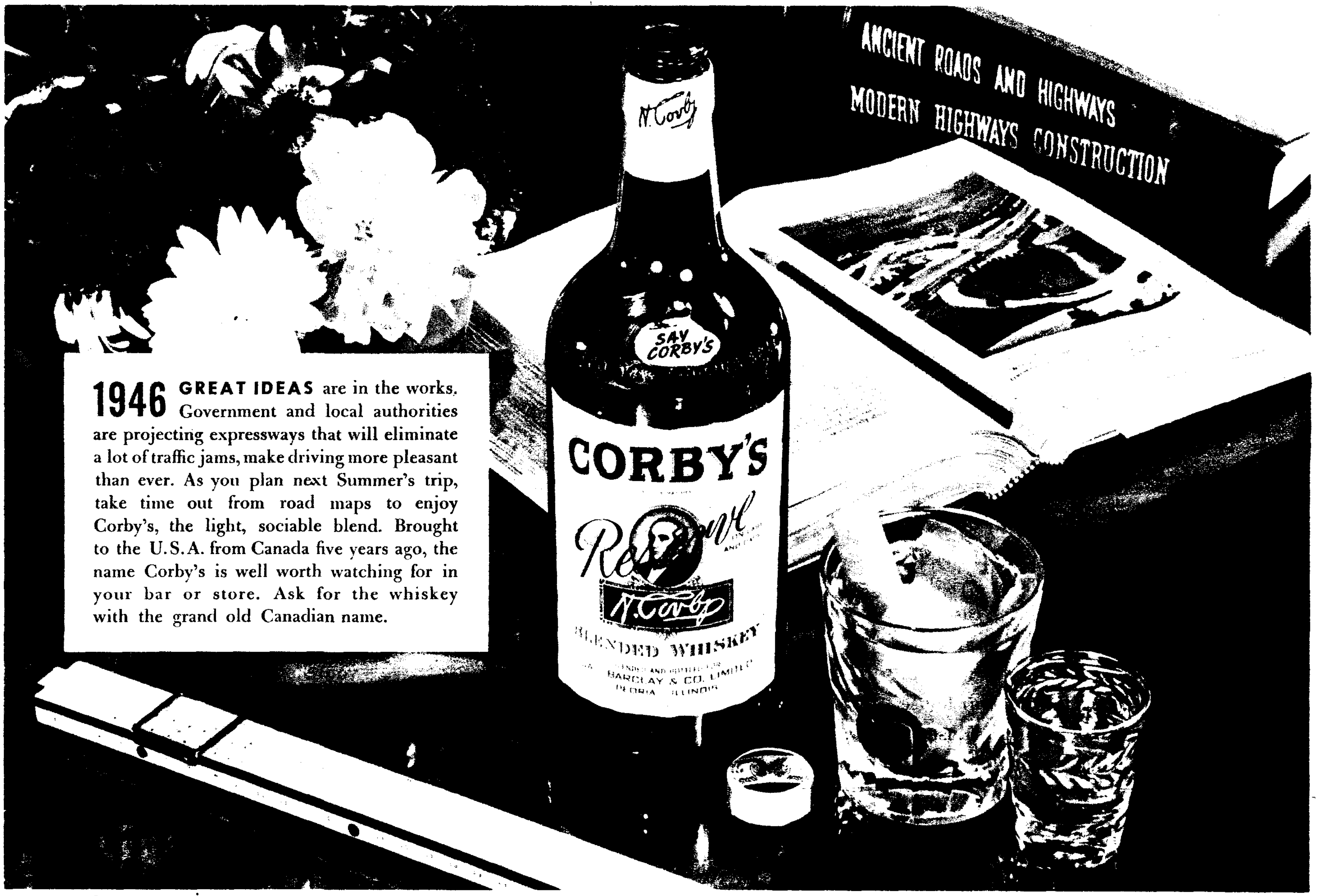


1858 **NEIGHBORS MIGHT** band together to fill in or clear a road when it became impassable. Roads were often muddy, rutted, lonely places—nobody's business and everybody's handicap—88 years ago when the name Corby's first appeared in Canada.

1929 **AMERICA WAS** on wheels, but the wheels still travelled narrow roads. Traffic jams were everyday affairs and people wondered where the millions of new cars being built every year were going to go. This was the time when Corby's reached its 71st year of fame in Canada.



1941 **ENGINEERS TACKLED** the highway problem in earnest. Separated crossings, cloverleaf intersections, elevated and depressed highways began to appear. Then war, coming in Corby's 83rd year as a respected Canadian Whiskey name, held up highway construction.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They Seek a Promised Land

Continued from page 67

"But maybe the total is 35,000 or 15,000. It's just a wild guess. We can't keep track of them. They're like mercury. You touch them and they aren't there."

Soon after Christmas so many of them had collected in Berlin that accommodations were dangerously strained and the Russians ordered the occupants of a camp in their sector of the city to be evacuated in trucks to Prenzlauer Berg, close to the Polish border. The grapevine of these refugees is as wonderful as radar. Came time for the convoy to leave and only a handful of Jews were available. Some 2,000 of them had simply faded away overnight.

A day or so later they began showing up singly and in groups in the French and American sectors of the capital.

Officials were obliged to improvise quarters for them. They did not dare attempt to deport them because that would have touched off a political explosion far greater than the one provoked by General Morgan's remarks. Also it was recognized that, regardless of their illegal entry, they were nearly all legitimate victims of Fascism. "What difference does it make," an UNRRA official wanted to know, "whether they were in concentration camps in Poland or Germany?"

On the other hand, the authorities could not officially set up machinery for evacuating them from Berlin to the west because that would imply Allied endorsement of the movement before their final destination had been decided.

The result is a weird, intriguing situation in which the Army, UNRRA and the American Joint Distribution Committee, a Jewish welfare organization, wink at one another and make their charges as comfortable as they can.

A Conspiracy of Helpfulness

"It is U.S. policy not to evacuate these people from Berlin," a Military Government colonel said. But hardly a week goes by in which a couple of dozen, mostly children and pregnant women, don't find their way unofficially aboard UNRRA transport into the British and American zones. A larger number disappear of their own accord, usually in the direction of American-run Bavaria, where the Jewish community is larger than anywhere else in Germany and where displaced-persons camps have the highest standard of comfort.

In an eight-week period one transient center registered a total of 2,500 Jews (a few of them, incidentally, had come from Lithuania and Russia as well as Poland).

One thousand of these had moved on, of whom only 250 had UNRRA approval to leave.

During one of my visits with Smul, a handsome woman in her thirties came in and announced, *"Ich gehe schwarz."* To "go on the black" is the expression for striking off on your own.

This almost always involves making contact with German civilians willing, for cigarettes or money, to give the refugees a ride. Sometimes they take the train. As they approach zonal boundaries where their papers are subject to examination, they angle off through the woods, cross the line on foot and resume their journey on the other side. According to Intelligence reports and the word of refugees themselves, German guides are usually employed for this operation.

The fact that these travelers do a certain amount of black marketeering in Berlin is also confirmed by official U.S. Counterintelligence reports. Many of them were shrewd merchants to begin with, and their abilities have been honed on the hard wheel of experience during the past 13 years as they played the fateful game of trying just to keep alive.

There is official evidence too of illicit traffic in travel permits issued by Berlin city officials, although no widespread racketeering is indicated. These permits are used as much for identification as for travel.

The cohesion of these migrants, especially the Zionists, is amazing. Not long ago a UNRRA official suggested to some refugee leaders in a camp that 50 or 60 orphaned boys and girls among them might be eligible for inclusion in "The President Truman quota" of 39,000 Europeans for entry into the United States. Nothing came of the suggestion because next day the youngsters vanished from camp and the last the official heard about them they were being shepherded toward Munich. In Bavaria last fall, arrangements were being made to send 200 Jewish children to England. They were orphans too. But their Jewish elders protested so violently that the arrangements were canceled.

"These are *our* children," they told UNRRA workers passionately. "They are the new builders of Palestine."

Checks made by Army Intelligence, welfare officials and other sources indicate a wide swing in the number of Jews who pick Palestine as their destination. A report on one group said 40 per cent selected the Holy Land, 35 per cent the United States and most of the remainder the British Isles. In another survey, involving more than 1,200 refugees, nearly 90 per cent wanted to go to Palestine, the rest to the Western Hemisphere, Australia and England.

Why They Prefer Palestine

One UNRRA worker—himself a Jew—said he thought a larger percentage of the refugees would choose other destinations than Palestine if they had any assurance of getting there and were given any encouragement. "It's just that they hear more about Palestine than any other place," he said, "and so it naturally looks more tangible and promising."

Reports of pogroms in Poland are easily exaggerated. The important thing to remember is that it takes only a spark of anti-Semitism to rekindle the fears of these hapless people in their present state of mind.

"My only childhood memory of Warsaw," Smul, the doctor, was saying, "is how the Cossacks, the soldiers of the Czar, used to push the Jews around. I became aware of my race at about the age of nine; my brothers and I used to be stoned because we were Jews.

"We went to Vilna in 1919, after moving around like nomads to Minsk and other places during the war, to keep away from the Germans. When the Polish army recaptured Vilna from the Soviets, Jews were shot as Bolsheviks.

"That came back to me in 1941 when the Jews whom the Russians hadn't deported as middle-class merchants were killed by the Nazis as Communists."

I asked Smul what had been the most humiliating experience in his life.

"Once I was mistaken for an 'Aryan' Pole during a fight at the Koenig Stefan Batory University in Vilna," he said. "I stood by helpless and had to watch while a group of law students beat up some Jews. It was over before I could do anything about it."

They had fights frequently at the university. One September a Pole was killed in the aftermath of a quarrel over whether Jews in an anatomy course should be allowed to work on non-Jewish corpses.

A couple of years later in the medical school a gang of students insisted that all Jews had to sit on the left-hand side of the classroom (because they were "Communists"), and non-Jews on the right. For three years the Jews stood up in class as a protest. When they finally lost, a Pole moved over to the left and sat with them.

"His name was Jerzy Sztachelski," the doctor said, "and today, or from what I last heard, he is an official in the Ministry of Commerce in Warsaw."

The ugly splotches of anti-Semitism in Poland today are blamed on subversive groups attempting to discredit the leftist Warsaw government. Large-scale pogroms do not exist but the government is not strong enough to counteract threats to Jews and acts of terrorism although it is understood to be holding large numbers of political prisoners, possibly including some Jew-baiters.

Ask a refugee what he fears in Poland now

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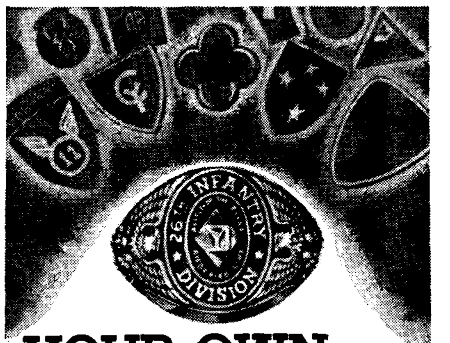

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and he will name the Armia Krajowa or the N.S.Z., both highly nationalistic, Fascist-tainted underground organizations which are reputed to have contact with members of the former government in exile in London and with Lieutenant General Wladislaw Anders' Polish army corps in Italy. Warsaw has outlawed both groups, and their link with the outside world is tenuous at best, but their membership still seems to be vigorous. (Anders' forces are now in the process of disbanding.)

Although they could not produce documentary evidence, several refugees told me the A.K. or the N.S.Z. would send letters to Jews threatening them with murder if they didn't leave town within 24 or 48 hours.

However, one 28-year-old red-cheeked fellow, who said he had fought with Partisan bands against the Germans in Russia, told me that last fall at a wedding he attended in Lodz, two Poles in uniform appeared at the window shouting, "All Jews out of here!" and fired at the party. They were routed by two Polish and two Russian officers, he said.

The Exodus from Lodz

When Smul decided to leave Poland for good, he went from Vilna to Lodz where there are still some 5,000 Jews, the biggest Jewish community left in the country. By this time his three brothers and their wives who had been in Russia were with him. One of the Borouskis and his wife stayed in Lodz. The rest sold most of their belongings to raise the money for the trip. Smul had lugged his medical library from Vilna and he sold 50 volumes of it, written in Russian, to a military school which had a Jewish doctor from Moscow on the staff. For this he received 6,000 zlotys. (Before the war the exchange was five zlotys to a dollar; in Poland now it varies from 300 to 500, although officially the zloty is pegged to the ruble.)

The doctor liquidated all the heavy clothing and bedding he thought he could spare but when he got ready to depart, his baggage still amounted to 25 pounds of books, a bag of food and spices, two sacks of clothing and blankets, a metal bed, complete with springs, two satchels full of medical instruments, and 15,000 zlotys.

With his two brothers, their wives and children, and a group of friends, their party had grown to fifteen.

It was easy to pick up information about the trip because with travel controls so loose, individuals were moving back and forth all the time and they kept the Jewish community in Lodz pretty well posted. Smul's group all wanted to go to Palestine. They were told they might go by Rumania or Czechoslovakia but the border patrols were stiff and the surest way to get out of Poland would be via Berlin; the frontier checks would be much easier.

They chose the route most of the refugees seem to be taking now, via train from Lodz to Stettin and then catch-as-catch-can transportation into Germany. Before they left, friends gave them the addresses of the German Jewish center in Berlin and a transient camp in the French sector of the city, right down to the street numbers.

In Lodz, Smul went to the P.U.R. (Polish Repatriation Office) and told them he wanted passes to go to Stettin. (He didn't say anything about going farther.) The clerk not only issued the permits but said they could ride in a special railway coach. This turned out to be a boxcar for which they had to furnish a stove to keep from freezing.

Before budging an inch, the boxcar suddenly developed mechanical trouble, the train left the station without it, and a bottle of brandy, a quantity of cigarettes and 1,500 zlotys were finally required to fix it, after a 24-hour delay. Another interruption occurred en route and more booty had to be rounded up to effect repairs.

Things became thicker in Stettin. Smul lost his iron bed somewhere. From here on to Berlin they would be traveling without proper papers. About all the doctor had was his medical-school diploma, Vilna, '37. After three days they found a businesslike Russian lieutenant who was driving a truck to Berlin and who agreed to haul them for 3,000 zlotys each, to cover expenses.

They left at night but they hadn't gone five kilometers before Polish guards stopped them at the border of the Russian-occupied zone of Germany.

"They sent the Russian officer on his way," Smul said, "but they kept us there. A guard hit one of my brothers on the head with a blackjack. They relieved us of almost all our baggage and collected all our money, which for the group amounted to about 50,000 German marks of various kinds." (At the rate of 10 to 1, that would be $5,000.)

Smul fished a stethoscope from his trousers pocket and dangled it tenderly in the air. "They took this too," he said. "But I told them I had had it for eight years and I couldn't get another one, so they gave it back.

"Then they informed us that we could either return to Stettin in the morning and try to reclaim our goods or go on to Berlin by the next train. We chose the latter, of course, as we were expected to do. The guards were not angry with us and before we left they returned us each 200 marks or so, as if it were the most natural thing in the world to do. They asked us why we wanted to go to Berlin where there wasn't much food or any butter. Whereupon they gave us a large package of butter and some bread as well."

It was at Angermunde, 46 kilometers from Berlin, where Smul and his little clan held their breaths the longest. Everybody had to leave the train and have his papers checked by the NKVD, Soviet Security Police. With what few possessions they had left by now, they huddled into one corner of the station to make themselves as inconspicuous as possible and waited—for 18 hours. The children—there were four including one four-year-old child—became nervous and frightened. They cried. Their parents sat still and prayed.

Finally the police got around to the man closest to them. He was a German and his papers were in order. One of Smul's companions reached ostentatiously into his coat pocket for the documents which he did not have. The soldiers regarded him distantly for a moment, told him not to mind and waved the whole party back on the train. "I am sure the protecting finger of God was upon us then," Smul said. They had checked their baggage and they were afraid to stop for it now. They sent some Germans back for it later. This proved to be another mistake, because the Germans walked off with most of what remained, and the party arrived in Berlin with virtually nothing but what they had on their backs, and Smul's stethoscope.

A German Who Proved Helpful

While they were waiting at Angermunde, hypnotized, almost, by the tragic prospect of being turned back after they had come so far, a German suggested to them in a whisper that it would be best to slip off the train on the outskirts of Berlin and take the *S-Bahn*, the suburban railway, to the camp to which they were going in the French sector, and avoid any difficulties at the main terminal. They weren't sure they would know where to get off because they had no maps or timetables but they guessed right and ran for the *S-Bahn* station. They knew they would attract less attention if they walked but they couldn't keep from running. Nobody bothered them though, and in a few minutes they had reached the camp in safety and found many friends who had left Lodz ahead of them.

It had taken them nine days to come from Lodz, a journey which by direct route in peacetime required less than one stop, but they were out of Poland.

I had heard that many of the refugees had confessed they might not have ventured from home if they had known of the dangers and hardships of the trip, the waiting and waiting in improvised camps in Berlin, and the uncertainty of a future that they wanted to be so sure of. I asked Smul about that.

He ran his thumb thoughtfully across the visor of his leather cap. Then he arched his eyebrows and a double track of wrinkles traveled across his forehead.

"There have been moments when I have wondered," he said. "But those were superficial hardships we had. They were nothing, really. Down inside, my heart had not changed, nor my mind. I can never go back."

THE END

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The Week's Work

WE THINK we have a humdinger of a detective story in Agatha Christie's latest, The Outraged Heart, beginning on page 11.

This author, who with S. S. Van Dine, is generally credited with starting whodunit literature on the way to its present popularity, probably holds the record among detective-story writers for both speed and endurance.

Her famous mystery of the mid-twenties, The Murder of Roger Ackroyd, has sold over a million copies and still is selling, and she has followed it up with at least one book every year. Now her works are being translated into movies and plays.

In The Outraged Heart, Mrs. Christie deliberately selects a conventional detective-story frame—the week-end party—and then creates an altogether unconventional story.

The delightful Christie detective, M. Hercule Poirot, gives an excellent performance here, and, we are glad to note, hasn't changed a bit. He is as neat, fussy, warmhearted, conceited and naïve as ever. He isn't conspicuous in the beginning—he is only "the crime man" to one character—but in the end, as we knew he would, Poirot delivers the goods.

The Outraged Heart has a trick ending. You get not one surprise, but a bang-up one-two punch. The story will be published in book form later by Dodd Mead under the title, The Hollow.

THE political cartoons of D. R. (Daniel Robert) Fitzpatrick will be honored in an exhibit to be held in the New York galleries of the Associated American Artists from April 29th to May 11th.

D. R. Fitzpatrick

IFOR THOMAS

In the 30 famous Fitzpatricks that will be shown, the visitor can get a cartoonist-eye view of world history in the last two decades. Most of the drawings were made either for Collier's editorial page (see the current Fitzpatrick on page 86), or for the St. Louis Post-Dispatch, where Fitzpatrick has worked since 1913.

ART DIRECTOR W. O. CHESSMAN hesitated about commissioning Artist Barney Tobey to illustrate the Joel W. Westbrook article, Our Army *Is* Undemocratic, p. 21.

Chess knew that Tobey, who was private, corporal and sergeant but never a commissioned officer in the Army, had the usual soldier gripes about the brass. So Chess warned him, "If you hate all officers, you'd better not take on this job. This piece is by an officer, in defense of rank." (Westbrook left the Army as a captain, and now holds a major's commission in the reserves.)

But Tobey, after reading the article, said: "It's a very fair appraisal. As an ex-G.I., I have to agree with the author that rank is essential to discipline. I think he agrees with me that what gums things up in the Army is the dopey, moronic, addlepated officers who love to push G.I.s around just to show what big shots they are."

Tobey got his lesson in rank early in his Army career. He'd been a G.I. only a few weeks, and amused himself making a caricature of his captain. He labeled it "Pin-up Captain" and stuck it up on a barracks wall. The men thought it was funny.

One day the caricature disappeared and the next day Tobey was doing K.P. He stayed on K.P. for a week, and nobody, not even the first sergeant who put him there, could tell him why.

"Later, this same first sergeant asked me to draw his portrait to send to his wife," Tobey said, completing the story. "By this time I knew a thing or two, and believe me, I put pretty eyelashes on him."

However, Tobey now agrees he hadn't any business caricaturing his captain. "I think all of us G.I.s realize that only old-fashioned military discipline will make a man do things he certainly doesn't want to do—expose himself to death, or even to a 20-mile training hike. What I resented was little off-duty irritations, such as having no place to go in the evening, because officers hogged all the good spots."

This week's cover: Another Tobey product. The village square is a composite of many village squares the artist saw as he marched through Southern towns. The pigeons, however, are Northern, sketched in New York's Central Park.

Tobey has been a faithful Collier's contributor for the past eight years, with a goodly number of cartoons, covers and illustrations. . . .
A. P.

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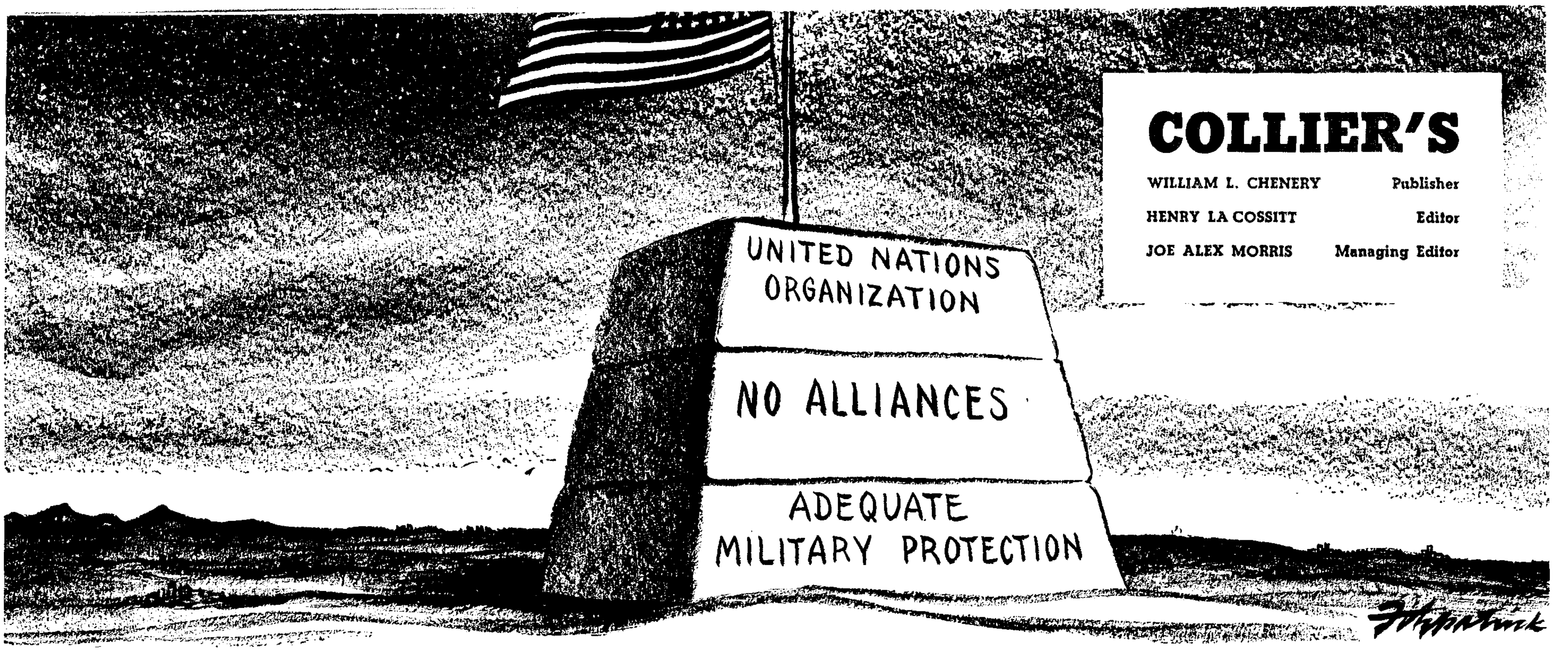

COLLIER'S
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OUR WISEST FOREIGN POLICY

THE United States first became a world power in 1898, with the defeat of Spain and the acquisition of the Philippines.

It has often been said from that time to this that the United States, though a world power, had no real foreign policy. At any rate, we did try to treat our Filipino wards decently; we did try to stay out of wars.

When we got into the two world wars, we fought to the best of our ability.

We now find ourselves one of the three great powers of the world, with commitments and obligations all around the globe. That state of affairs may not be the pleasantest imaginable, but it exists. So we are forced to formulate some definite foreign policy. What is the wisest foreign policy for us to pursue in the next few years? It seems to us that Secretary of State James F. Byrnes outlined our one best bet in his historic speech on foreign affairs, when he said:

> I cannot emphasize too strongly that the United States looks to the United Nations as the path to enduring peace.
>
> We do not propose to seek security in an alliance with the Soviet Union against Great Britain, or an alliance with Great Britain against the Soviet Union.
>
> We propose to stand with the United Nations in our efforts to secure equal justice for all nations and special privilege for no nation.

That looks to us like the only answer the United States can wisely offer to those who want us to team up with some other nation or nations in an effort to rule the world.

Basically, what the Administration for which Byrnes speaks wants this country to do is (1) to try to be friendly with everybody; (2) to be allied with nobody; (3) to remain militarily powerful, so that our words won't have the hollow ring which goes with weakness; and (4) to do everything in our power to build up the U.N. and make it a real world federation—after which we may all safely talk about disarmament.

Suppose the United States should adopt some other policy—a policy of alliance with the British Empire, for example.

We yield to nobody in our admiration of the British people as people, and of their grim fortitude in war, their sense of law and order, their determination to preserve civil liberties. But a U.S.-British alliance would only incite Russia to more and more frantic grabbings of territory and preparations for war, since Russia's Communist leaders have convinced their people and maybe themselves that the rest of the world is gunning for Russia.

Suppose we should let our military power decline below the danger level, as we did after World War I—and, for the matter of that, after the Revolution, the War of 1812, the Mexican War and the Civil War. In that case, we would simply invite attacks on us—surprise attacks with the deadly new weapons that are coming, and attacks aimed at putting most of our industrial potential out of commission long before we could gear for war.

As for the U.N., we are in it, as we were not in the old League of Nations. It was in the United States that most of the agitation for establishment of the U.N. was carried on. We asked for the U.N., and it is largely our baby.

If we don't try to build it up into something that can clamp the lid on warlike passions when they threaten to boil over somewhere in the world, the U.N. will most likely fall apart, and with it will go the only present hope of ever keeping peace in the world by means of something besides overwhelming force concentrated in one nation.

It seems to us that, until history reaches its next major corner, the wisest policy we can follow is that of being friends with all nations willing to be friendly with us, of tying ourselves up in alliances with no nation, and, above all, of keeping a considerable portion of the military, naval and air power with which we came out of World War II.

Any other course seems fated to lead to a dead end, and probably a bloody one.

A NATIONAL UNIVERSITY

SPEAKING of acting up to our present stature in the world, an idea first put forward by Irénée du Pont during the Jefferson Administration has at last materialized in a way which it seems likely Du Pont himself would have approved. He wanted a sort of National University set up, where the main aspects of diplomatic and military policy would be taught in integrated courses of study.

The Joint Chiefs of Staff have now authorized such an institution—still unnamed at this writing—to open September 3d of this year at the site of the Army War College in Washington.

Eligible for admission will be, generally speaking, Navy officers in line for promotion to captain's rank, Army officers qualified to become colonels, and State Department secretaries, consuls, etc., who have had 15 or more years of State Department experience. The fighting men will study diplomatic problems as well as military ones; the diplomats, military problems as well as diplomatic ones.

It is hoped that in the course of 15 or 20 years this college will bring about far better understanding among these three vital branches of government than we have ever yet had. They should be equipped for better and more intelligent co-operation; much present-day functioning in watertight compartments should be eliminated; and a wider vision of world affairs as basically interrelated should prevail in much of administrative Washington. Altogether, it looks like a most encouraging and forward-looking plan.

WAR AGAINST HIGHWAY SLAUGHTER

PRESIDENT TRUMAN has called a big national highway safety conference, to be held in Washington May 8th, 9th and 10th. This is something which Collier's has long believed should be undertaken, and the plans as thus far announced look excellent.

It is to be a truly comprehensive and carefully scheduled parley for the mapping out of a nation-wide attack on all factors contributing to our huge annual motor-accident death and injury scores. Invited to take part are many safety and law-enforcement organizations, and practically everybody else who can lend any kind of hand to a sustained national highway safety campaign.

Motor-accident fatalities for 1946 are expected to equal if not to exceed the 1941 record total of over 37,000—a probability which by itself is reason enough for holding this conference.

And the problem is a national one. It cannot be met adequately by local, spasmodic, piecemeal attacks on it—though cities and towns, of course, will make a sad mistake if they sit back and expect the whole job to be done from Washington by some kind of magic.

The highway safety conference, as we see it, is the most important nonpartisan get-together scheduled to be held anywhere in the United States this year. We earnestly hope that this declaration of war on what President Truman calls "this awful drain upon our human and material resources" will get the careful attention it deserves from press, radio, movies and general public.

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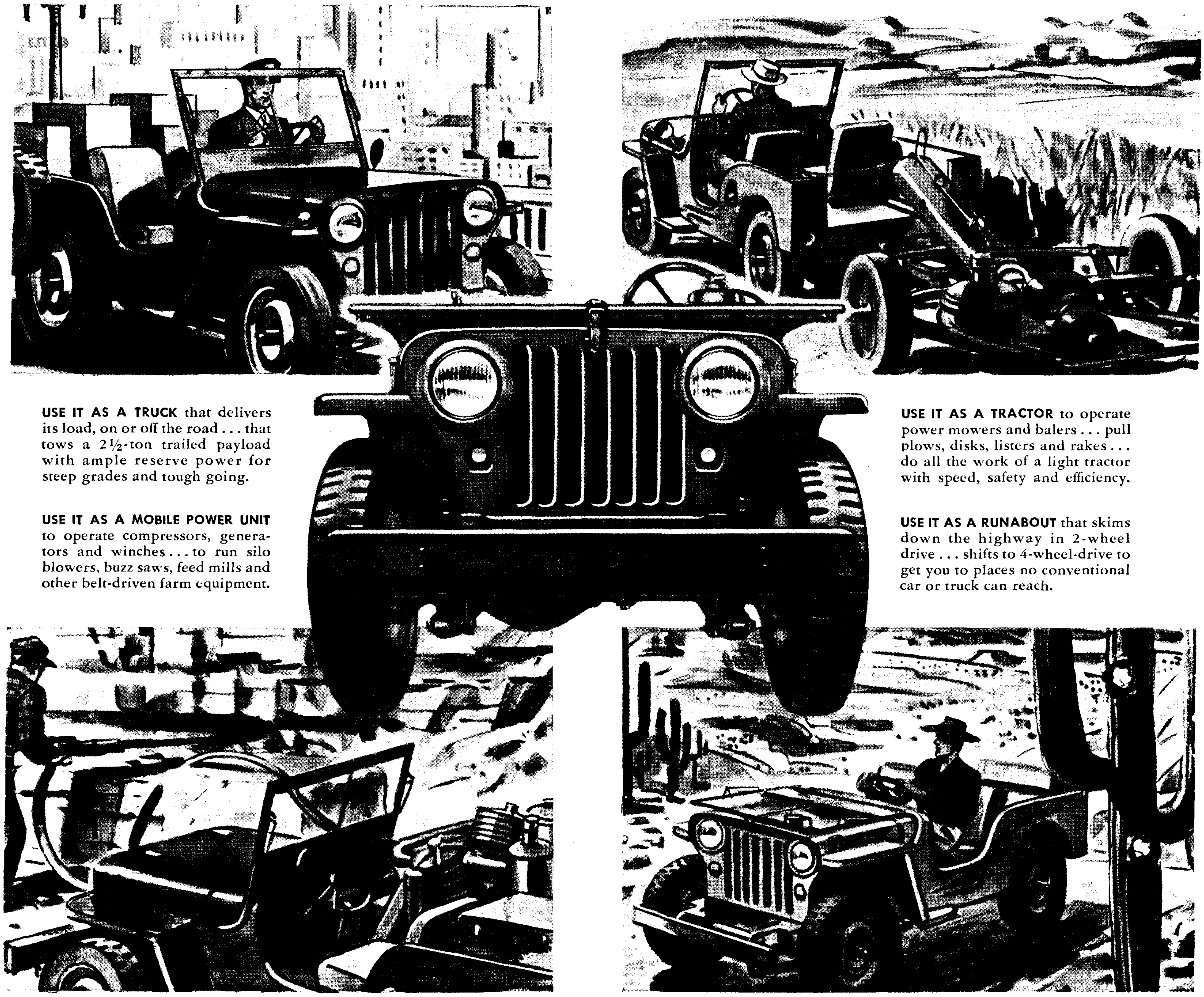

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